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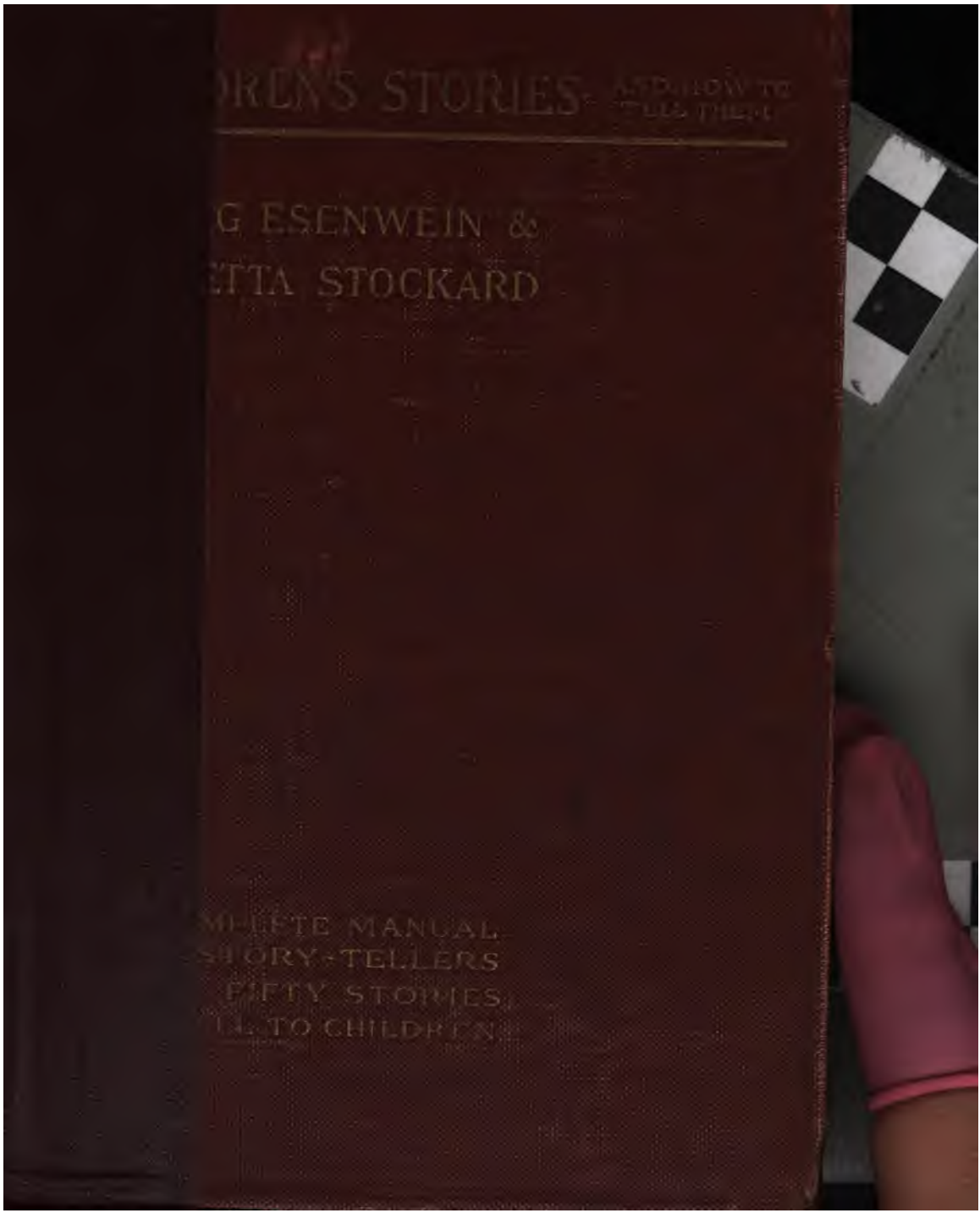
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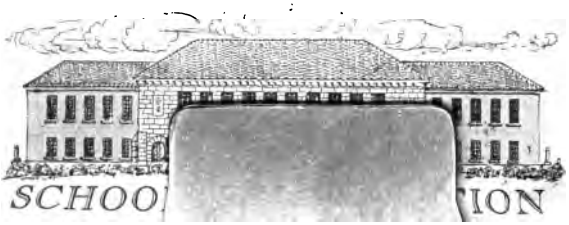

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TO THE CHILDREN

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FOREWORD

We cannot wonder at the skeptical smile which in certain quarters is sure to greet each new "How to" book as it issues from the press, for too many such books have seemed arrogant, and too many readers have assumed, to their eventual disappointment, that it is within the power of some omniscient author to disclose an infallible recipe for the successful practice of a given art. Of course no such thing is possible. There are no secrets that a painter, a writer or a story-teller can divulge but that may be, and in fact often have been, discovered at first hand by those who have added to their native gifts the devotion of intelligent practice. What is more, there are no fixed rules in art—in literary art especially—by which the would-be artist must be governed as he proceeds.

What service, then, can the authors of a book of this kind hope to give to those who take it up expecting help? They can, after either personal experience or a wide and temperate study of the methods of others (or, better still, after both kinds of preparation), make a clear statement of the various methods used successfully by story-tellers—since that is the scope of this treatise. From these methods, approved by the experience of many, certain simple foundation-principles may be deduced so as to help the student of the art to understand the material he has to work with, the forms in which it may be cast, various successful methods of presentation, the limitations of his

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CHAPTER I

THE STORY-TELLER AS ARTIST

Out of your cage,
Come out of your cage
And take your soul on a pilgrimage!
Pease in your shoes, an if you must!
But out and away before you're dust:
Scribe and stay-at-home,
Saint and sage,
Out of your cage,
Out of your cage!

—JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, *The Piper.*

The story-teller is an interpreter of life—he interprets the life embodied in his story to the common life which throbs through his audience.

The first requirement for an interpreter is the ability to understand; the second is power to transmit his understanding.

It is a mere truism to say that he who would understand life must first of all live it; yet how many of us burrow like moles, each in his separate dark passageway, not questioning why we burrow, or whither the passageway leads. Or if we have passed the mole stage and stand upright on the face of the earth, do we not still obey the animal instinct to consort each with his own kind? The millionaire in his limousine seldom has much discernment of the problems of a strap-hanger, while the man who

always has a nickel is just as blind to the life of the man who must walk. So also the mother in her sheltered home may have small vision of the way of the woman who, perhaps through no choice of her own, walks with empty arms and a lonely heart.

But the artist who would perfectly interpret life must touch vitally the lives of "all sorts and conditions of men," else he cannot have a sympathetic imagination to grasp the varied problems of all classes. To be able to think and feel with his fellows he must possess the insight to search out their hidden hearts; and, if he be a great artist, he will have also the bigness of soul which does not lightly condemn that which his probing reveals. He will have, too, the skill born of heart and head which is able to reveal the bond of emotion that "makes the whole world kin." Love, hate, courage, fear, joy, sorrow, make up a common human-beingness which eliminates surface class distinctions.

It is with such fundamental emotions that the artist deals, whatever the medium he chooses for their embodiment. The painter with his brush, the sculptor with his chisel, the writer with his pen, the story-teller with his spoken words, each in his own way transmits the message his spirit has seized and evaluated. For artistry deals with values, set up as standards for works of art which are yet to be conceived and brought into being, and not with mere methods or technique.

Story-telling, then, rightly belongs to the arts, and the story-teller's preparation for his work as an artist must begin with the enrichment of his own personality. He

must acquire the culture of the student of literature; he must be mellowed through his experiences in his own human relationships; he must be, as Ethel Clifford says,

". . . lover of wind and sun,
And of falling rain, and the friend of trees;
With a singing heart for the pride of noon,
And a tender heart for what twilight sees.

"Let him be lover of you and yours—
The Child and Mary; but also Pan,
And the sylvan gods of the woods and hills,
And the God that is hid in his fellowman."

With his culture, with his love of nature, with his love of his fellowman, he must keep the dauntless courage, the joy in life, which belongs to the spirit of youth. Difficult, perhaps impossible? Yes; the ideal of the artist is always so. As Browning tells us, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's heaven for?" Not so much the attainment as the pursuit of the vision differentiates the clod from the master.

So he who has not some urge of vision should not enter the field. But he who cannot resist the call for creative expression must choose his medium—then sharpen his tools.

Voice and Word

The spoken word is the story-teller's chief technical equipment. A knowledge of words, precision and fluency in their use, as well as voice-placing and training in articulation, are essential. The successful story-teller must

make word and voice the servants of his spirit. Voice and utterance infallibly reveal the appreciation, or the lack of it, which the story-teller has for the story he is presenting.

It is through speech that man begins to assert his divinity. We move through life wrapped in the impenetrable veil of individuality, sentenced to aloneness—except for the gift of expression. It is chiefly through the spoken word that spirit kindles response of spirit, and reveals itself to its kind.

"The eyes are the windows of the soul," but the voice is its musical instrument, through which its subtle harmonies are transmitted. The old Witch of the Sea was maliciously sagacious when she required the little Mermaid to give her voice in exchange for human form, and then set her the task of winning the love of the Prince in order to attain the soul.

Thought of in terms of the painter, the voice is the pigment which gives color to the story-teller's pictures. He paints in spoken words, and his canvases are the minds of his listeners. So the story-teller needs the painter's love of beauty, the writer's command of words, the actor's sense of the dramatic, the orator's adaptability to his audience, the psychologist's knowledge of the mind, the philosopher's interpretation of the meaning and purpose of life. Does all this seem an appalling program? So is any other that honestly contemplates child-development; but how rich is the reward at the end!

It is the joy of the story-teller, as it is that of every artist worthy of the name, that his preparation must be as

broad as life itself. The aspiration to be an interpreter of life is a daring, a wonderful dream.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. What is art?

2. In what fundamental respects does an art differ from a science? From a trade? From a business?

3. Why are we justified in regarding story-telling as an art?

4. Does the fact that an art has a technique imply that its practice is governed by fixed rules?

5. Does a knowledge of the principles of the story-teller's art tend to hamper originality or to encourage it? Give reasons.

6. May one go too far in laying down rules for the practice of an art?

7. What is the difference between a principle and a rule?

8. What relation does art bear to life?

9. Briefly explain what the poet meant by her lines quoted as a preface to this chapter.

10. What is interpretation?

11. Should the impossibility of attaining the ideal deter the possible artist from attempting to express himself through art?

12. What has emotion to do with art?

CHAPTER II

THE PLACE OF THE STORY IN THE LIFE OF THE CHILD

Stories are the natural soul-food of children, their native air and vital breath; but our children are too often either story-starved or charged with ill-chosen or ill-adapted twaddle tales.
—G. STANLEY HALL, *Sunday-school and Bible Teaching.*

Story-telling will make the child father to a more kind-hearted, a more enthusiastic, a more idealistic man than the one taught to scorn story-telling. The story-telling nations of the world are the cheerful, social, enthusiastic, idealistic nations, and this is because story-telling to the child brings out all the better qualities—sympathy, warm-heartedness, sociability.
—SEUMAS MCMANUS, *Lecture.*

Economic conditions, changing standards of living, and other complexities of modern life have increased the difficulty of mere existence and put well-marked success, in any line, out of reach of the man who is not highly specialized in his training. The preparation which brought success a quarter of a century ago would guarantee only mediocrity today.

Capability and Culture

This higher standard of efficiency has inevitably had its effect on education. Parents have demanded that the schools shall attack and solve the problem of equipping the student for efficient living. In response, vocational

schools have spread like plants in a force-bed. Domestic science departments, agricultural classes—in fact, many phases of physical work, have come to be represented in the college and university curriculums.

These short cuts to making a living have been emphasized because efficiency has been interpreted as the ability to satisfy the demand for physical luxuries. Silk stockings, tailor-made clothes and diamond rings were once badges of social distinction, but in a democracy every man must see to it that he and his have an open road to the "good things of life." Success or failure has been measured by the money standard, which in turn has come to mean the luxury standard, and as a consequence there is a tendency to limit the essentials of education to the purely utilitarian subjects.

But this misplacement of emphasis is only a temporary phase in the transition to the great middle ground which in the development of every question seems to be the truly progressive roadway. If schools deserve criticism for turning out half-baked philosophers who are unable to meet every-day issues because they have been trained away from actual life, they deserve equal censure when they send out materialists who recognize only physical needs. True, physical needs must be satisfied, for the man who is hungry is not likely to do much high thinking, but the development of ability to satisfy those needs is only one phase of the demand properly made upon education—the development of a capacity for high thinking and right feeling is equally essential.

In a striking article on "The Columniated Collegian,"

published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1915, Mary Leal Harkness says: "So we come to one of the gravest charges that can be brought against the 'new education': that, while it may bring jobs to men and women when they are young, it provides nothing for the man or woman retired from that job by age. If there is anything beneath the stars more pitiable than an elderly man or woman with no active purpose left in life and no intellectual resources from which to draw occupation and interest, I have not yet seen it."

Only the full mind and the warm heart can find high contentment; so, even from a selfish standpoint, the necessity for the development of all sides of the self must be admitted. Capability and culture are not to be divorced. Modern life demands men and women who can do things, who can think clearly while in the thick of action, *and* who to their judgment and initiative have added ideals of courage, of sympathy, and of justice.

Parents and teachers who can see below the surface recognize the true goal of life to be a self-development which is expressed in service. As a result, they demand that the curriculum shall not be narrowed to the purely utilitarian. There must be an education newer than "the new"—an education which is a blend of the new economic studies and the old cultural subjects. True efficiency can be realized only through the enrichment of personality.[1] Indeed, the problem of education is fundamentally the problem of the development of personality.

[1] See Chapter III.

When the question "To what purpose?" is applied as a test to the subject-matter of the course of studies it must be answered in the light of this larger problem. Hence, the educational leaders who are meeting the foregoing question are agreed that

Literature Must be Made the Keystone of the Educational Arch

This conclusion has been reached because it is the expansion of individual life into world-life that is desired, and literature is built of the stuff of world-life; it is the art-form of the best that has been thought, felt, and done since the beginning of man's conscious life in the world. Literature reveals man to himself. It interprets his thoughts, emotions and experiences. It deepens his understanding of other men: their temptations and failures, their aspirations and successes. Through knowing himself and his fellows he becomes better fitted for coöperation. Every time a piece of real literature has become a part of himself, the man has advanced further into the meaning and purpose of life. And by "literature" is not meant those forms which move only the minds of the highly educated few, but those true, beautiful, strong and good creations which appeal also to the many.

The Importance of Cultivating the Imagination

Not only does literature enlarge the sympathies and deepen the understanding, but it quickens the imagina-

tion. Imagination is too often interpreted as idle fantasy —vague, pointless dreaming. On the contrary, it is the clarifying chemical in the crucible of the mind, and useful in the last degree. Imagination pictures vividly all the possibilities of a given situation. It reveals causes and forecasts results. It analyzes and reconstructs. In field, shop, store, office, forum, study, and home, it rules the world because it is the creative force of the mind and the heart.

The complex problems of modern life can be solved only by men and women of highly developed imagination. It is the woman with imagination who transforms the daily round of her home and social duties into an interesting adventure, or if her work lies in some other field of activity makes herself felt as a real force in life. It is the business man with imagination who becomes a millionaire. It is the professional man with imagination who reaches the head of his profession. It is the scientist with imagination who makes the world rich by his discoveries. "Assign to almost any task requiring thought an imaginative man with scant logic, and an unimaginative logician; nine times out of ten the former will handle it more successfully."[1]

The longings and imaginings of the race have foreshadowed all the modern scientific inventions. The Kalevala, the great epic of the Finns, sung in runes as early as 2000 B. C., tells of a battle in which takes part a monster eagle of steel and iron, filled with a thousand magic heroes. The dread Zeppelin has not quite attained

[1] *Short-Story Writing*, WALTER B. PITKIN.

the power of its "hero-feathered" forerunner, but—the future! The Norse centuries ago told tales of "hill-borers" which could tunnel through the rockiest mountains, and of "stream-suckers" which changed the current of great rivers. The Panama Canal and a thousand other engineering feats of today are monuments to these dreams of the ages. Fairy lore is filled with stories of calls heard round the world. The telegraph, the telephone, and last of all, Marconi's message of sound, have made the old tales come true. Madam Curie's discovery of radium has brought the inexhaustible store and the magic healing substance from fairyland into real life.

Again, literature develops the imagination through its power of inducing keen emotions which perpetuate its images. These images are concrete, vivid, vital and beautiful. They become a part of the mind's store house, and are its inexhaustible food. The man whose mind is so developed is fortified against boredom, loneliness, poverty and misfortune.

"Education of the soul by literature," says Professor George Edward Woodberry, "is a very real thing. It issues in insight into life and fate, in sympathy with whatever is human, in apprehension of what seems divine —issues, that is, in greater power to live."

Culture Should Begin in Childhood

Those who recognize the power of literature recognize equally well that it must be brought into the life of the youth at the earliest possible time. The introductory to

literature should be through the first stories that are presented to the child in the nursery and in the kindergarten.

The power of the story in the life of the child is equally as great as that of the literature read by the youth and by the man. It is because the social worker, the teacher, the mother, are coming to realize its force that a revival of story-telling is sweeping through the entire world. Indeed, so wide-spread is this revival that in some cases the story is being misused. Because of the child's natural love for it, the uninteresting and the indolent seize upon the story as the too-facile tool for accomplishing their ends. Nature stories, music stories, bed-time stories, all sorts and conditions of stories, are thrust upon the child.

Fortunately, this fulness of story-telling cannot destroy the fundamental appeal of the story for him. Yet there is a real danger here which both teacher and mother should recognize and guard against. *No story which is not real literature should be given him.* There is little excuse for cluttering the mind of a child with "ill-chosen or ill-adapted twaddle tales," in Dr. Stanley Hall's pungent phrase. It is not enough that a story be a story. It should be literature as well, for the best stories *are* literature. Fortunately, there is a great wealth of old stories full of truth and fancy, and couched in language which in choice and arrangement of words erects solid standards for the child. Primitive man wove these tales out of his heart to interpret himself, physical nature, and God. Because the child's attitude toward life is so nearly the same as that of primitive man, these stories are the child's "natural soul-food." In them he finds himself.

In them his own half-formed thoughts and longings are expressed. His free spirit finds its realization in bird-plumage, wishing-caps, magic carpets, and seven-league boots. His wonder and questionings meet and mingle with the wonder and the questionings of the race. His imagination finds satisfaction and expansion in the primitive answers to these questions. His love of beauty is satisfied and increased by his glimpses of fairyland. His hunger for adventure is appeased vicariously as he journeys with Jack-the-Giant-Killer, Robin Hood, St. George, or any other of the splendid company of unconquerable heroes. His sense of justice is satisfied and intensified through the inevitable law of the tale that good is rewarded and evil punished. His faith is fixed that somehow, somewhere, things always come out right for the one who has done his best. Courage, kindness, and helpfulness are made beautiful to him through the deeds of the heroes he most admires. It is through these great old stories that his attitudes toward life are fixed.

Dr. Stanley Hall says: "Let me tell the stories and I care not who writes the textbooks." Stories broaden and interpret the child's own experience. They introduce him to the world of interesting fact. They enlarge his vocabulary and give him added power of self-expression. They kindle his imagination. They deepen his appreciation of the beautiful. They stimulate moral discriminations. They counteract the baser sights and sounds of the street or in the "movies." They awaken his sympathies and increase his sense of social relationships. They lift him out of the commonplace. They carry him

to foreign strands. They quicken his sense of humor. They present to him ideals. They give him "dramatic joy." It is through stories that a foundation is laid for full and efficient living.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. If you believe that it is possible to over-emphasize the story in the life of the child, show how.

2. Illustrate how some children lead story-lives. If you have personally had any such experience, give it.

3. In leading story-lives, do children confine their fancies and little dramas to stories they have heard, or do they also invent?

4. What did Plato mean when he said that the way to teach the child truth was to teach him fiction?

5. Can you cite any definite instance showing the value that has come to a child by telling him stories?

GRIST FROM OTHER MILLS

HELPFUL BOOKS

The Appreciation of Literature, George Edward Woodberry, Chapters I and VII.

What Can Literature Do for Me? C. Alphonso Smith.

Aims of Literary Study, Hiram D. Corson.

Literature in the Elementary Schools, Porter Lander MacClintock, Chapter II.

Story-Telling, Edna Lyman, Chapter on "The Responsibility of Society for What Children Read."

NOTE: It is suggested that from the foregoing books, as well as from this chapter, the student make a list of the various services which the story may perform for the child. For example, Edward Porter St. John, in his *Stories and Story-Telling*, gives seven aims of story-telling:

"1. To add to the pleasure of those who listen, including making a lesson attractive.
2. To seek to introduce children to the best literature.
3. For use in connection with language study.
4. For general intellectual training.
5. For illustrating some unfamiliar truth.
6. For culture of the imagination.
7. With the aim of influencing conduct and character."

"To make the child feel intensely the strivings of others, and to make him feel the light and shades of feeling in many a live situation is to give him an opportunity for moral training and an exhortation to be good."

—E. N. AND G. E. PARTRIDGE, *Story-Telling in School and Home.*

"And how much capable mothers might derive from Wordsworth's poetry for the spiritual nurture of their children. Capable mothers are, alas! comparatively few; but forces are now at work which are increasing the number of such mothers, and will continue to increase it more and more as the ideals of true womanhood are more and more realized and exalted.

—HIRAM D. CORSON, *The Voice and Spiritual Education.*

"The highest use of all literature is not to fill us with facts, but to set us to thinking. We teach the children history not half so much in order that they may know, and always remember, things that have happened, as that they may understand life, and how to meet it. We repeat poetry to the little ones and tell them fairy tales, not merely to amuse them, nor as an exercise for the memory, but as a stimulus to the imagination and to the æsthetic sense. The Old Testament stories serve both these purposes. The spontaneous instincts of the child, and the almost equally spontaneous revelations of human nature in these stories, correspond one to another as face answers to face in water. The perpetual splendor of sentences in the Old Testament, the lofty sublimity of its suggestions, appeal to the sensuous nature of the child as no other literature does; and there is no nobler endowment of a well-born and well-bred human being than a rich sensuous nature."

—LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON, *Telling Bible Stories.*

CHAPTER III

HOW STORIES DEVELOP THE PERSONALITY

Every race has its heritage of folk-tales and myths that have a far larger meaning than the mere entertainment of the young. Scientists study these stories of the past with painstaking care, because they reveal the genius of the people. Not only do they reflect the ideals which have shaped the social and religious life, but they have shaped those ideals and have given them form and power. As factors in molding character, the stories of the gods are not less important than the rites of worship.

—EDWARD PORTER ST. JOHN, *Stories and Story-Telling.*

The stories that charm the merry and the serious moods of child and man alike, transporting each to the lands of yesterday, today, or never-was, express as many varying conceptions of life as varying minds are capable of entertaining. Yet these views of life are by no means clearly recognized by all those who act upon them, for many an ideal, whether base or high, is only hazily present in the mind, while yet being clear enough to influence vital choices and actions subconsciously. Thus only a few of the many who enjoy a story have either the ability or the inclination to see in it a crystallization of the facts of life and man's attitude toward those facts. Nevertheless, each story that is worth hearing or reading does really embody a part of our idea of what life means to mankind.

This power of the story to express our ideals and to affect their character is as old as the idea of story-telling,

and that is so old that primitive man practiced it in his first effort to adorn the account of some encounter with an enemy, man or beast.[1]

Daily, and in surprising ways, the alert observer may see how the development of the individual parallels the progress of the race from its beginnings[2]—only, the child, the youth, the adult, takes with a casual step whole ascents which cost humanity ages of steady climbing to overpass. Pressed not too far, this truth has value when we plan and carry out educational processes for either home, school, or recreation center, particularly as we come to see its bearing on the use of fiction in the development of personality. Just as the story bore its part in race-progress, so does it both assist in and mark out the growth of personality in the child—and even in the adult—as will presently appear.

A basis for this belief may be found in the fact that stories which are in essence one—like "Cinderella," which dates at least from Strabo—have appeared with more or less variation from early times down to the present, among many nations. This well-known fact shows not so much that one people gives its stories to another, as that all peoples share commonly, though of course in different measure, certain fundamental emotions, desires, and conceptions of life. And so do all children, and hence all grown-ups.

[1] Those who wish to trace the origins of fiction will find abundant material in *A History of Prose Fiction*, J. C. Dunlop; *The Evolution of Literature*, A. S. Mackenzie; *The Book of the Short Story*, Alexander Jessup and Henry Seidel Canby, and other works available in any large library.

[2] See Chapter XIII, "Folk and Fairy Stories."

Stories Express the Hopes of Mankind

A very little thought will enable any of us to find a score and more of elemental ideas to illustrate the statement made in the foregoing heading. Primitive man felt the futility of his struggle against the physical forces of cold, darkness, hunger, thirst, weariness, disease and death, just as we of today may become disheartened in our battles against the subtler powers of disappointment, the disloyalty of others and our own moral weaknesses. Try as he might, one or another of these mysterious powers of nature defeated his desires. His crude inventions of fireplaces, lights, beds, medicines, stored food and drink—all left him vanquished in the contest; and even today, after ages of devising, this battle with Nature still is waging. What, then, could be more natural in such circumstances than that our prehistoric forebears should dream of a sun-hero whose shafts of eternal light could put to death the dragon of darkness; or of a goddess of plenty whose cornucopia poured out fruits in abundance; or of a being from the air whose magic was strong to stay death and heal all hurts? In some such way, it seems, the first myths arose, and grew and changed with much telling until they became comparatively fixed.

And so today we turn oftenest to those stories that embody our hopes—even hopes that at times we have called dead. Man still finds in his fictions—and in his true stories—what Dr. Partridge[1] has called "an effort to obtain vicarious satisfaction from an unyielding world."

[1] *Story-Telling in School and Home*, E. N. and G. E. Partridge.

The work-weary mother loses herself, but really finds her ideal self, in the happy outcome of a story that brings rest out of labors, and is a solvent for the same sort of worry that has eaten into her own soul. We need only analyze our own experiences to multiply examples of how in the story-world we find what our ancestors near and remote used to find in fictional creations, whether their own or told by others—the satisfaction that life has denied, or has seemed to deny, to them. It is not only children who lead story-lives—blessed anodynes for real cares!

Even the minority who have a melancholy joy in stories that end in disaster and ruin feel themselves to suffer the losses of the victim of perfidy, of trickery, of Nature, of fate, for it is a satisfaction to be able to pity ourselves cordially—a very human satisfaction, albeit not a lofty nor a strengthening one. So we find in this state of mind no exception to what appears to be a general experience—that stories hold our interest because they transport us to a realm where things work out in somewhat the way that seems to us to be typical of life, either as it is or as we should like it to be.

Have you never when a child gone to bed smarting under a real or fancied injustice and fallen asleep picturing yourself a powerful noble, at last come to your own, and in a lordly way forgiving—or perhaps punishing—the humiliated author of that wrong against you? Children naturally take to the idea of poetic justice and readily fictionize the outcome of slights and favors. But before we apply this trait to character training we must consider two other foundation principles. The first of these—closely related

to the truth just illustrated, that stories express the hopes of mankind—is this:

Stories Often Lead the Hearer to Form Moral Judgments

The place of the moral in the story—or rather the importance of *not* drawing an obvious moral in story-telling—must be touched on later, but here let us say that this, one of the chief educational values of story-telling, takes care of itself in the conscience of the child if the story is well arranged and adequately told. As soon as children come to the stage when they begin to distinguish between good and bad, generous and selfish, kind and cruel conduct in themselves and others, they involuntarily *feel* more or less clear reactions from the conduct of the story-people who are presented to them.[1] *This part* of the problem of the story-teller, therefore, is to select such stories as will lead the child to form sound moral judgments, *rightly* approving or condemning the actions of characters—in most cases without his uttering a word. To excite such discriminations is a subtle function of the story-teller, and a vital one. Not all stories, of course, will serve this end—to try to make them do so will defeat the end of pure pleasure in many a good tale.

From our own grown-up experiences we can draw many illustrations. A vicious novel is one that makes vice alluring; a wholesome story may paint evil realistically,

[1]Froebel has called this "the judgment of the feelings," which often operates quite independently of the judgment of the intellect.

yet delicately we are led to see not only its enormity but its consequences, and that without a single word of preachment. Just so moral judgments—not at all necessarily on great questions—are inevitably formed in the spirit of the child by hearing such stories as David and Goliath, Reynard the Fox, and others that raise issues of conduct.

Stories Stimulate All the Mental and Moral Processes

It is enough merely to state the principle at this point, as it will be dwelt upon in later chapters. Think it over a few moments, however, to see how wide is its application. Consider, for example, how sense-appeal in stories that deal with color, or sound, or touch, or taste, or smell, may be just as educational as emotional appeal, of whatever sort. The story, let it be remembered, may excite any sort of reaction which it is skillfully planned to call forth.

The Definite Effects of Fiction on the Personality of the Child

First let us see what is meant by personality—though it baffles definition. It is that which *marks* an individual as being himself and not another. Therefore it is known by its manifestations. It is the blended force of "What Is," "What Thinks," "What Wills" and "What Does" that, to paraphrase Robert Browning, constitutes the man.

Personality is both positive and negative in its nature. It leads to action or it inhibits action. A boy, say, is self-willed, selfishly tenacious of his own, and cares not a whit

for the good opinion of others—except that he is pained when his mother is sad. He begins to show ideals of honor, but he has a somewhat warped personal code, by which whatever affects his own happiness and that of his mother are his sole standards of good and bad. It must be plain that stories—which subtly creep into his mind and there set up ideals of conduct—will either confirm this lad in his bent or gradually shake his childish conviction that it is good (which to him means satisfying) to think and act as he does.

The problem, then, is to find, modify or invent not only one story but a number that will—not too obviously—show, and not formally *say*, that a lad's mother is deeply hurt by a self-willed son; that the child who considers others prepares happiness for himself and others; that strength and the joy of doing things come by showing ourselves indifferent to what lessens or increases merely our own pain, and being regardful of the things that make others happy, and therefore finally ourselves content.

To develop personality in the child by story-telling means, first, to implant proper ideals by *showing* that a certain course of conduct brings happiness, as well as by *showing* through the action of the story and its ending that wrong ideals lead to various unhappy results. The child begins by being a hedonist—that is, he is deeply moved to action by the idea of happiness—and this notion will never entirely leave him. How to harmonize this ideal of personal happiness with the happiness and well-being of others is really the problem of life, and we must attack it cautiously from the start—cautiously, lest we

teach him the mischievous doctrine that man's chief end is to attain happiness, whatever be the means.

Further, personality is developed by those stories that lead to action. What we all need in greater measure is *dynamic* personality. It is not enough that the child be led to form judgments as to what is right or wrong in the actions of the story-people—he must be inspired to do things: inspired by example, excited by the allurement of the possible, led out of himself by stories of achievement. Motor-reaction stories are important factors in bringing about this action-mood in the mind of the child, and this field is simply tremendous in its possibilities. When a story seizes hold of the imagination its power for good—or for evil—is unspeakable. Think how an unworthy motive may be inhibited and a noble one substituted by the story of "White Fang," re-told for children. Let this purpose of supplying dynamic to the personality be prominent in all your story-telling.

But there are many other phases of personality, as we see upon a little reflection, and all these may be moved upon by the story. The morbid, brooding child may be allured from over-sensitiveness, the stolid awakened, the shallow deepened, and the morally obtuse quickened in all that we call conscience.

From this no one, of course, will hastily assume that the development of personality is altogether or even chiefly a matter of story-telling. In this book the authors are laying emphasis on the story as being one, and only one, important element in child-culture. The wise guardian of the child will constantly coördinate the whole regimen

of training—physical, social, intellectual, moral—so that the story may illustrate and teach the very standards of what is good that are being set up and enforced by other means of teaching, in home, school, and elsewhere.

The Effect of Fiction on the Story-Teller

How vital is the bearing of story-preference upon the growth of personality in the adult! Whatever a man loves, he is—potentially, and often actually. And because the fiction we read reacts so vitally upon our own characters, the parent, the nurse, the teacher, the temporary guardian, whose privilege it is to tell a story to a child, owes a primary obligation to herself to select for her own reading a type of fiction that tends to develop in her a worthy personality. However deeply the mother, actual or expectant, may be interested in books of sex-struggle, crime, and sordid atmosphere, certainly she should ask herself whether it would not be better for her child were its mother to fill her mind—and that *does* involve all her hopes and ideals —with thoughts of brightness, victory, and purity. How can there be a divided answer to this question?

Obviously, we do not urge that a story-teller's reading should be namby-pamby, for stories that teach a robust, uplifting philosophy are anything but sugar coated; it is important, however, that room be given—yes, made—in the story-teller's heart for fiction that illustrates the worthwhileness of man's struggle for purity, honesty, and all the best things; that shows that inner victory is more important than outward success when that success is denied;

and that leaves us with the feeling that good is more powerful than evil. We who tell stories to little ones have no right to allow acid books to make our spirits rheumatic, and if we cannot read them—as most people cannot—without at least insensibly drawing in their taint, they had better be discarded for stories of hope and brave spirit. The very first demand that the race may and ought to make upon its story-tellers is that they develop in themselves a personality whose charm and optimistic vigor is worth transmitting in the stories they tell to others, young or old.

Every line of the foregoing implies that if in any degree pessimistic and sordid fiction may not harm the story-teller it will be entirely due to the reaction by which a healthy nature throws off the depressing—an experience that is by no means universal. But a child is not so constituted, for its personality is as yet undeveloped, or may be already beginning to develop in wrong directions. What care, then, should be given to choosing for the little ones those stories which suggest right ideals, move them to wise choices, and inspire them vigorously to good action!

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. Take any Greek myth and, applying the principle suggested in this chapter, show how it might naturally have arisen. See *Myths and Myth Makers*, John Fiske; *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, Sir G. W. Cox; *A History of Prose Fiction*, J. C. Dunlop.

2. How might a prehistoric parent have invented a story to serve as a physical warning example to his child? Try to reconstruct the circumstances.

3. Similarly, reconstruct the circumstances in which an ancient hunter might have told of his exploit.

4. Show how such an exploit would be embroidered until the doer of the deed passed down in tribal history as a super-man, a demi-god, or even a god.

5. Write a brief account of the professional story-teller of ancient times.

6. Why do we find the same fundamental stories in many different lands?

7. Why are many such stories still current today?

8. Illustrate from your own experience how a favorite story often represents our hopes and our views of life.

9. In your own observation, and not as a matter of theory, do you believe that a person's preferences in fiction indicate his ideals? Why?

10. Adduce any reasons, further than those suggested in this chapter, to show that preferences in fiction influence personality in the adult.

11. Show by example how stories will affect the personality in the child.

12. Select one or two stories that are calculated to affect the personality dynamically.

13. Select a class of stories, or one in particular, that should produce some other definite effect—naming the effect, or reaction.

14. After studying this chapter, add to the list of functions of the story, as called for in the questions appended to Chapter II.

15. Discuss Forbush's statement that "The story is helpful . . . . . because it helps the child to will what is good."

GRIST FROM OTHER MILLS

For the Story Teller, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, contains short but good chapters on "The Apperceptive Basis of Story-Telling" and "The Story with a Sense Appeal." She says:

"We will study stories, then, asking ourselves: *What emotion does this story stimulate?* By its unpleasant situations and images,

does it inspire fear in a child? Does it make a child happy because of its bubbling good humor? Does it create . . . . sympathy, courage, grief, anger, malice, charity, temperance? Each one of these states of feeling is characterized by bodily expression and we can almost mold character, and influence a child's future life-activity, by means of the stories which we tell him."

"To me the mourning-dove has always seemed a sacred bird, and although I could have killed thousands of them, I have never taken the life of one. When a very small boy at my mother's knee she related to me the story of the winged messenger sent out by Noah to look for real estate. She told me that doves were innocent and harmless birds, and that I must never wrong one in the least. Had my good mother issued an injunction covering the whole animal kingdom, I think I would have grown up as harmless to animals as any Hindoo; for her solemn charge regarding mourning-doves has always seemed as binding as the Ten Commandments. I mention this in order to point out to parents and teachers the vast influence they may easily wield in behalf of our wild creatures, which are in sore need of protection."

—WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, *American Natural History.*

CHAPTER IV

THE BASIS OF SELECTION OF CHILDREN'S STORIES

The imagination of the pupil can be led by means of the classical works of creative imagination to the formation of a good taste both as regards ethical merit and beauty of form. The proper classical works for youth are those which nations have produced in the childhood of their culture. These works bring the children face to face with the picture of the world which the human mind has sketched for itself in one of the necessary stages of development.

—J. K. F. ROSENCRANTZ, *Philosophy of Education.*

In preceding chapters, as we have disclosed the functions of the story as a developer of young lives, we have seen why stories should be told to children. Now we must examine the kinds of stories that may wisely be brought before them, and approximately when.

Society is much concerned over questions of fresh air, food, and all phases of bodily well-being. These problems are fundamental and deserve the consideration they receive, but it seems time that more attention be given to the mental food of children. The physician who would permit a child under his care to be underfed or given sweetmeats to the exclusion of wholesome diet would be justly condemned, but the father who holds his newspaper with one hand and with the other gives his child a nickel for the moving-picture show, reads on with untroubled conscience. He feels no concern that the child goes out

from home to have his mind filled with cheap melodrama, with love stories which force his attention to aspects of life beyond his years, with low "horse-play," and often with attempts at humor based upon life's supreme tragedies. "The people muth be amuthed," declared the inimitable Sleary, and no one would dispute it, but it is a grave mistake to permit a child to become dependent upon *being* amused. Nervous, restless adults who cannot endure a moment alone are the product of these early years of over-excitement and of mental starvation. They have no richness of life within themselves, no reserve of thought-power, no dream-stuff out of which to build a world. They have not received their heritage of the spiritual thought of the race which is embodied in great literature, simple though its form may be.

The throb of life is so intense today that there is more need than ever for the balance of poise and calm which comes from the friendship with books. The parent who is wise enough to give his children regularly a few hours of association with himself, betimes reënforcing his own personality with the lasting thoughts expressed in story, poem or drama, is not only giving them wholesome amusement, but is giving meaning to home, forming life-standards, building power, both for them and for himself.

There are too few parents, as well as too few teachers, who are alive to their responsibilities in these questions of invigorating food for growing minds. Magazines which exploit the mental debauchery of over-stimulated neurotics are permitted to make their inroads upon the emotions of the adolescent boy and girl. Other magazines,

with their milk-and-water sentimentalism, form the only reading in many homes. The result is flabby, emasculated brains which are unable to think clearly, and which go down before real situations. It is a truism that "Mediocrity breeds mediocrity—evil produces evil." For this reason, there is an obligation upon the home and the school to bring to the children the best in literature.

The basis of selection of children's literature is twofold:

1. The Child Himself as a Basis

This, of course, means his general and his personal characteristics, his needs, his stage of development, and his personal background of experience. Second, the essentials of good literature will come in for consideration.

While each child differs as an individual from every other child, there are also certain qualities which he has in common with all children. The most evident of these universal characteristics is *activity*. All higher animal life, as well as all mental life, expresses and develops itself through action. The normal, healthy child is doing something every waking moment. He is investigative and curious. He is imaginative, living much in a world of make-believe. He has a sense of the dramatic. He is interested in all that has life and feels a sense of kinship with, and an understanding of, every living thing. He is sympathetic. His emotions are easily stirred and frankly expressed. He has a feeling for rhythm and an instinctive love of beauty. All these phases of his nature should

find expression in his literature, therefore a consideration of all the foregoing universal characteristics, supplemented with individual experience, should guide in the selection of his stories—that is, the story should be such as will feed, yet not over-feed, these traits. It should be remembered, too, that these characteristics of child-nature persist through the adolescent period with varying emphasis according to the stage of development. In many of its aspects childhood remains long after it superficially seems to have departed. *Bear in mind that not age but stage of progress must govern in choosing the story for the child.*

The very young child lives in the immediate present. He is dominated by a single imperative motive. He sees things in the concrete. He cannot reason farther than from cause to immediate effect nor follow subtle and involved relationships; therefore the language of his stories should be simple, the plot uninvolved. He is fascinated with the sound of words, and for this reason it is particularly important that his literature be presented orally. This love of sound, together with his sense of rhythm, makes the Mother Goose Rhymes, and stories in which there is repetition, the logical beginning of his literature. "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!" "Run, run, as fast as you can, you can't catch me, I'm the Ginger Bread Man!" "Good day, Cocky Locky," and like phrases, fill him with glee.

As the child's experience broadens and his mental power increases—say, not too definitely, at the normal age of four or four-and-a-half—the content of his stories should

advance in proportion to his development. The rhymes lead into poetry, the cumulative and repetition stories give place to the animal stories. In these his feeling of kinship with all life finds happy expression. His own experience is repeated in fanciful form through the animals endowed with human faculties. For instance, The Three Bears live in a house, use tables, chairs and beds just as he does. They are father, mother and baby—his own familiar relationships. They talk together in language he understands, and another child shares the adventure. Thus The Billy Goats Gruff, Puss in Boots, The White Cat, The Three Little Pigs, The Cock and The Hen, and Bre'r Rabbit become his favorite companions.

Again, as his concepts increase and widen still more, his orderly imaginative power grows greater. His sense of the dramatic becomes more keen. At the age of about six—and of course in some instances earlier, for it must be reiterated that it is quite impossible to parcel out the stages of child-development by years—fairy tales come to have first place in his affections. In them his love of beauty, his sense of the mysterious and the supernatural, find satisfaction. His interest in the power of unseen forces is deepened. The impressions of vital truths are stamped upon him, for the great fairy tales always embody truths which primitive man discovered about himself, about nature, about God. The poetic fancy, the wonder, the elemental passions of the race, are woven into the old fairy and wonder tales. They nourished the strong adventurous spirit of the world. They are the record of

the emotions, the social conscience, the purpose of the race. It is a true instinct which leads the child to choose them as his "natural soul food."[1]

Thus from the age of six, throughout the early adolescent period, or up to ten and even twelve, the child "with insistent persuasion leads us back to the morning-time of literature." Along with the fairy tales, the love of the hero develops. The fairy prince, the dauntless youngest son, lead naturally to the semi-mythic hero. The great race-heroes of the epics, Robin Hood, King Arthur and his Knights, thrill the ten-year-old and set him dreaming of heroic deeds.

But at this age, romance should be supplemented with fact-stories. The biographical hero, history stories, nature stories, begin to form a wonder world as fascinating as the fairy world has been. This blending of chivalry, romance and fact should be continued through the middle years of the adolescent period. If the foundation of right choice is carefully developed through the years from babyhood to sixteen, the result will be felt not only in the matter of taste for good reading, but the boy or girl will have a more wholesome, more vigorous attitude toward life. The sentimentality, the weakness, the absolute falsity which pervade the books read by the average student leaving high school, if he reads at all, may account in great measure for some of the most serious problems of American life today; and, in a prior way, is accounted for largely by misdirected, or absence of, early story-training. The bearing of early training on taste for stories

[1] See Chapter XIII, "Folk and Fairy Stories."

in adolescence is most vital. "Many a moral victory, like many a battle field, is won or lost before the actual struggle has begun. The battle is decided in the preliminary skirmish by contending mental images. If the child is stocked up with virtuous and inspiring mental images, through stories, his imagination is already captured by goodness."[1]

2. Literary Quality as a Basis

The presentation of vigorous, wholesome images is a characteristic of the best literature. "Literature," says Dr. McVannell, "is the expression, in words of truth and beauty, of man's consciousness of the significant and enduring values of experience—personal, national, universal." Courage, power to endure, ability to overcome limitations, a spirit of fair play, faithfulness, unselfishness, tenderness, love and service are some of the achievements of man's spirit in his process of development. The best literature sounds the changes on these dominant notes in the symphony of character, and thus sets up ideals of both character and conduct.

The expression of phases of these ideals constitutes the varieties of true literature—that is, literature expresses in artistic form the highest which the human spirit knows. Therefore children's stories must be selected with such standards well in mind. Stories which are full of sentimentality, which "talk-down" to him, pretend, moralize, or present trifling rubbish in the effort to descend to his

[1] *Manual of Stories*, William Byron Forbush.

plane of understanding, should be vigorously rejected.

The parent, the teacher, or the story-teller who is to guide the choice of the child's mental food should be sure that his own standards are high. He should first enrich his own personality through an understanding of the essential values of literature and of life. The person whose life is colorless, whose emotions are pallid, whose experience is narrow, whose appreciation of beauty is undeveloped, whose knowledge of literature is limited, should face squarely the fact that he is not the one to guide the development of a child. He should kindle the flame in his own life before he attempts to pass on the torch. The child responds instantly to the life-quality, both in the individual and in the story. It is this life-quality which "feeds his soul."

Because this vital force is expressed in natural, elemental simplicity in the old tales which are really literature—being great in both content and form—they hold their power over each succeeding generation. However, some adaptation of these stories would seem wise in order to lessen the effect of the primitive cruelty which is found in many of them. Yet it should be largely a question of emphasis, rather than mere elimination, for the child should not be robbed of the sweep and strength of these great stories. It must be remembered that the child himself does not feel or judge from the point of view of the adult. His angle of vision is far closer to that of primitive man than to that of the cultured man or woman of today. Some educators hold that it is a true impulse which gives nursery lore the slaying of ogres and giants, the punishment of

wicked stepmothers. However that may be, it is safe to say that no story should be presented which places a premium upon cruelty, or in which trickery and cunning are rewarded. It is essential that the higher forces of good predominate and be presented in such a way as to awaken the child's admiration, love, and desire to imitate.

But how shall this be done? Those words and deeds, those persons and things, which stir his emotions are more important than the facts which his intellect acquires. One purpose of the story is to enrich the child's emotional life and to furnish an outlet for his feelings. Great care and understanding are needed in this connection. His emotions are simple, strong and quickly expended. His anger rarely persists long enough to desire revenge, his grief is never nursed to morbidity, at least in the normal child; even his love does not survive long absences. No other emotional characteristics will have meaning to him in his literature until well on in his adolescent period. "Action, emotion and thought are the three great divisions of life," and they develop in the order mentioned. The very young child thinks little, he acts. He does not analyze, he feels. Hence his stories must contain action and emotion rather than reasoning. They must have vivid picture-quality without wordy passages of description. They must be concise and dramatic. In language and structure they need to adhere to the best literary form. They should appeal to the imagination, inspire love of beauty, and present right ideals. They must mirror his own experience and embody universal truth.

One final word must here be said—and it will be reiterated later. It has to do with

The Mood of the Story-Teller

Certainly there can be few times when the narrator is unable to choose the story she is to tell, hence no one can object to the demand that *the story-teller should be in sympathy with the story*. Good work can no more be done by one on whom the story has not laid its hand in genuine appeal than by an actor who has never been aroused by his part. In either case the audience will be quick to notice the coldness of the speaker, the children first of all. It is better to discard the most highly recommended tale if it does not move you to interest, and tell a story that arouses your sympathy. Sympathy, as we all know, means "feeling with," and feeling is the absolute basis of all good fiction. There never was an effective story that did not play upon one or more of the emotions—without this quality the narrative would be dead.

Yet there is the other side also to consider. An untrained story-teller who is called upon to choose a story for a child will naturally turn to one that suits her own taste. "Put yourself in his place"—was ever wiser, or more difficult, injunction laid upon man! Yet it must be done, and the effect upon the child well weighed before a story is chosen for telling. Remember how easy it is to hurt young ideals by giving babes strong meat. Not for children's stories must "true to life" be the sole standard, but *true*

to truth. None is too young to begin the first lessons in that fine old philosophy—optimism.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. Since apperception is the process of building new concepts upon a foundation of what the mind already knows, how would you go about discovering the child's stage of development so as to avoid, on the one hand, a *tiresome* repetition of what is familiar and, on the other, stories which are beyond him?

2. What are some of the things which may have given currency to the misconception that good literature can be understood and loved by only the mature and the cultivated?

3. Are abstruse thoughts at all necessarily characteristic of good literature?

4. Have you at any time had the notion—if not the conviction—that "literature" and simplicity of language were not harmonious?

5. What do you think now?

6. Can you name an admittedly great work of literature which is written in clear and simple English?

7. What qualities should a literary story for children possess? In answering this question consider both form and content, or substance.

8. Make a list of those characteristics of childhood which are named in this chapter, and add any others which, upon careful thought and observation, seem to you to be present in children generally.

9. What do you understand by a *concrete* as distinguished from an *abstract* story? Give an example of each.

10. To what child-periods would the former appeal? The latter?

11. Make several lists of well-known stories for children, saying to what child-periods they are especially adapted.

NOTE: Open discussions of these lists will prove helpful. Do not be guided entirely by the lists furnished by authorities, but

bring each story to the test of your own knowledge—based on experience, preferably, but if not, on what you have learned of child-nature from books.

12. Has your experience taught you to disagree with any of the generalizations made in this chapter regarding the stages of receptivity to various types of story, as shown by children? If so, be specific in stating your experience, and do not base a generalization upon your experience with only one or two children, for the exceptional child, when handled singly, needs exceptional study. Do not be too ready to consider children as a *mass*—they are individuals, though in some respects they lead a mass life.

13. How openly in a story would you show a young child that it pays to do right, and that wrong-doing brings its penalties?

14. Cite at least one story to illustrate your attitude on the foregoing question.

15. In what kinds of stories do rewards and penalties most promptly follow the deed?

16. For young children, is exaggeration in the proportion of reward to good deed, and of penalty to offence, a justifiable device in fairy, animal and wonder stories? Why?

17. Try to recall the stories which you liked at certain periods of your childhood and youth. Name at least a dozen, assigning some, if you honestly can, to different periods of your development, with due regard for the over-lapping of interests in adjoining periods.

18. At about what period, have you observed, do boys begin to show different story-preferences from girls? Compare this with their choice of games and occupations.

19. At what periods do the following types of stories make their strongest appeal: (a) adventure? (b) realistic? (c) romantic?

20. At what period does the child begin to question probabilities in a story?

21. Try to visit a kindergarten, or some other gathering of children, at the story hour; report the kinds of stories that produced the strongest observable effects. Note especially what

sorts of children, if any, missed or lost interest in the subtler points of the stories.

22. Make a detailed report, after talking cautiously to as many children as you can, on what stories they like, trying to find out why they like them. You will have to *infer* most of their reasons. A coöperative study of this sort will prove valuable to a class or group of students.

23. Remember that the results from laboratory, or personal-experience work, will, if based upon enough cases, lead you to more valuable conclusions than if you depend on the teaching of others. Test the appeal made to children and youths of different periods of development of at least some of the following kinds of stories and make notes of the results: (a) stories of altruism; (b) physical bravery of a fictitious hero; (c) moral heroism of a historic or a Biblical character; (d) humorous results of vanity, or some other weakness; (e) some other purpose-story chosen by you.

24. Give a real or a supposititious example of how a special story may be selected so as to meet a special moral or disciplinary need in a group of children, saying to what period of development the children have come. For example, continued disobedience in a group of bright boys of from nine to eleven.

25. Discuss this statement: In good literature, form fits content, and words fit ideas.

26. What effect on the education of the child has the good—not merely the grammatically correct—language-form of a story when told?

27. Make a list of kinds of stories to avoid at different stages of child-development. Be prepared to defend your disapproval in each instance.

GRIST FROM OTHER MILLS

"The storks have a great many stories which they tell their little ones, all about the bogs and marshes. They suit them to their age and capacity. The young ones are quite satisfied with

kribble, krabble, or some such nonsense, and find it charming; but the elder ones want something with more meaning."

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, *The Marsh King's Daughter.*

"Experience has taught me that for the group of normal children, irrespective of age, the first kind of story suitable for them will contain an appeal to conditions to which the child is accustomed..... The next incident that appeals is..... *unusual* activities carried on in.....the *usual* atmosphere of the child."

—MARIE L. SHEDLOCK, *The Art of the Story-Teller.*

"If literature is to regain its sway over the heart and its ministry in life, there must be a greater return to the oral and auditory basis of appeal. The book, to be sure, has its own indispensable place and function, but in relation to popular culture, it is the second and not the first place. Because our culture is increasingly eye-minded, it is necessarily less emotionalized and less vital, less joyous and spontaneous."

—PERCIVAL CHUBB, *The Blight of Literary Bookishness*, in *The English Journal*, Jan., 1914.

CHAPTER V

THE STRUCTURE OF THE STORY

We have found it helpful to liken the effect that a well-written, well-told story has upon a child's mind to the appeal that a successful drama makes to an audience. We have discovered that the opening paragraph, the first sentence of a child's story, should have the quality that characterizes the scene disclosed on the stage when the curtain rolls up—*compelling interest.* Following this curtain-raising of the story, there should be a series of pictorial scenes that carry the events that go to make up the story-plot, strung upon a slender thread of curiosity, and giving the element of suspense to the story.

Following out this story-structure, we come, eventually, to the end. The curtain must fall at last before the eyes of the child-audience and the closing of the story-drama should be as mind-stimulating as was its beginning.

—CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY, *For the Story-Teller.*

Happily for the story-teller, no intricate and confusing technique is needed for effective narration to children, notwithstanding the exacting demands of the art. In the magazine short-story for grown-ups we observe mechanical processes and devices which at times are far from simple, but the teller of children's stories finds his path more straightforward. Nevertheless, intelligent study and *much* practice are necessary for him also if he would master his art. At the outstart only a few simple directions—discoverable for himself, in fact—are needed to set and keep him on the right way, but it is important to

remember that story-telling for children demands a serious apprenticeship if worth-while results are to be gained.

The Beginning of the Story

The telling of many a good story has been handicapped, if not quite defeated, by unnecessary and therefore bad preliminaries. Short fiction knows no more inexorable law than this: *Every word that does not help, hinders.* How futile it is for a story-teller to gather her hearers and say: "Now, children, I am going to tell you a lovely story, and I want you all to be ve–e–ry quiet—James, sit up straight! If, when I have finished, you do not say that this is one of the very best stories you have ever heard, I shall be very much disappointed"—and more irritating indirectness, plentifully sprinkled with very's. The way to begin is to begin. If the opening does not command interest no story-teller can demand it.

Let there be no formal introduction—that is, no audible laying of foundations, no exposition of facts and conditions that took place prior to the story. Plunge in. The best opening brings before the child in one or two short, vivid sentences one or more of the leading characters in the story and shows him or them in an interesting situation.

But what is interest? It is that which sends the mind forward in a swift leap of expectation. "Something is going to happen!" we feel subconsciously; or, "That's queer!" or, "How did that come to be?" In short, the good story-opening not only points forward to action but actually begins the action.

But the effective opening does more: It also establishes a setting in a word or two. In a word or two? Precisely. The magazine fiction writer, who often gives whole paragraphs to setting, might profit by the condensed, suggestive art of the children's story-teller. The setting of the Elizabethan stage was, as we all know, a very simple thing—the fancy of the hearer-spectator supplied the scene by pure evocation. And so does the child call forth his own pictures of background. True, not all youngsters have seen a forest, and fewer still an ice cave, but in these days of printed pictures and universal cinematography the range of setting known to the average of children is astonishingly wide, so that, "Once there was an ugly little dwarf who kept his horse in a freezing cold ice cave" will at once evoke a satisfactorily clear picture.

Learn the value of suggestion in drawing the setting, and do not be too precise. Children quickly grasp comparisons. "Jack lived in a cottage whose front yard was just large enough for Bruno to turn round in three times," is more stimulating to the imagination than either the bare adjective "small," or the worse device of "twenty feet square." The child is full of imagery—and so must the story be. Let your nouns and verbs be clear and picturesque, then will adjectives and adverbs be less overworked.

The opening will often suggest the mood of the story. Is it to be a "real" story, a fairy tale, a myth, a wonder legend, a story of rollicking fun?—the beginning may well answer the question by striking a clear tone.

Let us see from the following openings how these *four purposes: the introduction of one or more of the characters in an interesting situation, the beginning of the action, the suggestion of a setting, and the establishment of a mood*— are in whole or in part accomplished by skillful story-tellers. At the same time we shall be interested in noticing some of the variations of the old "Once upon a time" opening, and in observing some other devices of language.

A SAGA

In the grey beginnings of the world, or [before] ever the flower of justice had rooted in the heart, there lived among the daughters of men two children, sisters, of one house.

—JOHN RUSSELL.

THE SILVER SHILLING

There was once a shilling which came forth from the mint springing and shouting, "Hurrah! Now I am going out into the wide world."

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, *Fairy Tales.*

THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD

In the High and Far Off Times the Elephant, O Best Beloved, had no trunk.

—RUDYARD KIPLING, *Just So Stories.*

THE WOODPECKER

Once upon a time, longer than long ago, when the good St. Peter walked about the earth looking to see how men lived, he came one day to the door of a cottage where an old woman was baking cakes.

—*Old Legend.*

THE WHITE HARE AND THE CROCODILES

Long, long ago, when all the animals could talk, there lived in the province of Inaba, in Japan, a little white hare. His

home was on the island of Oki, and just across the sea was the mainland of Inaba.

Now the hare wanted very much to cross over to Inaba.

—OZAKI, *The Japanese Fairy Book.*

THE RUISENOR (NIGHTINGALE)

Huacani was curious. He wanted to go with his friend Vagoniona to visit the Caves of Souls; it was forbidden to visit these and he knew this was so, yet he was determined to visit the mysterious caverns.

—FLORENCE J. STODDARD, *As Old as the Moon.*

THE STORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL ONE WHO DID NOT HAVE HER DESIRE

The narrator of tales relates that, once upon a time, there lived a man and his wife who were so poor that they had no home. So the woman begged of her husband to seek a place for her in the *bamam*, or bath house. Now, the *bamam* was a large building, with many rooms. When the *bamamjy*, or keeper, had listened to the tale of the poor man he answered: "There will be room for your wife tomorrow. Let her come then."

—IZORA CHANDLER AND MARY W. MONTGOMERY, *Told in the Gardens of Araby.*

THE ROSE AND THE THRUSH

There was none other in the quiet valley so happy as the rose-tree,—none other so happy unless perchance it was the thrush who made his home in the linden yonder. The thrush loved the rose-tree's daughter, and he was happy in thinking that some day she would be his bride.

—EUGENE FIELD, *The Holy Cross and Other Tales.*

THE WONDERFUL BIRCH

Once upon a time there were a man and a woman, who had an only daughter. Now it happened that one of their sheep went astray, and they set out to look for it, and searched, each in a different part of the wood. Then the good wife met a witch, etc.

—ANDREW LANG, *The Red Fairy Book.*

THE SELFISH GIANT

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

—OSCAR WILDE, *The Happy Princess.*

THE LITTLE RABBIT WHO WANTED RED WINGS

Once upon a time there was a little White Rabbit with two beautiful long pink ears and two bright red eyes and four soft little feet—*such* a pretty little White Rabbit, but he wasn't happy.

—*Southern Folk Tale.*

The Body of the Story

It is immediately after the opening that the children's story shows its most marked difference from the present-day magazine story, therefore it seems needful to establish briefly one or two distinctions.

The tale may be compared to a chain, each link of which is an event, an incident, a step forward in the sequence of the narrative. So a tale does not have a *plot*—by which, roughly, we mean a tying up of the action of the story in such a way as to produce a crisis (or difficulty, or obstacle, or interruption) in the affairs of at least one of the characters, following which is an exhibition of the resulting struggle, and then the more or less surprising outcome, or dénouement.

A simple plot may be illustrated by a capital Y, or an inverted *y*—⅄, or an X. The point where all lines meet is the focus of the "clash of wills," the contest of interests, the struggle against material or immaterial opposition. The lines indicate either the divided or the united courses of the characters either before or after the crucial

struggle. Plot is one essential element of *the short-story* as distinguished from the tale. Really, there is no such thing as a short-story—as distinguished from the plotless tale—unless we have a plot, however simple that plot may be.

Children's stories generally have simple plots, and nearly all of them contain a struggle, with its outcome, but in this field complicated plots are a rarity, even in continued fairy stories like those written by Mr. Andrew Lang. All in all, the tale—the chain of incidents that might be continued indefinitely without altering the course of the action and so might be ended anywhere—is a frequent form of the story told to children, but the best children's stories contain plots of a simple sort. It is difficult for small children to keep in mind the several threads of a complicated plot, though they are always interested in simple plots, such as when the hero meets a difficulty and some friendly animal or fairy shows him a way out, which he follows in a course zigzagging between success and failure until at last he attains his goal. Really, this is the course of the novel, but with that we are not now concerned.

Directness in the presentation of a series of scenes is the first method to be followed. There must be no digressions or side trips (*episodes*) in the well-told children's story. However great may be the temptation to make pleasing little excursions by the way, the narrator must sternly bear in mind Mr. Kipling's whimsical remark, "But that is another story." Interest soon wanders afield at the first inviting break in the hedge, and

then how shall we come happily to the end of the road?

For the foregoing reason it is rarely if ever wise to ask the children questions while a story is being told, or to allow them to interrupt with questions. The well-prepared story will answer all necessary questions as it goes along. Even if every point cannot be briefly made clear to every child, do not stop to elaborate. Have not you yourself experienced the joy of sudden understanding of some passage in a story or a poem learned in childhood, the full meaning of which was long denied to your mind? Besides, it will not do to ignore the fancy of the child, which is marvellously equipped to paint its own pictures, if only you give it the imaginary background.

Sometimes an unintentional digression is suggested by the narrator when an absorbing situation in a story is touched upon and left without having any real part in the story. Here is an example in point: "And Eric went on and on until he came to a black rabbit with four glass feet and a silk hat, but he didn't stop there"—though the child's mind is likely to. That which does not help, hinders—let this maxim be repeated. The story-teller introduced the funny bunny merely as an ornament, with the result that it proved to be a distraction.

Since the well-told story is a carefully considered sequence of pictorial scenes, each leading naturally into its successor, the straight-ahead course of the story must not be interrupted by the introduction of many, if any, matters that *require* explanation. The story is to be suggestive, not exhaustive. Examine any good fairy story and see how like a scenario it is in parts. Everything is

swiftly—almost casually—done. Events which in a story for grown-ups would require elaboration are passed over "just like that," because the child-mind leaps forward to what comes next with impatience of minute explanation. Children either sense what is conveyed in a few swift words, filling in the imagined sketch by their own lightning strokes of fancy, or they weary of the tedious recital.

Just as explanations are bad, so are too many details. The child would rather have repetition than confusing minutiæ. Take for example the constant use of *threes* in the fairy tale. Note how a pleasing sense of expectancy and recognition are developed in the listener as the wanderer first meets a hermit in a brown cloak, who sends him on to a second hermit in a brown cloak, who in turn sends him to a third hermit in a brown cloak *with a green hood.* This variety in unity at once suggests a crisis and a change.

Trace out this use of threes, with all manner of variations, and you have possessed yourself of one of the fundamental structural forms of the fairy tale.

Plausibility and motivation need careful consideration, for they go hand in hand. By the former we mean that, given a certain state of affairs, the outcome should be consistent; by the latter, that an adequate motive must be either shown or implied for every important act—the say-so of the narrator is not convincing when an important point is not plausible.

Amateur story-tellers often assume that a fairy story or a wonder tale gives them *carte blanche* for the introduction of all manner of events, whether impossible or

improbable. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Plausibility is not offended when we meet a rabbit with four glass feet, because at once we accept this as an evidence that we are in a wonderland where anything may be true, so long as—and here is the real demand of plausibility—he acts as such a strange creature would.

Suppose, for example, that the rabbit should run a thorn in his foot—we resent this as impossible; but let him crack his left hind foot by knocking it against a stone, and we believe it, so to say, for the foot is glass.

At the same time we may find in this instance an example of good motivation. Eric meets the rabbit weeping its silk hat full of tears. At once we want to know *why* he is weeping. The lad stops in wonder, and hears about bunny's accident—all the facts are thus linked and the way is open for Eric to tell the rabbit how to have his foot mended, and the future interweaving of their fortunes is merely a matter of invention; we have had both plausibility and motivation.

Crisis is constantly met with in children's stories—crisis in the form of an "impossible" task with a severe penalty for failure; crisis in the shape of formidable opposition in the pursuit of a quest; crisis in the person of an enemy, natural or supernatural, the overcoming of whom brings victory for the hero.

Suspense, a vital quality in all absorbing stories, grows out of crisis. Will the Prince succeed? The answer is deferred through a series of efforts and sub-efforts, rebuffs, failures, promised victories, and still another failure —until the listener fairly throbs for fear that the needed

help may not come in time to allow the Prince to put the wicked Witch to rout and so break the enchantment of the lovely Princess.

Climax is the high point in the action of the story. It comes just when the struggle, having reached its height, can grow no more intense, and reward comes to the hero or heroine, or both. To lead a story zigzagging up the course to this climacteric point—each successive scene definitely marking an advance or an intentional recession—is the acme of story-telling, worth study and patient effort. Let no master-story hereafter be read without noting by what alternately advancing and receding steps the climax is reached. So many devices are possible by which the hearer may be held in suspense while he is being led on to the outcome that the newcomer in the story-telling field need not fear that all the good stories have been told.

But not only in wonder-tales must the several elements just considered be given a place, for in every good story they are inherent. The story-teller who is ambitious to excel would do well first to analyze a considerable number of stories to see how these factors are worked, then try using them in re-telling old stories, and finally learn to handle them effectively in original narration.

The End of the Story

The swiftest endings of all fictional forms, excepting the anecdote, are those of children's stories. Indeed, in many stories the high point, or climax, is the ending itself, though in others a final line is added to round off

the tale. But when you are through, stop. Anticlimax here means a painful let-down of interest.

REYNARD AND BRUIN

When he got to his den the Fox asked each of his limbs how they had helped him in his flight. His nose said, "I smelt the hounds;" his eyes said, "We looked for the shortest way;" his ears said, "We listened for the breathing of the hounds;" and his legs said, "We ran away with you." Then he asked his tail what it had done, and it said, "Why, I got caught in the bushes, or made your leg stumble; that is all I could do." So, as a punishment, the Fox stuck his tail out of his den, and the hounds saw it and caught hold of it, and dragged the Fox out of his den by it and ate him all up. So that was the end of Master Reynard, and well he deserved it. Don't you think so?

—JOSEPH JACOBS, *Europa's Fairy Book.*

THE DEATH OF BALDUR

But through the darkness the great throng watched the burning ship carried further and further over the distant waters, while the light of the funeral pyre grew dimmer and fainter, until at last, with a shower of sparks, the vast burning pyre and hull fell in, reddening the sea—and then all was dark.

—E. N. AND G. E. PARTRIDGE, *Story-Telling in School and Home.*

HOW THE CAMEL GOT HIS HUMP

He has never caught up with the three days he missed at the beginning of the world, and he has never learnt how to behave.

—RUDYARD KIPLING, *Just So Stories.*

JACK THE DULLARD

We have all this straight out of the alderman's newspaper, but it is not to be depended on.

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, *Fairy Tales.*

THE STAR CHILD

And they fell on his neck and kissed him, and brought him into the palace, and clothed him in fair raiment, and set the

crown upon his head, and the scepter in his hand, and over the city that stood by the river he ruled, and was its lord. Much mercy and justice did he show to all, and the evil Magician he banished, and to the Wood-cutter and his wife he sent many rich gifts, and to their children he gave high honour. Nor would he suffer any to be cruel to bird or beast, but taught love and loving-kindness and charity, and to the poor he gave bread, and to the naked he gave raiment, and there was peace and plenty in the land.

—OSCAR WILDE, *The House of Pomegranates.*

THE COMING OF ARTHUR

Then as they went from the church King Arthur's Knights, clad in stainless white, marched before him with trumpets and a song:

Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May!
Blow trumpet, for the night hath rolled away!
Blow thro' the living world, "Let the King reign!"

And that was the coming of King Arthur.

—RICHARD THOMAS WYCHE, *Some Great Stories and How to Tell Them.*

Before now, doubtless, it will have been observed that the pointing of a moral is eschewed by tellers of good stories. This old-time habit of thrusting home the obvious is happily overpast. That teaching which the action of the story does not itself bring to the child's consciousness can never be given at the close by the formal words of the story-teller. If you would kill the natural effect of the story, get out your hammer and tack on a moral. Look at that exquisite ending of "The Star Child," told with a purity of English comparable only to that wellspring of beauty, the English Bible, from which indeed its style was learned; then ask yourself whether the young hearer, who has been sympathetically

following the Star Child through loss and sorrow to the day of his crowning, *must* not feel, in emotional arousement, the fineness of all that the hero did at the last. Moral appeal most good stories do make, but it must not be an obvious appeal. One of the chief factors in the moral training of stories lies in this: A useful didactic story subtly leads the child to say within himself, "That punishment was deserved," "Master Reynard was a tricky fellow;" "I'm glad that Cinderella, instead of one of her mean sisters, got the Prince;" "Jack had more pluck than I have—I wonder if I could be so brave if I tried?"

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. Point out the differences between the magazine short-story and the story told to children.

NOTE: Those who wish to look more fully into the technique of the short-story will find on one of the front fly leaves of this volume a list of books on the subject, by one of the present writers.

2. Of the stories printed in this book say which are tales. The instructor may limit this assignment to the examination of, say, ten stories.

3. (*a*) If any opening quoted in this chapter seems ineffective, criticise it. (*b*) Alter it so as to meet your views.

4. To what ages or school grades would any one of the openings seem best adapted? Say why.

5. Rewrite the opening of any story given complete in this book, so as to improve it, if you think it open to criticism.

6. Rewrite any opening given in this chapter, or given in the complete stories, so as to adapt it to children of a different age or school grade, stating at what grade you are aiming.

7. Give reasons supporting the changes made.

8. Criticise specifically, and re-tell, the opening of any story you have heard told which seemed unsuitable.

9. (*a*) Say how you would open a story-hour—not a specific story. (*b*) How would you get the children in order and in proper attitudes—if the latter seems important to you.

10. Why are elaborate introductions bad?

11. (*a*) Point out which of the four elements of an opening named in this chapter are present or absent in the openings quoted. (*b*) Do the same with five openings of stories printed in full in later chapters.

12. Write (or give orally) five very brief sentences in which setting is given—use the method of suggestion in at least two.

13. How was setting indicated on the Elizabethan stage?

14. Is it important that a child should be fully acquainted with the settings of stories told to him? Give your reasons.

15. What do you understand by the mood or tone of a story?

16. Is it well to have the mood of the story shift during its narration?

17. Invent several variations of "Once upon a time."

18. Write an original opening (*a*) for a re-told story, (*b*) for an original story. Be sure to be brief.

19. Quote an opening that seems to you to be especially good. Say why.

20. Briefly outline the plot of any short-story in this collection, marking the points of crisis, suspense, and dénouement (outcome of the struggle or complication).

21. Try to find an instance in which plausibility is violated in a children's story. Correct the error.

22. Point out the climax in any three stories, whether told in this book or not.

23. Do you know of an instance in which a story would have been improved if it had been ended earlier? If so, point out the exact place.

24. Apply question 3 to the ending of the story and answer it.

NOTE: The same may be done with questions 5, 6, 7, and 8.

25. Do Bible stories illustrate the principles of structure taught in this chapter?

GRIST FROM OTHER MILLS

Edward Porter St. John, in *Stories and Story-Telling*, gives these as "some vital characteristics of good stories: Suggestiveness or Meaning, Unity, and Action."

"Bible stories are models. . . . You are left to read as much between the lines as you choose, but the kernel of the message is soon revealed. You are in touch with real life from start to finish and essentials only are admitted."

—SAMUEL B. HASLETT, *The Pedagogical Bible School.*

In her *How to Tell Stories to Children*, Sarah Cone Bryant analyzes three stories—"The Three Bears," "Three Little Pigs," and "The Little Pig that Wouldn't Go Over the Stile"—and finds in them three characteristics important in the structure of children's stories: "Something happens, all the time." "Each event presents a distinct picture to the imagination, and these pictures are made out of very simple elements." And, "A third characteristic . . . is a certain amount of repetition"—sometimes cumulative.

CHAPTER VI

THE PREPARATION OF THE STORY FOR TELLING

It is impossible for one who has not spent much time in study to understand all the carefully concealed machinery which lies back of any art. But there is one thing any one must be willing to do before he attempts to tell stories in even the most unassuming way; namely, so to live with the literature which he is to interpret that he becomes filled with the spirit and atmosphere of the tale and it becomes in a sense his own. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the necessity of this one thing. I have known artists who live with the stories they are to tell a year, sometimes two years, before they feel that they are ready to give them to an audience.

—EDNA LYMAN, *Story-Telling—What to Tell and How to Tell it*

From the short quotation foregoing it seems evident that it is not enough that you as a story-teller understand the structure of stories in general, nor yet that you have often read or heard the particular story you purpose telling —a definite preparation for the presentation of that story is necessary if you are to tell it effectively, and *effectively* is a big word.

The Subjective Appeal

The first step in the preparation of a story for telling is to put yourself in tune with its spirit. No matter what authority has pronounced the story good, never tell it unless it appeals to you personally. It is unfair to the

story, to your audience, and to yourself to try to interpret a piece of literature with which you are not in perfect harmony. Unless the story expresses your own thoughts and feelings, unless it is an outlet for your inner self, it is not for you.[1]

Story-telling, therefore, should be a form of self-expression, "a giving forth as rain that which has been received as mist." This is not possible unless the message of the story is felt to be your message. If you can say of a story "I love it", you are inevitably seized with a desire to make some one else love it, for the story-teller is never content until he has shared his treasure-trove.

Re-creating the Conditions of the Story

As a first step in mastering the story for telling, you will re-create in your own mind the story as a whole, adding to the author's vision the coloring of your personality. You will read it again and again, absorbing the author's style, the subtle shadings of his presentation of his theme. You will see the pictures move before the eye of your mind like the silent enactment of a drama on the moving-picture screen—as a series of definitely connected scenes. This inner visualization is the essential preliminary in the preparation of a story.

One day last spring two street cleaners were talking together as they sat on the curb. One said to the other: "You know, when you tell a story you got to just see it

[1] See page 37

happenin' when you're tellin' it—if you want the other feller to git the point."

The old man had found the secret of the story-teller's art—just to "see it happenin' when you're tellin' it."

This picture-quality comes only through the re-creative power of the imagination. Dare to wonder about your story. Wonder until your wondering becomes a magic power, which sets the actors to playing out their parts before you. Wonder until you see all that the author has not told you of what happened *before* this story could come to pass. In other words, your imagination must fill out all the happenings which you instinctively know make up the unwritten background of the story. This is more especially necessary if the story you are to tell is a fragment, as a section cut from a longer narrative, for then only a knowledge of the whole will fit you for telling the part.

For example, if you are preparing a story of David and Goliath, you will catch the vision of a fearless boy, ruddy of countenance, running to meet the giant champion. You will see him adjust the stone in his shepherd's sling and hurl it with unerring aim at Goliath's forehead. Then you will go back and begin to wonder—and *question:* Why was David's eye so keen? Why was his aim so sure? Why was his arm so strong? Why was he not afraid? For answer, you will see him as a child living in the fields with his brothers as they tended their father's flocks. You will see him jumping, running, climbing, growing daily stronger, taller, more ruddy of countenance, more keen of eye. You will picture the boyish games he must

have played. Step by step you will build up his preparation for this first service to his people. And so also with Goliath's life, and the whole struggle between the two warring peoples.

Out of such dreamings and questionings will come that intangible something called *atmosphere*—the surrounding air—which is a part of every work of art.

When this atmosphere has fully developed, you are ready for

The Intensive Analysis of the Story

First of all, state clearly to yourself *the central theme.* This can almost always be expressed in one short sentence, thus: How a courageous shepherd boy delivers his people by doing the thing he has learned to do while defending his flocks. Or, How David did with a sling-shot what he could not have done with an unaccustomed sword. Or, How God used a boy who knew his work to put a braggart to rout. Or the theme might be stated in a dozen other ways. Whatever big point you wish to bring out in the story, that is its theme.

Of course this theme is not to be stated formally when you tell your story—it is merely to help you crystallize the action of the tale around a central point.

Next you will want to note with what *details or incidents* the author reinforces this theme. Determine which incidents belong to the background, and which, through emphasis or elaboration, should receive the "high light" in the composition. The story-teller's sense of the dra-

matic, his feeling for the artistic in selection, must be his guide in this part of the work.

The technique of a story is the same as that of a great painting. Every part of the background, however minute, must be in harmony, or in intentional contrast with, and furnish the essential setting for, the central figure which works out the artist's message in the action.

In the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington there is a wonderful picture called "The Family," by L'Hermitte. The setting is a field of yellow wheat, part of it uncut, part of it tied into bundles, part of it loaded on the wagon. In the foreground sits a mother nursing her baby. The father, with his scythe thrown over his shoulder, has paused a moment to look with grave tenderness at the child. The mother's eyes are looking with a passionate motherhood into the face against her breast. The old grandmother sits at the right, also gazing fondly at the infant. A little sister and brother kneel against the mother, with eyes turned adoringly upon the baby's face. Every eye, every stroke with which the wheat is pictured, leads to the baby.

Now notice the significance of the wheat as a background for the family. It is their sustenance, the fruit of their toil—it tells us much of the occupation and condition of the family, the season, and more besides. But further, it seems to be symbolical, for perhaps the three arrangements of the wheat mirror the three generations of the family—the uncut grain corresponding to the children; that which is harvested and bundled, to the parents; that which is loaded and ready to be carried to other scenes, to the grandparents. Every detail of the picture is es-

sential, and every one points to the child, saying, "It is for this we exist."

This unity of theme, so humanly and dramatically expressed in this masterpiece, this harmony of detail, so subtly developed, should characterize every story which is presented to an audience.

We must reiterate here what is said elsewhere: It is important, next, to conceive of your story as a longer or shorter *series of scenes*, or perhaps as a single dramatic scene. Whichever it is, let the action be envisioned before you in this pictorial way, one act leading naturally to another until you come to the high point—the *climax*—where the vital action is shown. No more important step in preparation is there than to set the climax clearly before your mind's eye, for how can one intelligently work toward a point without planning clearly what that point is to be, and by what steps it is to be reached?

To sum up: Determine the climax of your story, then with the same sure strokes as those of the artist, make each incident of the action, each detail of the setting, say, "It is for this we exist."

Having established your mood, absorbed the author's style, developed the imaginative atmosphere, and analyzed the structure of the story, you are ready for the next step in preparation:

Fitting Words to the Story

These words should be your own, and come spontaneously at the time of presentation. The memorized

story is mechanical, and its mechanism usually creaks—it is like a chiseled image, rather than a living, breathing being; it is parrot-like recitation, rather than creation. The story-teller must free his mind from all but the life of the story which flows through his words to his listeners. Each sentence must be charged with the electric current of his joy in the giving. It is this joy which will free him from self-consciousness. Not himself, but the story is important. He is merely the medium through which the message is transmitted. He must know his story so well that his mind is freed from thought of words and thought of self, then will his mood play through the story, catching and kindling the spirit of his audience.

Consider the force of these words of the poet Bryant:

> The secret wouldst thou know
> To touch the heart or fire the blood at will?
> Let thine own heart o'erflow;
> Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill;
> Seize the great thought ere yet its power is past
> And bind, in words, the fleet emotions fast.

On considering—yet not memorizing—the words and the sentence forms you are to use in telling a story, pay attention to points like the following:

Do not use words equivocally—that is, words which as first heard, particularly when used in a certain word-connection, have a double meaning. Children are readily confused by such expressions as "Jack was carving a *figure*;" "I must go help Alice with the cow—*she* is not yet well trained, and *she* might upset the milk pail."

In using words unfamiliar to the children, be careful to

do so sparingly, and be doubly certain that each unfamiliar word may be understood from the way in which it is used. In this way the vocabulary of the child will be enlarged. When story-telling is employed as an adjunct to language work, certain words may be explained in the preceding language lesson and then used in the story. Or the process may be reversed[1].

Fit the language-form to the spirit of the story. The dignity of Bible English is not suited to "Tom Thumb." The beauty of smooth-flowing style and the vigor of terse expression may be impressed upon the child subconsciously at an early age. For this reason it is better to avoid slang and extremely colloquial expressions—but on the other hand be sure that you do not reject our easy, correct colloquial idioms for stilted English.

Watch the transitions between sentences and parts of sentences. "And then," "So," "Next," "But," and the like, should be used in a way that will lead the mind to recognize such ideas as succession, reversal of movement, contrast, and change of mind. Even the formal "Whereupon," "Hence," "Wherefore," etc., may be chosen in stories of the heroic or Biblical sort, so as to enlarge the children's understanding. The simpler literary forms should be mastered by the story-teller. In choosing your English, "Simplify but do not sillify."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. Can you agree with the sentiments quoted from Edna

[1] There is a good chapter on "Story-Telling in Teaching English," in *Stories to Tell to Children*, by Sara Cone Bryant.

Lyman's "Story-Telling" at the opening of this chapter? Give reasons, briefly.

2. Make an orderly list of the several steps in preparing a story for telling, as recommended in this chapter.

3. Which seem to you the most important, and why?

4. Can you add any others which seem valuable?

5. Analyze any of the longer stories in this book, and briefly say what are (a) its theme, (b) its essential scenes (c) its climax.

6. Say why you chose this story.

7. After preparing this same story carefully, tell it to an audience, preferably of children, and report the defects of your story-telling.

8. Criticise, kindly but honestly, similar work by another.

9. State the themes of any five stories given in this book.

10. Invent two original themes.

11. Invent several scenes, and a climax scene, from one of these two themes.

12. Without writing out the story, tell it. Do not let it be a long story, and say to what grade of children you wish it to appeal.

CHAPTER VII

METHODS OF STORY-TELLING

I like to think of the story-teller as a good fellow standing at a great window overlooking a busy street or a picturesque square, and reporting with gusto to the comrade in the rear of the room what of mirth or sadness he sees; he hints at the policeman's strut, the organ grinder's string, the school girl's gayety, with a gesture or two which is born of an irresistible impulse to imitate, but he never leaves his fascinating post to carry imitation farther than a hint.

—SARA CONE BRYANT, *How to Tell Stories to Children.*

It should be clear by now that the authors of this book are not disposed to lay down fixed rules for the invention, selection, preparation and telling of stories; quite on the contrary, it has seemed far better to set a body of facts in order before the story-teller so that the principles of the art might be arrived at reasonably, and not accepted on the authority of others. It is intended that this spirit should also pervade the present study of methods—methods that assume the careful preparation of the story proper and apply to its actual recital.

The Mood of the Story-Teller

Sympathy is the first great necessity for effective oral narration. Sympathy with the story may be presupposed, as we have urged in the chapter on "The Basis of Selection of Children's Stories," and real sympathy with children

is of course even more a primary necessity; but what about those occasional moods of depression, weariness, self-distrust, irritation from worrisome cares, and all the rest of those forces, whether overt or subtle, that throw us out of harmony with the ideal warmth of the story-hour—is there any cure for these?

The story-teller's problem is precisely that of the preacher, the lecturer, the legal pleader and the actor. These public speakers by and by learn that it is not only possible but vitally necessary to practice *self-electrification.* This process is not imitation or pretense—listeners soon unmask the face that wears a false smile—it is what dramatic trainers call conviction. And that word gives us the key to self-arousement. Emotion is an effect, and of course also a cause, but it is an effect before it is a cause: it is a response to some sort of appeal kindling the forces of mind and body and wrapping them in a fervent heat of conviction that what the speaker is then saying is of the utmost importance.

What are the appeals which the story-teller may make to her own emotions so as to induce the mood for magnetic story-telling?

First, *a direct exercise of the will.* "I WILL!" repeated with a sudden contraction of the whole being—spirit and body—will not fail to produce a powerful reaction, a thrill. This is what we mean by concentration—a centering of every force on a single point. A little practice in concentration—mind you, it must be sudden—will bring a genuine flash to your eye, a tightening of relaxed muscles, a quickening of the pulse, an alertness of bearing, even the

starting of a tear, that will put you in any mood that your will may command. How else, do you suppose, does the emotional actress succeed in acting with so much sincerity, two hundred nights in succession? Believe that this is possible for you also. Not always are we able to defer our story-telling to an hour of inspiration unevoked.

At first it may seem that this self-electrification is a pitiful physical subterfuge. Far from it—it is purely spiritual in its origin. When the mind—or heart, if you choose—suddenly images some exciting idea, the will summons every faculty to sense that idea intently, and the result is aroused emotion; and with emotion once aroused in the story-teller the victory is well begun.

Try your own power over yourself just now by calling up the emotion of fear. Now make it definite—fear of an angry dog. Change the emotion to determination to quell him with your eye. Practice calling out emotion in many forms until you can arouse yourself at will. It can be done—every actor, every orator, knows that—and you can do it.

One word of caution, however: In self-electrification at the beginning of a story, do not start at so high a pitch that you early exhaust your powers and so fall into a disappointing anticlimax. Once well begun, the story will furnish much, or perhaps all, of its own "ginger."

A second means of self-arousement is a more deliberate one, for it is really an essential part of your preparation that carries itself over into the telling of the story—it consists in so steady a concentration on the mood, the pervading feeling of the story, that *absorption* results. The successful

story-teller not only absorbs her story—she is absorbed in it. Re-read the preceding chapter on "The Preparation of the Story for Telling," and see how vital it is to think and feel yourself into the heart of your story, until the story is in you and all of you is in the story. Sense the full meaning of this word *absorb*. The story must possess you before you can possess it, and so cause the story to possess your hearers. Forget all else, but don't forget this truth. Yet, withal, retain your supremacy of will, so that you may not be carried beyond the bounds of restraint. Here is a golden middle-path for the story-teller.

The third means—also partly a matter of preparation and partly of delivery—is *visualization*. Image the scenes one by one; dream them, but with restraint, lest you wander away from your prepared outline; live them until you feel their vital reality. It cannot be repeated too urgently: visualize the story as a series of connected scenes in a simple drama.

The Manner of the Story-Teller

Manner, evidently, should grow out of mood, but it oftener is the effect of habit, and not always admirable habit. Now *attitude* is generally counted to be a matter of artifice, but it may be quite sincere. Mental attitude reveals itself in manner, both toward the story and toward the child. Does it require a great occasion to excite your most interested attitude toward the tale and the children? Once admit to yourself that this story, this moment, is trivial, and your lackadaisical mood will inevitably betray

itself to your listeners—if listeners they long remain. If you feel this negligent attitude and would like to correct it, think seriously upon this truth: We never know at what moment the water-shed of a young life may be reached. No truly educational act can really be trivial.

The *personal appearance* of the story-teller may seem a slight matter, but neatness and taste in dress do have a bearing on first impressions. Their delight in the story may overcome for the hearers any unpleasantness in the narrator's appearance, but why accept a handicap? Charm, it is well worth remembering, is of composite origin. Think this out.

Poise is an even more important consideration. Neither a stately pose nor a forced vivacity is good. Flexibility, not nervous restlessness, wins and holds attention. Poise comes from self-control, but self-control must steer a middle course between watchfulness of self and self-consciousness. Put your feet and hands and head and back bone where you want them to be, and don't let them move until you order them to; then put them in the next place. Soon an unaffected manner will be combined with perfectly controlled movement.

The whole matter is analogous to eating in company. If you found yourself masticating out loud, you would stop it. Good table-bearing becomes a habit by quietly doing the right thing until it becomes second nature. Every awkward, spasmodic movement pushes back the moment of perfect self-government and begins to cultivate a mannerism. Toying with a pencil, twisting a thread, the use of *uhs*, and any other distracting movement or sound

habitually repeated, can be checked by following the grinning advice of the Irish drill-sergeant: "Now sthep out and look at yersilves!"

But self-consciousness is really an affliction with many—who accept it as a visitation of Heaven, to be borne with like a deformed foot. This is heresy. Self-consciousness before an audience of either little folks or grown-ups may be overcome by making such careful preparation that public utterance will require a minimum of attention, and then steadfastly thinking upon *what* you are saying and not of *how* you are saying it. The "how" should have been considered hours before. Having prepared thoroughly, you may rest assured that you are better fitted to tell that story than is any of your hearers. Grip your forces as determinedly as you would a knife for a delicate piece of work, then WILL all fear away. Once more: Overcome self-consciousness by resolutely thinking of something else.

Methods in Delivery

Memorizing (see Chapter VI) is a matter that each story-teller must decide personally. The ablest public narrators decidedly agree that the memorizing of a story word for word is not the best method, chiefly because that system allows for no flexibility in the recital, and chains the fancy. Hence memorizing tends toward a mechanical manner. Yet some masterpieces are so closely associated with the language of the original that the omission of some words and the rephrasing of certain sentences clearly weaken the effect. But this will not apply to the whole story.

A kind of memorizing is practiced by every good story-teller—that of repeating the story so often that the language is as familiar as the Apostles' Creed to a churchman. Others commit only those parts of a story that would positively suffer from variation, and then depend for the rest upon the spirit of the moment. Whatever method be pursued, the air of spontaneity and lively freshness *must* be preserved. In familiar stories the children become wedded to a precise arrangement of certain of the words and with pleasure they look for their repetition. The wise story-teller will consider well before altering those time-honored phrases which all the world has come to love, yet be alive to the importance of adapting the language of the story to the audience.

Few untrained speakers realize that *charm of voice* may be acquired by anyone who is willing to spend a few minutes daily on deep-breathing exercises, and to pay attention to the tones used in ordinary conversation. Doubtless nearly every story-teller can sing "a little," yet does not singing illustrate the ease of tone-placing? *Put* your voice down when it shows a tendency to shoot up. By an act of will smooth off its rough edges. Relax the muscles of the throat when you feel them tightening as you speak. Practice the full, deep, open tones. Repeat "open" words like "Oh" until you feel deep down the vibration and richness of a round tone. The poet Longfellow advised Mary Anderson to read joyous lyric poetry aloud daily so as to put brightness into her voice. Learn to listen to your own voice and so cultivate charm of tone. If you are moved by the voice-quality of a public speaker,

are not children charmed by it as well? If a story-teller is worthy of the name, care in voice-control will not seem too hard a task.

Clear enunciation and articulation are even more important than charm of voice. By enunciation a vocal sound is issued; by articulation two or more sounds— as in the utterance of successive syllables— are spoken or sung. Imitative as they are, children quickly copy the slovenly speech of their elders, hence the importance of their hearing good models. If your lips seem heavy and inert, a very little daily practice in lip-twisting will make the muscles flexible. If you enunciate badly, eliding part of a word, as "fi' cents," simply stop it. If you articulate carelessly, dividing syllables with carelessness, as, "He paddled on in his bar kanoo," stop that also. Whatever be the fault and its cause, two steps will bring about a cure: listening to your own speech and the use of the will.

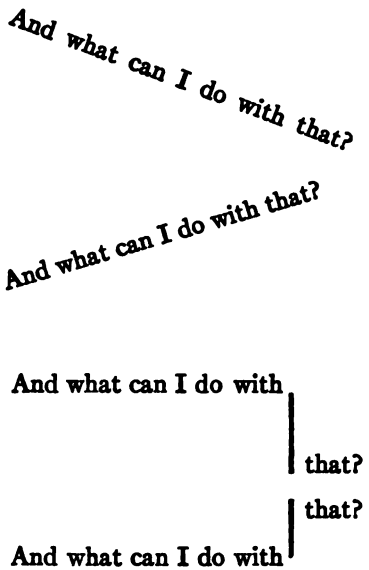
But in correcting faults such as these, avoid the extreme of graceless over-precision. Don't catapult your consonants at your hearers.

Change of pace is one of the most effective methods of delivery. Now rapidly, now slowly, now with moderate speed, constantly accommodate your rate of utterance to the mood of the story. The flat evenness of a uniform pace is guaranteed to be dull.

Change of pace and the interest of the narration in general are helped by the use of what proficient speakers know as *the pause*—a well-calculated pause either just before or just after an emphatic word or an important statement. The preliminary pause is a signal that some-

thing interesting is about to come, it gives the vital point time to pierce the mind. The after-pause allows time for the point to sink in. Pause makes use of that greatest of all devices known to the talker—contrast. It is the foe of monotony and the friend of emphasis. Rightly used, there can be no better device by which to cap a climax.

Change of pitch is still another admirable method of holding the listener's interest. Single-toned expression is monotony, and who is willing to be monotonous? Speak the following sentence in four different ways, varying the pitch as is indicated by the position of the words on the page, from the high to low, and low to high:



Not for the purpose of being spectacular, but because change of pitch kills monotony and brings out important thoughts emphatically, read aloud any story given in this volume and practice both gradual and sudden shifts of pitch. But be moderate, for extremes lead to the ridiculous. If this experience in altering vocal pitch should be a new one, its effectiveness will surprise you. Most speakers know no other way to make utterance forcible than to speak the words loudly. By a judicious use of change of pace, pause, pitch, and verbal inflection, there will be little need for the very loud tones, and when they are used they will be more impressive for their rarity.

General position and posture are important, yet they are so altogether governed by the circumstances of story-telling that advice seems useless. It is doubtless enough for you to be set to thinking of these matters. Whether to stand or sit, you must decide—perhaps you will practice variety here also. One thing, however, seems open to less difference of opinions: the best story-tellers face as many of their hearers as possible. The hearers seated in an arc, forming the third of a circle, the center of which is occupied by the speaker, thus: is a natural position if circumstances allow this arrangement. The speaker should not form a part of the arc, thus: [1]

Gesture and mimicry are valuable adjuncts to good story-telling, but, like everything else dramatic, they may easily be overdone. Children nowadays—town children, at least—are generally familiar with the moving picture and at any rate are naturally skillful in interpreting pantomime.

[1] *How to Tell Stories to Children*, Sarah Cone Bryant, p. 94.

Imitative sounds and movements should be apt and expressive or they had better be omitted. Many a good story has been spoiled by inept efforts to mimic the motions and the calls of animals, or the exact intonations of fancied beings. The line between the humorous and the nonsensical is slight indeed; and unless a farcical story is being told, the important point in a tale may be buried under the grotesque efforts of the story-teller to be imitative. The after-dinner speaker who is under the delusion that he can tell a funny story has a pathetic comrade in the story-teller who does not know her dramatic limitations.

How effective, on the contrary, are bird-calls and animal-grunts, deep rumblings of giants and piping fairy voices, when the artist story-teller is a past-master mimic. That is an attainment worth—literally—years of practice, provided it be given by one who is natively well endowed.

The value of *drawing* as an aid to story-telling is not a matter of general agreement. Certain it is, however, that bad drawing is worse than none. Those who essay the crayon may find themselves in the position of Artemus Ward, who when delivering his famous "London Lecture" used to point to a nondescript daub on the canvas of his panorama and say: "My friends, I can conceal it from you no longer—it is a horse."

Obviously, the danger of even the best drawing while telling a story is that attention may be drawn from the trend of the story. One mental image fades—or tends to fade—the moment another is projected on the mind, but a drawn image remains while the story goes on. It seems

safe to say this much: Unless you are able to draw swiftly and accurately, though very simply, and unless you can make your story keep perfect pace with your drawing, it is better not to try to ride the two horses at once.

All that has here been said on drawing applies to the recital of stories to musical accompaniment. An expert pipe organist or a hidden harpist could indeed add greatly to the effect of certain stories, but such opportunities are so exceptional as to be impracticable for the majority of story-tellers.

One final point deserves emphasis—*the importance of gauging the effect of the story on the audience as the story progresses*. This cannot always be done by noting those faces which smile and those which frown. A certain story-teller used to have in her audiences two children—one on whose face always appeared a placid grin, no matter what the theme; the other was as certain to wear a dour aspect. The former was a good-natured empty-pate, the latter the most appreciative listener in a bright class. We must learn to watch for the subtle lights and shades on the countenances of those who sit before us. The swift arresting of a wandering glance, the cessation of shuffling feet, the sudden concentration of a glance—a score of signs—will tell us when we have captured our little hearers. Then is the time to proceed with such caution that not one iota may be lost of that for which the story was so patiently prepared and so carefully told—the *effect* upon those young minds, each one of which contains such tremendous possibilities for good or ill.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. Practice arousing in yourself the emotion of (a) surprise, (b) distaste, (c) distrust, (d) ridicule, (e) some other emotion which you will definitely name.

2. Say how the manner of the story-teller affects the child favorably or unfavorably.

3. Is there such a thing as over-sprightliness of manner?

4. Name any faults of bearing which tend to repel or distract the attention of child-listeners.

5. What influences have you found to be effective in dispelling either personal timidity or self-consciousness before an audience of children?

6. What are the demerits of memorizing a story verbatim? Are there any merits?

7. (a) What has been your own experience in regard to telling fully memorized stories? (b) Partially memorized stories?

8. The *bright* tones of the voice are nasal—not in the unpleasant sense. Repeat: *Sing-song, Ding-dong, Hong-kong, Long-thong,* in order to secure resonance. Have a clear head.

9. Practice throwing your tones forward in the mouth; then utter several words well back in the throat, and notice the carrying quality of the former as compared with the thick nature of the latter.

10. Repeat *me-mo* many times so as to gain lip-flexibility.

11. Make a list of ten imperfect enunciations and articulations commonly in use.

12. From any one of the stories printed in this book select several suitable passages and repeat them, practicing change of pace or *tempo.*

13. Do the same in practicing pause.

14. Do the same in practicing change of pitch.

15. Utter the word, *Oh!* so as to express at least four distinct meanings, letting the class interpret.

16. Do the same with (a) *Yes,* (b) *No.*

17. What has been your experience or observation regarding general position and posture in story-telling?

18. Read the quotation that heads this chapter and say how it applies to gesture and mimicry.

19. Give the results of any experience you have had, or observations you have made, regarding the merits or demerits of gesture and mimicry in story-telling.

20. Do the same as regards (a) drawing as an adjunct to story-telling; (b) musical accompaniment. Apply these ideas not to the stage performer but to the home, school and recreation-center narrator.

21. From your observation, how does flagging interest in a child-audience show itself?

22. Can you give any experience, whether personal or from observation, showing how flagging interest was revived?

23. In your own way, prepare for telling any story given in this volume. Tell it with due attention to the points emphasized in this chapter.

24. Applying the points you have learned from this chapter, specifically criticise a story told by another.

25. In the same manner, criticise one of the stories told by yourself.

GRIST FROM OTHER MILLS

"Nearly all amateur story-tellers speak too fast anyhow, not allowing for the slow apprehensions of the children and forgetting that what is familiar to themselves is entirely fresh to their hearers, and there is always the temptation, for the sake of creating an air of animation, or to carry the hearers enthusiastically through an exciting scene, or to drown out a child with whooping cough, or to be sure not to overstay the hour, to become almost breathless with speed of utterance. The result is that details get left out, points are not clearly made, the children get irritated and the story is not well told. A minister who was subject to this temptation used to write "Plenty of Time" in red ink at the top of every page of his manuscript. The story-teller having no manuscript cannot do this, but if he can imagine the clock saying it or can put a burdock in his pocket to remind him of the fact whenever he thrusts his hand inside, he may do as well. By slow

and distinct utterance the tones become deeper and more modulated, there is a chance here for a sentence of fine description, there to enhance the humor of the situation, and self-mastery to put one's best and not one's worst into the climax."

—WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH, *Manual of Stories.*

"The story-teller must not allow any intruding mental state or circumstance, any intruding 'self,' to come between the story and the listener. Such a self may be: (1) The diffident or embarrassed self of the self-conscious story-teller. (2) The vain or affected self of the insincere story-teller. (3) The weakening self of the patronizing story-teller. (4) The non-seeing self of the non-spontaneous story-teller. (5) The non-sensible, or non-artistic self of the 'sledge-hammer' story-teller. (6) The non-communicating self of the 'acting' story-teller. (7) The misinformed self of the lifeless story-teller."

—ANGELA M. KEYES, *Stories and Story-Telling.*

CHAPTER VIII

INVENTING STORIES FROM PICTURES

The telling of stories refreshes the mind as a bath refreshes the body; it gives exercise to the intellect and its powers; it tests the judgment of the feelings.

—FRIEDRICH W. A. FROEBEL, *Education of Man.*

There come times in every story-teller's experience when the re-told story seems for the moment to have lost its charm for the children, or does not excite in the narrator a desire to tell it. Again, the need for some definite kind of story may arise which is not perfectly met by any of the stories available at the time. On occasions like these what is to be done? Turn to pictures for suggestion and inspiration, for nearly always pictures are stories, caught at some moment of high interest.

Invention is sometimes a depressing duty. When the story-teller is suddenly confronted with the demand for an original story he is likely enough to be swamped in a desolation of barrenness, but let him once become acquainted with the picture as a stimulus to invention and his troubles are more than half-way past. No longer fettered by the terrifying thought that he must tell a story out of nothing, the most inexperienced fictionist will find that he has within himself unsuspected material which needs only to be re-imaged and worked upon by fancy, for the function of fancy is to mold, expand and embellish

those images which are formed in the imagination.

Like all forms of narration, telling stories from pictures may more readily be mastered if some simple and elastic method is well understood and followed.[1] Five distinct steps are observable in telling stories from pictures and each of these requires not only thought but practice.

Observation

It should need no argument to convince us that the untrained observation is an inefficient affair. Take one long glance at the contents of a shop window, then try to repeat the details of what you were able to take in with that single look. When you have looked again at the window you may test the fullness and the accuracy of your first observation—the color, form, size, and number of at least some of the objects seen on that second look will surprise you, unless you are a trained observer. The same principle applies to a picture.

Five minutes' practice daily will do wonders in cultivating the eye in full and exact observation. Begin with the whole, then observe the parts; next begin with the parts and ascend to the whole. By this method you will learn to observe in an orderly way and so remember more of what you see.

Reporting

Have you ever felt tongue-tied—or loose? It requires

[1] This chapter is the outgrowth of *Lippincott's New Picture Composition Book*, by J. Berg Esenwein (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia), a method for teaching composition by means of pictures.

considerable practice to be able to say no less and no more than is intended. The trouble lies primarily in loose thinking, and loose thinking results in part from careless observation and imperfect coördination—of which more presently.

Accurate reporting is not an entirely separate process from accurate observing, but a continuation of it, therefore the hint given at the end of the preceding section applies here as well—in reporting what you see in a picture, learn to proceed both from the general impression to the particulars, and from the details to the picture viewed as a whole.

Turn just now to some picture that delineates action, whether of people or of animals. What does the picture as a unit represent? What are its main parts? What are the details of the several parts? Now reverse the process.

An important element of this exercise in accurate reporting is the fitting of precise and *pictorial* words to the picture. Learn to call things and actions by names that not only clearly express their precise nature but also call up a picture. This involves the appreciation of shades of verbal meaning. Be specific. Do not try to describe that object by calling it a vessel, but name its species—it is a sloop, or a motor boat, or a battle ship, or what not. In telling the story to very small children you may have either to explain or to use a general term, but in training yourself, narrow the general to the particular.

In the same way, practice choosing words to describe feelings and movements. Particularly when picturing action, whether of animate or inanimate objects, let your

verbs express the precise shade—without the use of an adverb, if possible. *Raining* is general, *drizzling* is particular. This whole important principle of choosing definite words you must apply for yourself to all sorts of expressions. Be assured, it is vital to good story-telling, which abhors the useless word and the vague.

Learn also how to seize upon the important points in a picture and characterize them by suggestion. Some words denote, others connote. Denotative words accurately describe; connotative words suggest more than they actually say. Hence connotation is usually more picturesque than denotation. The most famous example is Dickens' picture of Mrs. Fezziwig in his "Christmas Carol:" "In came Mrs. Fezziwig—one vast substantial smile."

In reporting the contents of a picture, you are not yet concerned with invention; that, however, begins with the next step:

Coördination

This point needs only a word here. The principle is simple: Decide what are the chief story-elements in the picture, assign to each of these a place in relation to the other chief elements (whether any one is to be first or secondary in importance in the story), and then subordinate or omit everything else. The process of coördination, including subordination and exclusion, is therefore a sort of architectural planning of your story-material as found in the picture.

Selection is the basis of art. To set in the foreground that which belongs in the background destroys proportion, and disproportion means a confused picture, with interest weakened in consequence. "Hold things in their proportion," said Henry Drummond.

The next step will, of course, be in the back of your head all the while you are observing, reporting and coördinating, though we now consider it as a separate process:

Fictionizing

To see a story in a picture is easy if you set imagination at work, and embellish the image by adding your own fancies. The process is one of questioning, and consists of three steps:

What is going on in the picture?
What led up to this situation?
What happens afterward?

These three questions, What? Whence? Whither? will, of course, lead to other questions; particularly, Why? How? When? Where? Continue to ask questions until out of the picture grow all the facts of a story.

Then comes the final step:

Narration

This includes the preparation of the story for telling, of course, and involves the same elements that we are dealing with in stories re-told or invented originally—the beginning, the body of the story, and the ending, as set forth in

Chapter V. These need not be enlarged upon here, more than to re-emphasize the importance of telling the story in a series of steps or scenes, each leading naturally into its successor, up to the conclusion.

Before ending this chapter, a few words must be said about the sort of pictures to choose. No advice is needed on where to find suitable pictures, for nowadays every home and school is well-supplied with pictorial matter, in newspapers, magazines, books, and in such inexpensive picture-series as the "Perry Pictures" and others.[1] A picture scrapbook will be found most useful.

Re-read the chapter on "The Basis of Selection for Children's Stories" so that you may be clear as to what reactions you wish to arouse in the mind of the child. The same motives that govern you in selecting a fairy tale, an animal story or a myth for re-telling must guide you in choosing a picture. Plainly, then, pictures of horrors, morbid interest, mere sentimentality, and subjects that tend to arouse feelings or decisions which are not for a child of a given age, must be avoided.

Action-pictures, rather than those of "still life," will be found most suggestive to the invention of the story-teller. Bible scenes, historical subjects, animal pictures, play, sport and travel scenes, and nature-pictures which

[1] The *New Picture Composition Book* referred to in a footnote on a preceding page of this chapter is an inexpensive book and contains a large number of colored and black-and-white pictures for story-telling. Forbush's *Manual of Stories* gives a chapter on "Picture Story-Telling," a list of inexpensive "story-pictures" and their publishers, and a descriptive list of books that treat pictures from an educational point of view.

include animals and persons, are particularly inspiring to the imagination.

The story-teller must decide whether the picture itself should be shown to the child. If it is shown while the story is being told, the picture should be a rather simple one, lest complexity and unknown objects lead the attention away from the story.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. Show how necessity may be "the mother of invention" and yet in other circumstances paralyze inventiveness.

2. Why was the word *elastic* used in the third paragraph of this chapter?

3. Report the results of one swift glance at a strange room—or a glance from a window upon some familiar scene. Use specific words.

4. Take a second and slightly longer look, then correct your first report, if need be.

5. Repeat the foregoing processes, using a fairly full picture for observation. Select specific words that most children would understand and also invent at least one suggestive expression in describing one of the chief characters or objects.

6. Name two or three famous pictures which suggest *original* stories—not the well-known stories which the pictures illustrate.

7. Select any picture for your purpose, study it, and then (a) name its contents, proceeding from the general to the details; (b) reverse the process; (c) name the one, two or three things you wish to bring out as prominent in the story; (d) name several subordinate ideas found in or suggested by the picture; (e) name some purely fancied or invented elements you might add as story material.

8. Outline the events of the story, after having reviewed Chapter V.

9. Write out the story, feeling free to alter the foregoing outline in any way. Let invention be free, governed solely by your purpose—do not feel at all bound by the picture out of which the story grew. (If you depart freely from the plain elements of the picture, of course you will not show it to the child in telling the story.)

10. Try to explain just how one or more of the fanciful or invented elements entered your mind—that is, whether by deliberate invention, association of ideas, alteration, subconsciously, etc.

11. From any source, bring five pictures that suggest stories.

12. Very briefly tell what kinds of stories they suggest.

13. Begin a picture scrapbook.

14. (a) Would any of the pictures called for in Exercise 11 be suitable for showing to the children while the story is being told? (b) If so, which? (c) Give reasons why you chose some for this purpose and rejected others.

15. Select one or two pictures which ought not in any circumstances be either shown to children as story-bases or even made the subjects of stories. Give reasons supporting your decision.

16. Relate any personal experience (a) in the use of pictures shown to children while the original story is being told, (b) in the use of pictures solely as a personal inspiration to invent.

CHAPTER IX

ADAPTING STORIES FROM GREAT SOURCES

"The proper preparation of the story-teller is that he should saturate himself with the Bible story, but it must be story itself, not story and history mixed.

When the story has been properly studied and assimilated, then the freest play of imagination should be used in the rendering. Like the actor, the story-teller is the translator, with the translator's double fidelity—to his original and to his audience. The question is not of translating out of one language into another * * * * * * * * * but out of one set of mental habits belonging to ancient life into another set of habits characterizing the modern hearers who are to be impressed. Greek drama, with exquisite instinct, realized this double fidelity in its institution of the chorus. Theoretically, a Greek chorus is a portion of the supposed audience in the theater transported into the age and garb of the story dramatized, which they follow from point to point with meditations calculated to voice similar meditations on the part of those watching the representation of the drama. Every teller of a Bible story must be his own chorus, moving through the scenes of the narrative with the outlook and emotions of the men or the children of today."

—RICHARD G. MOULTON, *The Art of Telling Bible Stories.*

The story-teller soon finds that while stories are countless, those that can wisely be told without change to children are by no means so many. A certain story may have elements of decided appeal to little folk, but it is too long for telling, or parts of it ask for a mature understanding, or one incident raises problems unsuited to

either the children or the occasion, or it is too complicated in plot, or too many characters are introduced, or the scene of action is not picturesque—for one reason or another, the story must be adapted to fit the immediate purpose of the narrator.

The answer to each such need may seem to be simple—the way to change a story is to change it. But, unfortunately, re-telling a story that needs adaptation is not always as direct a matter as the pruning of a bush. Sometimes the central stock must be cut off short and a branch trained up to become the new trunk. This process needs knowledge, care, and some practice if the final growth is to be lively and symmetrical.

Before looking at a number of methods for adapting stories for word-of-mouth telling, let us quickly see what ground has been covered in the preceding chapters, for always this thought must possess the student of methods: *Purpose must govern means.*

In Chapter I the place of the story in the life of the child was set forth, leading in Chapter II to the truth that the development of personality in its richest forms of expression is an important object of story-telling. The basis of selection of stories was treated in Chapter III, and the artist story-teller in Chapter IV. The next chapter, V, took up the structure of the story; its preparation and presentation were discussed in Chapter VI, and Chapter VII went fully into various narrative methods. Chapter VIII, which dwelt on how to invent stories from pictures, naturally led up to the present chapter. A short review of these chapters should make it clear to the

story-teller that the principles already elaborated bear vitally upon the work of adapting stories for oral presentation. These can not be repeated here, of course, but a knowledge of them must be assumed in all that follows.

Two fundamentally important cautions are now in order. The first is negative: *Do not feel that every story needs adaptation.* When you have found a story that meets the requirements of your aim—which should be quite definite—do not hesitate to tell it substantially as it is. Too extreme a wish to be original may lead you to mar a gem.

It needs no finished enchantress to transform a giant of literature into a pygmy—a bungling apprentice, unhappily, may do it. Some stories are too big—not merely too long—for worthy re-telling. As the young people grow older they must be led to the great originals, so that in them they may discover all the charm and wonder and inspiration that come to those who make their first acquaintance with a masterpiece. Who, for example, would dare to re-tell "A Christmas Carol," or "Hiawatha," or "Rip Van Winkle?" Each word in such magic stories is needed to bring their full power to mind and heart. If the inexperienced story-teller is in doubt, let her consult some one of the various lists prepared for just such needs.[1]

The second caution is positive: *In every step of your adaptation remember that you are to present the story by word of mouth.* Written art and spoken art are essentially

[1] See Part III of this volume.

unlike in method. To name one difference only, printed words linger on the page, so that the impressions they make may be renewed indefinitely, whereas the spoken word, as Longfellow has imaged it for us, is like the arrow-flight, swift and not easy to follow. Each idea, therefore, must have its appropriate spoken word, each word its well-chosen mate, each group its sequence, and all must be picture-producing, so that one scene—or moving picture, as it were—may follow another with clearness and interesting liveliness. In short, description in the oral story must give way to action pictured in such a way that it will evoke in the hearer an elaboration of the bold outlines drawn by the speaker.

The first step in adapting is to

Analyze the Story

Story-analysis is something more than separating the story into its components—it includes classifying the parts into major and minor, and also determining the relations of each to the other.[1]

Perhaps the best plan is to ask ourselves questions about the story. Certainly this is a good method if we persist until each query is met by a satisfying answer. What is the bare story, denuded of its contributory incidents, if there are any? we may ask. Are there any links which are really not parts of the chain of action, yet which seem to be essential? To change the figure: do such little side trips actually and directly help to

[1] See page 85.

bring out the attractiveness of the main journey, or do they, even by ever so little, divert interest from the path? Which characters are indispensable to the story? Which may be dispensed with? Which, for our object, really clog the scenes? What relations do the minor scenes bear to the chief ones? Which lesser characters are really needed to show us the more important actors?

Questions like these should be pressed until we are quite in the clear as to what the story is, in whole and in part; and the same sort of incisive analysis will be used again and again as we follow out one or more of the methods now to be suggested—for analysis is not a mere preliminary to synthesis, but is present in it as a body of knowledge to make the up-building process more firm and symmetrical.

Study the Situation to be Adapted

A situation in fiction is a state of affairs resulting from certain causes and leading to definite effects. The chief situation in a story is the pivot point of the plot. For example, Billy Squirrel has run away from home. This is a definite situation, having a cause and also effects—which make the story.

Now the study of a big situation in a story involves an examination of the lesser or causal situations which led up to it, as well as those that result. Hence when a story is being studied for adaptation and condensation, the whole story, the larger story, must first be examined. An epic, for instance, contains many episodes, or side trips, and no one of these can be perfectly understood by

the narrator without a knowledge of the entire series, with the bearing of one on the other. In the same way the chief and the lesser scenes of the single episode to be adapted for telling must, of course, be understood in their relations to each other.

But more than this: the surroundings—called technically the setting—of the whole story, and of each of its scenes, must be understood. To be sure, it would be expecting too much to ask a mother or a young teacher to master all the details of the Greek life and lands before adapting a simple story from Homer—that were to make story-telling from the Iliad and the Odyssey a discouraging task. Yet it cannot be doubted that the fuller the knowledge of the setting of the main story from which the section is taken for adaptation, the richer will be the story-teller's equipment. It is not, however, in these days of book-helps either a heavy or an unpleasing task to fill one's self with the spirit and understanding of Greek life—since we are now pointing an example from Homer. Those who are totally unable, or unwilling, to absorb the setting of a race, or a period, or a country, would better confine their adaptations to stories whose surrounding life they know, or else simply re-tell stories from the multitude of books which present them ready for narration.

Focus the Story

These three words tell it all. The good short-story converges, it does not diverge—according to a precon-

ceived plan it concentrates, it does not spread. Each word directs the spot-light upon the picture to be shown, each thing the actors do or say leads to an effect which the story-teller has planned to make on the child hearer. Again be it said, whatever does not help, hinders.

That great constructive critic of the short-story, Edgar Allan Poe, first announced a theory of story-telling that has done more to influence the methods of fiction than any other before or since laid down. He said that the efficient story-teller decides on a definite impression he wishes to make on the reader, and then sends every ray of the story converging toward that impression. In this sense the teller of stories to children must be an impressionist—he must first *feel and see* the impression, and then select—a most important word—those scenes, and those scenes only, which make that same impression on the child, *and no other impression whatsoever.*

At what effect am I aiming? the narrator must ask herself. If she cannot answer that question she will be totally unable to produce a definite effect. What sort of children, precisely, are before me? How much do they know of what I am about to tell them? What points of sensitiveness in their knowledge, their stations in life, and their interests, can I find on which to focus the light of this story? These inquiries are vital for the impressionist story-teller, guiding her constantly as she adapts the written to the spoken, the larger story to the smaller, the longer to the shorter, the distant time and scene to the near, the mature theme to the untutored mind.

Select a Single Chain of Scenes

Four words here are significant—*select*, for adaptation is deliberate, intelligent choice; *single*, for side issues destroy unified impressions; *chain*, for each link must be securely fastened to its mates; and *scenes*, for only such parts of the larger story must be shown as may be presented vividly to the mind's eye. "One set of related events," as someone has put it, is all that may safely be selected from the source-story.

But each link—each pictured scene—must be dramatic, if the most vivid interest is to be aroused, maintained and increased. By "dramatic" we mean scenes in which something happens. Not merely action, mind you, but action that points either backward to an interesting cause, or forward to a result—a result that is important to the character involved in the happening. Ponder this idea of what is dramatic until it is clear.

Let us once more take the runaway Billy Squirrel as an example. We have physical action when we hear that "He leaped over a great fallen tree and ran and ran and ran." Indeed, there is more than physical action—there is part of a scene, but only a part; of dramatic action, however, there is none. How can we transform this mere physical action into dramatic action? In a score of ways that each story-teller may invent for himself. Mr. Black-and-tan Hound is chasing Billy Squirrel, let us say, and is almost upon the little chap when Billy spies his friend, Old Father Bull, in the next field, and skurries to him, complaining bitterly of Mr. Hound's attack.

Whereupon Father Bull begins to deal with Mr. Hound, while Billy sits by in safety and gleefully cracks a nut. Here we have cause, action, and effect—drama.

How one dramatic scene is linked with another is illustrated by Billy Squirrel's running—he literally runs out of one scene into another—a narrative method which is infinitely better than first to picture Billy running away from home, leave him and tell about Mr. Black-and-tan Hound, then show Old Father Bull grazing in a distant field, next show the chase, and finally Old Father Bull's intervention. When Billy meets Mr. Hound a *scene* begins, and the dog's attack opens a *dramatic* scene, which is linked to the scene of the chase, which in turn is linked to the scene with Father Bull—all by the action of the chief character, Billy Squirrel himself; and the story never shifts from this single viewpoint. Cause, dramatic action, and effect are the essence of simple drama, and when the thing that may happen as an effect of the action produces suspense in the hearer, we have drama in its most intense form, whether for little people or for grown-ups. Furthermore, the drama does not end until the suspense is definitely satisfied.

The principle by which scene-links are selected for the chain of dramatic action will become more clear when we come to see what it is that keeps us in suspense while a story is in progress—it is the element of *danger* to the character who is engaged in the plot-struggle. "What will victory win, is rarely so poignant a question as what defeat will cost. . . . It is the element of reward and penalty—of danger, in other words—that forms suspense.

The joys of reward are great only to those who face the danger of loss or non-attainment. What the defeat of the protagonist may mean is what makes the fight 'for blood.' We almost know the outcome—yet we tremble! It is the championship games that count, for defeat means no 'look in' for the finals." [1]

Let us now look at the three processes which mark the selection of scene-links for the story-chain, the choice of characters for the story, and the decision as to what details must be used for the setting.

Since many printed stories are quite too long for a single telling, *Omission* is the simplest and the most obvious method of adapting them to an audience. But what shall we omit? Each link that is not a necessary part of the single chain of dramatic scenes; everything that suggests another story; all characters that tend to blur the scene by presenting too full a picture; each detail that does not directly add to the clearness of the scene; everything that might confuse the young hearer by raising questions which the story itself does not either answer or cause the child to answer for himself. Again and again and again: That which does not help, hinders.

Expansion may be found a more difficult process than condensation. In its simplest aspect it consists of the selecting of a short chain of events, and adding other links to bring the story to a more interesting climax. Or we may choose an especially promising scene and add

[1] From J. Berg Esenwein's Introduction to *The Technique of Play Writing*, by Charlton Andrews. Published uniform with this volume in "The Writer's Library."

action—perhaps even another character—so as to make that scene the chief one of all. Or again we may invent additions throughout. Thus a single germ idea, like that of the dispute among the *bric-à-brac* figures in Ouida's "The Nürnberg Stove," might be made into a story by itself, omitting little August entirely, making the great faïence stove, Hirschvogel, the principal character, and devising several linked scenes of dramatic action among the occupants of the old shop. The method may be applied to infinity.

Alteration in Story-Telling Method is the final mode of adaptation to be considered. Many stories are not so full as to need drastic cutting, nor so short as to require elaboration, yet they must be changed if the audience of little folk is to enjoy them to the full. Of the many ways of changing a story it seems necessary to name only a few.

The order of incidents may be changed so as to direct attention to the point to be brought out. This will best be done when we consider that a story must not only hold interest but must constantly rise in interest—by means of the scene-steps that lead to the high point, or climax. As the difficulties of Cinderella grow, as August Strehla remains longer and longer in the old stove, as Reynard the Fox plays one trick after another, suspense as to the outcome rises—singularly enough, even after we know what that outcome will be! And this is climax as a process—a series of scene-steps, as we have already reiterated, which lead to the high point, *the* climax itself.

Vividness of narration, as Professor St. John has pointed out in his "Stories and Story-Telling," may

also be gained by **changing indirect into direct discourse.** "And when he came to himself he said, 'I will arise and go to my father,' " is much more effective than if Jesus had said of the Prodigal Son, "And when he came to himself he said that he would go to his father."

Greater interest for children is sometimes gained by **changing ordinary speech into simple verse**—at not too frequent points in the story. This device is used in Joseph Jacobs' rendering of the Universal Cinderella, "The Cinder-Maid," re-told in his "Europa's Fairy Tales:"

> "Be home, be home ere mid-o'night
> Or else again you'll be a fright."

The literary form of the story will nearly always have to be changed. Language must be simplified by the use of easy yet literary words, and sentence-forms adopted which apply Spencer's well-known law of economy of attention.[1] However, the educational value of understandable literary language beautifully spoken is beyond estimation. Let no teacher or mother ruin the great phrases of literature by translating them into speech that only cheapens, without adding one whit to their clearness. If Oliver Wendell Holmes gave thanks for having knocked about among books ever since he was no higher than one of his grandfather's folios, so ought many of us be glad that we early and often heard from the lips of our parents those sonorous and crystal word-sequences with which the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton and Bunyan glorified the English tongue. Better that the full meaning

[1] *Philosophy of Style*, Herbert Spencer.

of an occasional phrase should escape the child than that he should miss hearing the simplicity of our inherited speech at its purest and loftiest. The wise will know where to draw the line.

This meaningful point must not be dropped without a word on the particular kinds of adapted stories which especially lend themselves to chaste, simple, yet lofty language. The Bible, of course, is first and always the best source-book. The Sagas, too, are rich in sturdy picture-expressions. Scenes from Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, and even Dryden will open up opportunities for just what we need. These masters use words that are "current with the audience," yet the verbal arrangement gives them a dignity that must impress good standards upon young minds. This an important distinction.

One final observation on the methods of adapting: Whatever changes in the characters, and their words and deeds, you make as you tell a historical story or a Bible tale, be sure that these alterations and additions add to the vividness and present-day interest of the story, without presenting any of the characters as being other than they really were. It is one thing to use imagination, it is quite another so to pervert a character that in after years the child will have to reverse his early impressions completely. Write this large in your memory. Now and then, put your own words into the mouths of David, Caesar, and Lincoln, if you can do it well, but let the words be in harmony with the dignity and the tone of the character depicted. If you have not time to find out what that tone was, let the character alone.

On the other hand, the story-teller may justly pass over unpleasant and even evil incidents in the lives of the great, just as he might omit Jack the Giant Killer's early misconduct, as told in the early versions of that immortal yarn; but he should think twice before violently forcing a "happy ending" upon a world-old story in order to deal with nothing but sugar-coated subjects. The well-known story with an unpleasant ending need not be told at all, but if it is, the ending should not be twisted beyond recognition. Even children love poetic justice, and profit by believing in its prevalence throughout the world.

Some Stories for Adaptation

In Part III of this volume will be found a considerable list of stories, many of which are suitable to be adapted. More general sources are now to be considered briefly.

What incidents in your early fictional reading most impressed you and now linger in your mind? Here is a rich source-spring. The Sagas, "Robinson Crusoe," "Leather-Stocking Tales," Scott's, Tennyson's, and Longfellow's story-poems, Matthew Arnold's "Sorab and Rustum," "The Waverly Novels," Hawthorne, Irving, and scores of others will, on a little thought, re-open their pages and send forth troops of heroes and heroines whose lively adventures may be told in condensed form for children. In choosing among these you will be guided, it may be, by those principles of selection set forth in this treatise which seem to you to be good. This will apply, too, to those world-epics—The Iliad, The Odys-

sey, The Æneid, The Niebelungen Lied, and others not so well known—which will always remain the richest storehouses of old story.[1] Books of folk lore, especially those of a romantic sort, of various nations will likewise be found suggestive. Only assimilate the stories well and they are yours. The stories of The Cid, Robin Hood, King Arthur, Roland, Frithjof, Sigurd, and others —half epic, altogether delightful—will charm and inspire.

For expansion, the creations of all the famous fabulists—Æsop, La Fontaine, and the rest—will be found inspiring. So will all the books of legends and myths.

The longer stories may be handled in any of three ways—in single incidents, in cycles or series, or as continued stories. The occasions at your command and the advancement of your listeners must guide you in your choice.

Miss Edna Lyman's recommendations[2] will prove helpful in arranging cycles of stories. Her chapters on "National Epic Tales," and "How to Use These Epic Tales," are valuable. One program out of the ten that she gives, with source references, is the following, based on Baldwin's "Story of Roland:"

Roland's Boyhood; Baldwin, pp. 1–31.

Ogier the Dane; pp. 47–70.

Ogier and Roland Knighted; pp. 70–80.

How Ogier Won Horse and Sword; pp. 81–96.

[1] *The Book of the Epic*, by H. A. Guerber (J. B. Lippincott Co.), tells in brief form the story of practically all the great epics. It is an invaluable source-book.

[2] *Story-Telling—What to Tell and How to Tell It*, Edna Lyman.

Roland's Arms; pp. 97–113.

A Roland for an Oliver; pp. 114–132.

Princess of Cathay; pp. 175–217.

How Ogier Refused a Kingdom; pp. 240–244.

How Ogier Slew the Sea Monster; pp. 245–254.

A Contest for Durandal; pp. 317–328.

How Roland Became His Own Shadow; pp. 328–343; 357–360.

The Treachery of Ganelon and Roland's Death; pp. 383–400.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. What is the difference between a story adapted and a story re-told?

2. Make a list of the reasons that might lead one to adapt a story for telling to children.

3. Which of these reasons would especially influence you if you were to tell the story to children of (*a*) from 4 to 6? (*b*) from 7 to 10? (*c*) from 11 to 14? Remember that not age, strictly, but stage of development must govern.

4. Review chapters I to III, making a list of the various principles which might well govern us in adapting stories.

5. Precisely how does a story told orally differ from a written or a printed story?

6. Select a story for adaptation and analyze the original by giving (*a*) a brief statement of the plot; (*b*) a list of the principal characters; (*c*) minor characters present and speaking; (*d*) minor characters present but not speaking—if any; (*e*) minor characters merely named—if any; (*f*) a very brief outline of the setting, or surroundings; (*g*) the several incidents and their relative importance in the story.

7. Set down in outline a list of the scenes you would like to use in your adapted story. Learn to separate a single story-thread from the more intricately twisted story for maturer minds.

8. After considering the two demands for dramatic scenes and for arrangement of scenes so that interest should grow to a climax, re-arrange the order of your scenes, if necessary.

9. Point out how your adapted story differs from the original, and briefly show why you made the changes.

10. Explain what Dr. Walter L. Hervey, in his "Picture Work," means when he advises those who would re-tell a story to

"See it.
Feel it.
Shorten it.
Expand it.
Master it.
Repeat it."

11. (*a*) To what books would you go in order to fill yourself with the atmosphere of the times of which Homer sang? (*b*) The times of Robin Hood? (*c*) King Arthur? (*d*) Some other hero?

12. In your own words tell what is meant by focusing a story.

13. Read the original and criticise the adaptation of any story in this collection.

14. Give three original examples of a dramatic scene, in brief outline.

15. Write out one as it should be told.

16. Relate it orally without committing it.

17. From the stories in this book give three examples of suspense.

18. Give also three examples of how the idea of danger is used to increase suspense.

19. In outline, show how you would adapt any chosen story, chiefly by omission.

20. Do the same with a fable, using expansion.

21. Do the same with another chosen story, using any form or forms of alteration you prefer.

22. In any of the three foregoing instances, tell why you made the adaptation as you did, and what class or age of hearers you had in view.

23. Adapt a story from (*a*) The Bible; (*b*) any other famous source. Use notes only—do not write out the story.

24. Tell the story.

25. What is the difference between a series and a serial story?

26. Make a list of subjects for a series of stories from some epic, or group of hero-tales, like Miss Lyman's cycle of stories about Roland.

27. Outline roughly a serial from any epic with which you are familiar.

28. Give your views of the "happy ending" as applied to children's stories.

GRIST FROM OTHER MILLS

"Anyone can put in everything. It is only the born story-teller, or one who will sit down by the side of a child and patiently observe the points that the child sees and likes to hear, that can be trusted to put in and leave out just the right points."

—WALTER L. HERVEY, *Picture Work.*

The first law of story-telling. . . . "Every man is bound to leave a story better than he found it."

—MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, *Robert Elsmere.*

CHAPTER X

TELLING ORIGINAL STORIES

I sing about the things I think
Of almost everything.
Sometimes I don't know what to think
Till I begin to sing.

—JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, *The Green Singing Book.*

Those who enter upon this chapter with the serious purpose of learning to tell or write original stories for children should scan each of the preceding chapters to see that the fundamentals of purpose, structure and methods of presentation are not forgotten, for throughout the present treatment it is assumed that the reader is familiar with the principles thus far discussed. These principles should be observed carefully, both in attempting to write original stories for children and in guiding their own efforts at creative expression.

Why Tell Original Stories?

The need for the purely original story is not great. There is such a mass of vigorous old tales which meet the child's own interest, and which by many tests have been found to correspond so well to his various stages of development and give him the right life-attitudes and a rich background of culture, that the story-teller would do

better to select carefully, instead of presenting an original story, unless he is very sure of his own power and of the worth of his own message.

There is real danger for the child in the flood of stories which is poured out for him today. Not more stories but better stories should be the slogan of all who are sincere in their interest in stories and in children.

The story that is worth the telling is worth telling many times. The child does not tire of it. If you doubt this, try telling some familiar tale like "Sleeping Beauty" or "Tom Tit Tot" to a group of children of ten or twelve. It is with stories as with all true literature: the charm holds, and there is an added message at each stage of life.

Of course there does come a time when the child wants a new story. Then, if the story-teller does not have access to sufficient material, the original story becomes an important resource. Then, too, there is occasionally a person who can tell new stories that possess the child-like spirit, and can open up fresh fields which are adapted to the needs of the little hearers. Such stories may lack the merits of the classics, but if they strike fire in the story-teller's own spirit, they will doubtless kindle a kindred spark in the spirit of the child.

It is out of the need for special stories to fit peculiar wants that the chief opportunity for the original story grows. It is far more important that the story-teller study the need of the child and seek to find a story especially suited to meet that need than it is for a teacher or a parent to cultivate her own talent for origination.

Story-tellers who practice on children, with no care for the special effect of their work, do not understand how vital it is that only right stories, told with attention to producing right impressions, should be narrated. A child of five will re-tell with astounding fidelity to detail a story heard a year before, and not since repeated. A child of six who heard a story told to an audience of adults waited eagerly for a year to reach the story-teller with the request to hear the story again. Another child of nine read one of Byron's long story-poems, and carried the details in mind until adult understanding gave interpretation to the thing which had no meaning when read. These incidents are mentioned to impress the importance of care in the selection and presentation of stories. There is a strong emotional appeal in a story which leaves an indelible impression on the child. We should not dare to practice on sensitive, impressionable beings who may be irrevocably warped by mistakes.

The mother or the teacher who realizes the power of the story will give such time and thought to the preparation that she will have a fund of great stories. If she has the happy gift of facility in devising stories, she will cultivate this endowment. Necessity has been credited with being a fertile mother, but practice is an equally fruitful parent. The need of the hour will find those unprepared who do not cultivate the gift that is in them. There may be a few who will be able to invent as they go, telling naturally an almost perfect story, but the great majority of us need to prepare thoughtfully.

Where to Find Story Material

Sometimes the germ for a story just pops into the mind. No need for hunting the story-protoplasm in its lair for those to whom it comes thus readily. Many there are, however, who must chase and beat the bushes until a suitable suggestion appears.

Since the children's story is not so complex in structure as is much of the fiction affected by adults, we need not seek so far for fresh themes as must our brother the magazine writer, for no one is likely to accuse us of plagiarism if we revamp old story-ideas. Here our purpose is not to attain to absolute originality—if, indeed, anywhere in fiction such a thing is any longer possible.

In going to the stories of others for hints or plot-germs, you may examine, first, the ***kinds*** of stories, to find out whether one sort especially suits the two foundation requirements—the particular need that calls for a story, and your own limitations of knowledge and ability. For example, a fairy story may seem out of harmony with your purpose, a travel story beyond your equipment, and a humorous story not consonant with your mood. Thus the whole range of kinds may be searched over until one stands out the best.

Locality is a fertile field for story-ideas. The hill country will suggest original tales of gnomes and hunters, of beasts and trees, of streams and torrents, of clouds and peaks. Imitation of the methods of great story-tellers will be of help here as everywhere. The big hills and the little ones may converse. The mountains may

be made to war with each other. We may tell a story of how Old Baldy got the hole in his side, or of how Mister Coyote grew his brush, or of how the Cascade made a wash basin for Father Grizzly—scores of mountain facts and fancies will arise when imagination is set to work. In the same way the plain, the desert, the farm, the waters, the sea shore, the city, the village, will suggest themes connected with prairie hens and jack rabbits, cactus and sand dune, dolphin and trout, shells and sea weed, chimneys and motor cars, steeples and vegetable gardens, cows and horses—each teeming with stories of its own.

Family legends and anecdotes, of past days and present, tales of hero ancestors, of what father and mother did, and especially bits of the child's own history, serve an excellent purpose. Special times and seasons, sports and games, bird, fish and animal life, travel scenes and odd experiences, one winter's snows and last summer's drought, particularly tales of pure human interest, open up endless stores of material. See all with the creative idea, with thought for the purpose of the story, but constantly using care lest the teaching lapse into moralizing.

Avoiding the Threadbare

While strict originality is not demanded for the sort of stories we are now considering, it is well nigh useless to turn to the time-worn theme when a little effort will yield something more fresh. The children in a given group are pretty sure to have heard so often the story of Rain

Drop's Travels, the experiences of Billy Bunny, and the adventures of Bre'r Rabbit that, unless you prefer to tell the stories in their classic forms, a new twist will be needed, if not an entirely fresh theme. Old characters, indeed, please both grown-ups and youngsters, but we all demand that familiar characters now and then act in new fields and have novel relations with each other.

The Development of the Plot

Here again the story-teller must be warned not to essay the complicated. The very word "plot" calls up to many a bugaboo of difficulty. As we have said, plot in children's stories is a very simple matter, yet in many stories it is definitely present as a framework for the structure.

Angela M. Keyes, in her "Stories and Story-Telling," says that there are really only four kinds of plots in any good story for children. This has been elaborated by William Byron Forbush [1] as follows:

"First, 'a single line of sequence.' This is illustrated in such a story as 'The Sleeping Beauty,' in which the action moves steadily along a single line from one exciting event to the next. Second, 'the three-parallel line.' In such stories we are shown what the first did, what the second did, and what the third did, and the climax is usually in the third, and often the stupid third member of the family turns out to be the cleverest and the most favored of fortune. Third, 'two contrasting courses of action placed side by side.' In such a story, we learn, first, what the beautiful person did and then what the ugly person did; what the industrious child did and what the idle one did,

[1] *Manual of Stories.*

as in 'Diamonds and Toads,' 'Cinderella,' etc. Fourth, 'the cumulative plan,' illustrated in 'The House that Jack Built,' in which there are repetitions and added incidents and plots, and to each subject there is a new interest."

The essence of plot in fiction of all kinds is this: Something happens to break the usual course of events, and this something works out in an unusual way. This cross-roads, or twist, or crucial happening may be planned by following the three-question method suggested in another chapter: What obstacle, or struggle, or crisis, or mix-up, or twist in the situation would offer interesting possibilities? What cause or event led up to it? What results from it?

Take any familiar story and analyze it by asking three similar questions, and the plot-action is laid bare. Similarly, it is well to practice on plot-building from simple situations so as to excite wonder or surprise, and yet make the outcome seem natural—once the groundwork of the story is accepted as being, for the time, believable.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. If you have had any experience in telling stories extemporaneously—without any conscious preparation, that is—tell (*a*) what difficulties confronted you; (*b*) whether the results were as satisfactory as when you prepared.

2. In your opinion, is originality helped or hindered by preparation? How?

3. From memory, name any principles of story-selection and story-structure, treated in earlier chapters, that obviously apply to the invention of original stories.

4. Are there any reasons why you prefer not to invent stories?

5. Are there any reasons why you prefer to tell original stories?

6. If so, what sort or sorts do you like best? Why?

7. Name (*a*) a locality, (*b*) a season and (*c*) any other source of story-germs which suggest to you stories.

8. Give a simple outline of one such original story, saying, if possible, how the idea arose in your mind.

9. Make a list of as many fresh ideas for stories as you can, stating each in a rather short sentence, somewhat like this: How old Mount Baldy got the hole in his side; How the steeple lost its chime of bells; The triumph of Waki the surf-rider.

10. Write any one story in full.

11. Tell it publicly, after careful preparation, but without committing it verbally to memory.

12. What do you understand by a time-worn or trite theme, and how may triteness be avoided?

13. In your experience, are the best themes spontaneously born, consciously sought out, or first born and then made by working over them?

14. Analyze the plots of three stories and show the three elements—foundation, twist or crisis, and outcome.

15. Give one additional example of each of the four kinds of stories named by Angela M. Keyes.

16. Construct an original story-plot after any one of these four kinds, saying which method you are pursuing.

17. Without writing out the story in full, but carefully preparing the opening and the closing words, tell the story.

CHAPTER XI

HELPING CHILDREN TO INVENT STORIES

There are times in a child's life when it suddenly leaps into larger growth, as the imprisoned bud blooms larger than its promise. . . . Knowledge comes to the child, especially all the subtler knowledge of time, of space, of love, in a vague, indefinite, unconscious way, developing out of the child's organic self as a flower blooms. This knowledge comes to definite knowledge for an instant only and then returns to the subconsciousness, waiting the next day of warm sun, shining water, and smell of spring. Each time it stays longer, till at last the child can contemplate his own thought and finally express it. These times form our real life epochs.

—HAMLIN GARLAND, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly.*

We must leave to others the pedagogical study of what benefit the child receives when he himself tells stories. It is enough to say here that in learning to model his invention, his language, his bearing, and his simple dramatic manner upon the methods of the teacher he gains as much as he can gain in any exercise that is largely imitative and repetitive even while it is creative. The same may be said for teaching children to dramatize stories.[1]

But just as valuable as the child's re-telling of stories is his origination of them, and this may be encouraged—but not required—in simple ways so as to cultivate the

[1] See "Grist from Other Mills," appended to this chapter.

imagination, the language sense, the feeling for locality, dramatic values, and, best of all, moral feeling. In fact, the child may be led to teach himself the essence of well-nigh all that the story-teller can teach him.

In her valuable book, "The Art of the Story-Teller," Marie L. Shedlock quotes from the French psychologist, Queyrat, in his "*Jeux de l'Enfance*," a short original story composed by a child of five:

"One day I went to sea in a lifeboat—all at once I saw an enormous whale, and I jumped out of the boat to catch him, but he was so big that I climbed on his back and rode astride, and all the little fishes laughed to see."

"Here is another," Miss Shedlock continues, "offered by Loti, but the age of the child is not given:

"'Once upon a time a little girl out in the Colonies cut open a huge melon, and out popped a green beast and stung her, and the little child died.'

"Loti adds:

"'The phrases "out in the Colonies" and "a huge melon" were enough to plunge me suddenly into a dream. As by an apparition, I beheld tropical trees, forests alive with marvelous birds. Oh! the simple magic of the words "the Colonies!" In my childhood they stood for a multitude of distant sun-scorched countries, with their palm-trees, their enormous flowers, their black natives, their wild beasts, their endless possibilities of adventure.'"

Obviously, these stories are typical in content, if not also in form, of what any imaginative—that is, picture-making—child-mind would produce, and as such we see in each not only the outline of a story but the kernel of romance. It means much in the development of the child to give issue to such completely related concepts.

Helps to the Child's Invention

Sheer imitation aside, which is almost certain to be seen the first in any child's efforts at story-making, a satisfactory first step in invention is taken by having him tell stories from pictures. The same methods which have been outlined in Chapter VIII, for the adult, may with modifications be used to lead out the gifts of the child.

A next step is that of having the child place spots, lines, and other arbitrary figures on the blackboard to mark the elements of the story, as, "Here is the road, ———, and here is the little house, □, and here are the two boys, I I ." With these materials, and a little time given for thought, the story soon comes out. Later scenes in the story may be indicated in the same way. Of course the value of the diagram lies in holding the very young mind to the place and the persons in the story.

Older children are helped more effectively by setting before them the elements which they are to use in devising their stories, thus:

The place where the story begins
The people in the story
The thing they start to do
What happens to them
How they get out of the trouble

The place, people, etc., should not be set down, but merely kept in mind.

Or, again, the three-question method, referred to in chapters VIII and X, may wisely be used. *The im-*

portant thing is to avoid setting up limits for the fancy, while yet showing the child what it is that makes a set of happenings become a story.

If the child can be led to ask himself guiding questions, the educational value of the exercise is, of course, so much the greater. But any method that will help the little story-teller to picture the scenes, one leading surely into the other, and all moving forward to some preconceived end, will be of definite value.

The two kinds of stories which best lend themselves to child-narration are the simple chain of incidents, and the parallel plot—the story that tells first of the Ogre, say, and then of the Prince, and what he does to the Ogre. This story-plan may be illustrated on the board by a Y laid upon its side, ⋈, for after hearing first of the Ogre's treatment of the Little Maid and of the journey of the Prince, we learn how the antagonists come together in a struggle and, the Ogre having been killed, we see how that the fortunes of the Prince and the Little Maid are united.

Of course, other simple diagrams to help the small inventor steer a well-planned course, such as a chain, and other arbitrary symbols of plot-movement, may also be devised.

Like adults, children often need a start. Sometimes an opening setting and one or more of the characters may be suggested in a single sentence, as: "On a snowy day three fat sparrows were sitting around a piece of bread that a little boy had dropped out of his lunch basket"—then the child is encouraged to take up the

story. At times flagging invention may be stimulated by brief leading questions. Thus the young fictionist is encouraged to stand more and more on his own feet.

Still older children are helped to invention by showing them that story-situations are essentially of these four kinds:

A usual or commonplace happening in usual circumstances.

A usual happening in unusual circumstances.

An unusual happening in ordinary circumstances.

An unusual happening in extraordinary circumstances.

The following stories by children are not given as being exceptional, but as typical of what may be done with average children varying from eight to eleven years of age:

A FABLE ABOUT THE BEE AND THE KITTEN

By Max Irland

Once there was a little Kitten that thought she knew everything, so she said: "I am going out to conquer the world."

Off she started, and then she saw a queer thing buzzing along in the air.

"*Buzzzz!* You sing and I sting."

"I am going to catch you," said the Kitten.

"Oho!" said the Stranger. "*Buzzzz! B U Z Z Z!*"

Soon the children saw a white streak fly across the yard.

"Ah!" said the Kitten, "I am still too young to conquer the world."

And she never did.

THE TWO MICE AND THE CAT

By Helen Tastet

In a small hole in the pantry wall lived two mice. One was old and the other was young. In the house they lived in was a Cat who loved mice for his dinner.

One evening the Young Mouse said: "I am going out to hunt for food."

The Older Mouse said: "Be careful of the Cat."

The Young Mouse did not take heed, but scampered through the hall into the dining-room, and then into the kitchen.

In a dark corner the Cat was quietly waiting for the Mouse. As the careless Young Mouse went past, the Cat sprang upon him and killed him. The Old Mouse was sorry, but she shook her head and said: "They must have their trials."

THE OLD FISH AND THE YOUNG FISH

By Harold Klein

Once there was an old fish and a young fish. One day, as they were swimming, the young fish darted at a worm which he saw. His mother tried to keep him from eating it, for she knew it was a trap to catch them. But the young fish, heedless to his mother's advice, went on. He snapped at the worm, and to his surprise he couldn't swim back, for the worm was on a hook to catch foolish fishes.

THE MOUSE AND THE CAT

By Persis Birtwell

Once upon a time there was a little Mouse, and his Mother was out. She had told him not to go away from home while she was gone, but he thought he could take care of himself, so he went out. As he was out playing, he saw a Cat. He said to himself: "I am not afraid of a little Cat." So he walked boldly up and said, "Come on and have a race, I bet you can't catch me."

So the Cat agreed and said, "Where shall we begin?"

"At that stump, and run down to that tree."

"All right," said the Cat.

But soon the Mouse got tired and the Cat caught him and ate him for lunch.

After a while the Old Mouse came home, and she knew the whole story. All she could do was to sit and cry. Pretty soon a Cat came and ate her up. So that was the end of the Mouse Family.

If the mother or the teacher is sympathetic in attitude and avoids comment which causes self-consciousness, it is easy to lead even the very small child to tell stories with great joy. The listening adult should be guarded, even in facial expression. A smile at the wrong time may cause a fit of shyness which can be overcome only with great difficulty.

The child's first stories should be voluntary. He should never be asked to tell a story for the sake of "showing off." "I know a story," or "I'll tell a story if you'll tell me one," is a common response of the four-year-old who hears stories. This suggestion should be met with quiet interest. Sometimes the story is a re-telling of one which has been heard a number of times. Sometimes it will be a combination of a number of stories strung together into one. Sometimes it will be an exact account of an actual happening, sometimes an imaginative tale based on some occurrence. One four-year-old who is particularly fond of the story of "Snowball's Christmas Eve," told in this volume, volunteered to tell a story. She told the story exactly as given, except that she substituted her little dog for the cat. She kept him as the hero throughout the story, imitating the barking of the dog instead of the *meowing* of the cat.

A child of five who had a little Swedish doll asked to have a story told about the doll. "I don't know any story about it," she was told.

"Well, I do," was her response, and she told this story:

"Away over in a big store in Sweden there was a little Doll. The little Doll did so want to have a Mother. She kept saying,

'Oh, I wish I had a Mother!' But she had only the big Storeman.

"One day, a nice Nurse came into the store. 'I want that little Doll,' she said. She gave the Storeman some money, and took the little Doll away. She took her on a big boat and there was a great storm on the ocean.

"But by and by, they reached this country. The Nurse came to Washington, and the little Doll was with her. There she found a nice little girl for her Mother, and the little girl's name was Helen Louise."

This story had its basis of fact, but the imaginative quality is charming. If the child is given carefully selected, well-told stories, he will unfailingly give some form of creative return. It may be an attempt at illustration, it may be in dramatization, it may be merely questions or conversation, it may be in the invention of original stories. Whatever the form, the response is sure, for when his emotions are stirred, and his imagination fired, he must find some means of self-expression.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. Should story-telling by children be set as a required exercise in the lower grades, or should volunteers be called for?

2. How might the teacher's attitude guard against the danger to a sensitive child in having his serious efforts at story-telling laughed at by his schoolmates?

3. Of the seven little stories quoted in this chapter, which do you like best, and why?

4. Which next best, and why?

5. Which shows the most imagination?

6. Which is the most complete?

7. Invent three opening sentences which might be used to start a child on an original story.

8. At home, or elsewhere, carefully select a picture, induce a

child to tell a story about it, and set down the story as exactly as you can from memory.

9. What facts or theories can you deduce from this experience? Your theories will have added value if you repeat this experiment a number of times.

10. How far is it wise to *help* a child tell a story?

GRIST FROM OTHER MILLS

Chapter V, in *How to Tell Stories to Children*, by Sara Cone Bryant, discusses helpfully the three forms of having children give back the story to the story-teller, so as to result in "the freeing and developing of the power of expression in the pupils." The first is re-telling the stories. The second is "a kind of 'seat work.' The children are allowed to make original illustrations of the stories by cutting silhouette pictures." The third is dramatizing the stories, in which the children choose characters from the stories, and both repeat the dialogue and act out the scenes. This chapter gives some interesting suggestions for dramatizing stories.

A unique plan for dramatizing old and new stories has been devised by Mrs. Mary Lowe, by means of her "Bottle People." Out of empty bottles, "dressed up," are created enough dolls to represent all the characters in any story. The story is then told by causing the "Bottle People" to enact the several parts taken by the characters. The method is fully explained in William Byron Forbush's *Manual of Stories*. This book also contains a chapter on "Dramatizing Stories," which quotes freely the methods used by teachers and story-tellers in helping children to dramatize. Some suggestions on the subject will be found in Chapter V, "Use of the Story in Primary Grades," in *The Art of Story-Telling*, by Julia Darrow Cowles.

Lillian Edith Nixon, in "Fairy Tales a Child Can Read and Act," recommends for children up to the second grade several stories as suitable for dramatizing: Little Red Riding Hood, Peter and the Magic Goose (original), The Blue Peacock, The Ant and the Cricket, Hansel and Gretel, Stories from "Pinocchio," Scenes from "Alice in Wonderland," Scenes from "Through the Looking Glass."

PART II

FIFTY STORIES TO TELL TO CHILDREN

CHIEFLY RE-TOLD OR ORIGINALLY PRESENTED

BY

MARIETTA STOCKARD

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTES

STORIES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS
FOLK AND FAIRY STORIES
ANIMAL STORIES
BIBLE STORIES
PATRIOT STORIES
THANKSGIVING STORIES
CHRISTMAS STORIES
SPRING STORIES
HERO STORIES

CHAPTER XII

STORIES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS

For him there's a story in every breeze
And a picture in every wave.
—THOMAS MOORE, *Boat Glee.*

This group of five stories, with the supplementary list of twelve others named in Part III, has been tested with children of from three to five years old. The stories are offered as a partial answer to the request of numerous mothers who have said, "Please give me some stories for very little children."

Every mother tells the child "make-up" stories embodying his own adventures—stories of walks, of going to meet Daddy, of baby's kitty or doggie, of dolly, of the tired, sleepy baby whose mother has put him in his little white bed. The mother's instinct and the memory of her own childish likes lead her inevitably to Mother Goose, Golden Hair and the Three Bears, Three Pigs, The Old Woman and the Pig—then her treasure-trove is exhausted, and the story-hungry child still clamors, "Tell me a story!"

A study of the stories here given and listed later will prove helpful in the selection of others. The story for the little child must be exceedingly simple in plot. It should deal chiefly with objects he has touched and seen, with experiences he has had. It must be full of action, and

told in language he can understand. It must be based in his real interests.

For example, Miss O'Grady's "Go To Sleep Story," from "The Story-Teller's Book," is an excellent type of tale for the child of two-and-a-half or three. It deals with an every-day occurance in the child's life; it is Baby Ray's sleepy time. Mother is in it, too, and each baby sees his own dearest experience mirrored when Baby Ray is lifted in his mother's arms. Every child delights in stories of living things, and to this is added his love of rythmic repetition when Baby Ray's doggie comes to say good night to Baby Ray, and his mother puts him into a song:

> "One little doggie that was given him to keep,
> Came to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep!"

The story continues until dog, cats, rabbits, ducks, geese and chickens, all going to sleep, just as Baby Ray does, have been woven into the mother's song.

The child's nearness to his mother, his love of and interest in animals, his own every-day experience, are given form in words which he can understand. It does for him what every story should do—it gives new meaning and interest to his own experience, it deepens his emotions, it develops his command of words.

The story for the little child must give pictures, with little description, for it must be remembered that name-words and action-words are his first acquisitions in language. His interest is in things and in deeds, rather than in appearances or in feelings. He cares nothing for motives. He cannot follow involved processes of reasoning, so "plot-

complication" and "periods of suspense" do not belong to his stories. Cause and result must develop in such close sequence that he can grasp their relation. The tale must run in straight lines to a well-defined, inevitable climax.

When telling stories to very little children, the story-teller should be most deliberate in her presentation. Though without faltering, or dragging her speech, she should give the child time to form one picture before she develops the next. Her articulation should be perfect, for the child grasps words slowly. Her English should be simple, but unfailingly correct, for the child's habits of speech are formed in his first nine years. Her manner should be interesting and charged with vitality, but never over-dramatic; better no stories than over-stimulation.

The child should be encouraged to talk freely—sooner or later—about every story he hears, but the story-teller should never moralize, nor attempt to answer all his questions for him. It is often well to leave him wondering. She should never answer in such a way as to limit his thought or curb his imagination. If his mind is grasping for a fact, she should guide him only so far as he is unable to go alone, then leave to him the growth and the joy of discovering the fact for himself. If the answer to his question lies in the realm of creative fancy, she should let him keep the wings of his own imagining, rather than substitute her own.

The carefully selected, well-told story should be given to the little child over and over again until it becomes a part of himself. Then he should be encouraged to re-tell

it, to dramatize it, and so to make it a means of self-expression.

THUMBELINA

This story, from Hans Christian Andersen's "Thumbling," has been adapted by some story-teller unknown, and many kindergartners have used it successfully with very small children. The problem of the right story for the very little ones is so great that none which proves satisfactory should be lost; therefore, with acknowledgments to the adapter, I offer this version, which has been slightly modified through the responses of numerous groups of five-year-olds.

A careful study of Andersen's story will show how well the adapter has kept the spirit and meaning of the original. The adventures in this version are more beautiful, more interesting, and more within the range of experience of the child, than are those portrayed by Andersen. In the original, The Little Princess, sprung from the heart of a flower, finds her place among her own flower-folk after many sad adventures. Thumbelina in this version leaves her Mother for a day of simple, delightful adventure and returns to her in the evening. So each goes out from her own, and in the end returns to her own, her life enriched by the experiences of her travel.

That this is the favorite story of the children in the kindergarten, year after year, is sufficient proof of its value.

Once upon a time there was a little girl no bigger than her Mother's thumb, and so they called her "Thumbelina."

Thumbelina did not sleep in a little white bed, as you do; her bed was the half of a walnut shell. Her Mother covered her with pink rose leaves for blankets, when she curled up for a cozy nap. By and by, when Thumbelina had grown large enough to run about wherever she wished to go, she started for a walk one beautiful sunshiny morning. She had not gone very far when she heard something

coming hoppity-skip, hoppity-skip behind her. She turned around, and there she saw a great big green Grasshopper.

"How do you do, Thumbelina?" he said. "Wouldn't you like to go for a ride this morning?"

"I should like it very much," said Thumbelina.

"Very well, hop up on my back," said the Grasshopper. So Thumbelina hopped up on his back, and away they went, hoppity-skip, hoppity-skip, through the grass. Thumbelina thought it was the finest ride she had ever had. After a while the Grasshopper stopped and let her get down off his back.

"Thank you, Mr. Grasshopper," said Thumbelina. "It was very good of you to take me for a ride."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," said the Grasshopper. "You may go again some day. Good-by." And away he went, hoppity-skip, hoppity-skip, through the grass, while Thumbelina went on her walk.

She walked on and on until she came to a river, and as she stood on the bank, looking down into the shining water, a Fish came swimming up.

"How do you do, Thumbelina?" he said.

"How do you do, Mr. Fish?" said Thumbelina.

"Wouldn't you like to go for a sail this morning?" asked the Fish.

"Yes, indeed," said Thumbelina, "but there is no boat."

"Wait a moment," said the Fish, and he flirted his tail, and darted away through the water. Presently he came swimming back to the bank, and in his mouth he held the stem of a lily leaf.

"Step down on this; it will make a fine boat." Thumbelina stepped down on the lily leaf and sat carefully in the middle of it. The Fish kept the stem in his mouth, and swam away down the stream. Overhead the birds were singing, along the bank the flowers were blooming, and over the edge of the leaf Thumbelina could see the fishes darting here and there through the water.

So they sailed and sailed down the river. But at last the Fish took her back to the bank again.

"Thank you for the sail, Mr. Fish," Thumbelina said as she stepped off on to the bank. "I never had such a good time in all my life."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, Thumbelina. Good-by for today."

The Fish darted away through the water, and Thumbelina turned to go home. Just then Mrs. Mouse came running up.

"How do you do, Thumbelina?" she said. "Won't you come home with me and see my babies?"

"I'd love to," said Thumbelina, and she clapped her hands in glee.

Mrs. Mouse's home was quite a way down under the ground. Thumbelina crept through the long dark passageway to the cozy room in which Mrs. Mouse and her three babies lived. They all ran races up and down the long passageway, and Thumbelina tasted the dried peas which Mrs. Mouse had brought home with her.

"I think I must go home now," Thumbelina said at last, "my Mother will be wondering where I am." So she said good-bye to them all and started off home.

She had not walked very far along the path through the field when she heard something saying: "Peep, peep," in a weak, sick little voice. Thumbelina looked, and there close beside her in the grass she saw a little Bird; his eyes were shut, and he looked very sick.

"Why, what's the matter, little Bird?" said Thumbelina.

"Oh, I have a thorn in my foot, and it does hurt so."

"Let me see," said Thumbelina. "Perhaps I can help you."

She looked carefully, and there she saw the thorn sticking in the poor Bird's foot. She took her little fingers and pulled it out, as gently as she could. Then she fetched some clear, cold water and bathed the wounded foot. The Bird felt so much better that he opened his eyes.

"Why, it is Thumbelina!" he said.

"How did you know my name?" said Thumbelina, in surprise.

"That's easy to explain," said the Bird. "My nest is up in a tree, close beside your window. I often hear your Mother calling you. But are you not a long way from home?"

"Yes, I am," said Thumbelina. "I was hurrying home when I found you."

"Well," said the Bird, "if you will climb up on my back, I'll take you there, far more quickly than you can run." So Thumbelina climbed up on the Birdie's back.

"Hold on tight," he said, as he spread his wings and flew swiftly up above the tree tops.

He went so high that sometimes they skimmed along through the clouds, and so fast that Thumbelina could

hardly get her breath; but still she thought it was very wonderful, and she was not a bit afraid. Soon the Bird lit right in the window of Thumbelina's own room. She climbed down off his back, and thanked him for bringing her home. Then she ran away to find her Mother, and tell her all about the wonderful things which had been happening to her that day.

THE GOATS IN THE RYE FIELD

(*Re-Told from the Norse*)

The power and helpfulness of small things is a delight to the youngest children. Without any words from the story-teller they readily see themselves in such stories. The little poem and song called "Helpful," from "Songs of a Little Child's Days," is an excellent supplement to this entire group of stories.

One bright morning Johnny was driving his goats to pasture. He trudged along whistling, and paying but little attention to the goats, when suddenly he saw them all running toward the farmer's rye field. There was a hole in the fence, which the leader of the goats had seen, and before Johnny could stop them, they all scrambled through and were busily eating the rye. Johnny knew that this would never do, so he climbed over the fence, took a stick, and tried to drive them out. But they would not go—they only ran round and round the field. Johnny ran after them until he was so tired he could run no farther, then he crawled through the hole in the fence, sat down by the roadside, and began to cry.

Just then a Fox came down the road.

"Good morning, Johnny, why are you crying?" asked the Fox.

"I'm crying because I can't get the goats out of the rye field," said Johnny.

"Oh, don't cry about that! I'll drive them out easily; watch me!" said the Fox.

He leaped over the fence and began to chase the goats. Round and round they ran, and nothing could get them to go near the hole in the fence. At last the Fox was so tired that he could run no more, so he crawled through the hole in the fence, sat down beside Johnny, and began to cry.

Then a Rabbit came hopping down the road. When he saw Johnny and the Fox he stopped still.

"Why are you crying, Fox?" he asked.

"I'm crying because Johnny is crying," said the Fox.

"Why are you crying, Johnny?"

"I'm crying because I can't get the goats out of the rye field," said Johnny.

"Tut, tut!" said the Rabbit, "what a thing to cry about! Watch me. I'll soon drive them out."

The Rabbit hopped over the fence, and round and round the field he chased those goats; but they would not go near the hole in the fence. At last the Rabbit was so tired he could not hop another hop, so he crawled through the fence, sat down beside the Fox, and began to cry.

While they were all crying away, along came a little Bee. She stopped in surprise. "Good morning, Rabbit, whatever are you crying about this lovely morning?"

"I'm crying because the Fox is crying," answered the Rabbit.

"And why are you crying, Fox?"

"I'm crying because Johnny is crying."

"Why are you crying, Johnny?"

"Boo hoo!" sobbed Johnny, "I'm crying because I can't get the goats out of the rye field!"

"Don't cry about that. I'll get them out for you," said the Bee.

Johnny was so surprised that he stopped crying; then he began to laugh. "What! A little thing like you drive them out when I couldn't do it!" he shouted.

"And when I could not!" said the Fox.

"And when I could not!" said the Rabbit. Then they all began to laugh.

The little Bee didn't say a word. She flew over the fence and flew right to the ear of the leader of the goats. "Buzz-zip!" She went in one ear. The goat shook his head, and the little Bee flew to the other side. "Buzz-zip!" She went in that ear. The goat started running toward the hole in the fence. The little Bee never stopped buzzing in his ear until he ran out of the field. And all the other goats followed after him.

Johnny, the Fox, and the Rabbit stared at each other in surprise.

"Thank you, little Bee," said Johnny, and he ran after his goats to the pasture.

THE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF

(From the Norse)

There is a never-failing appeal to the child in stories of animals—of which more later; but there are other characteristics which

combine to make this old story a favorite. The sense of size as conveyed through the voice, the repetition, the thrill that is almost fear yet holding no grewsome quality, the final overthrow of the Troll by the hero (the Biggest Billy-Goat Gruff), the action, the simplicity, and the appeal to imagination—all unite to make it the finest type of story for the younger children. Careful study of this and similar stories will give the mother an excellent basis of selection for stories.

The adaptation is from "Popular Tales from the Norse," by George Webbe Dasent, by courteous permission of the publishers, G. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Once upon a time there were three billy-goats, and the name of all three was Gruff.

One fine day they said to each other, "Let's go up on the hillside, and eat grass, and make ourselves fat."

The youngest of the three started off first. After a while, he came to a bridge, under which lived an ugly Troll, with eyes as big as a saucer, and a nose as long as a poker. As the Smallest Billy-Goat Gruff went trip, trap, trip, trap over the bridge, the Troll roared out, "WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?"

"It's I, the Smallest Billy-Goat Gruff. I'm going up on the hillside to eat grass, and make myself fat."

"I'm coming to gobble you up!" roared the Troll.

"Oh, don't do that! I'm so little I'll scarcely make a mouthful. The Middle-sized Billy-Goat Gruff will be along soon. You'd better wait for him."

"Very well, be off with you!" said the Troll.

Presently, along came the second Billy-Goat Gruff.

He went *Trip, Trap, Trip, Trap,* over the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"It's I, the Middle-sized Billy-Goat Gruff. I'm going up on the hillside to eat grass, and make myself fat."

"Well, I'm coming to gobble you up!" roared the Troll.

"You'd better wait for the Biggest Billy-Goat Gruff. He's far fatter than I."

"Very well, then, be off with you!" said the Troll.

After a time, along came the Biggest Billy-Goat Gruff. TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP he went over the bridge, and it creaked and groaned under his weight.

"WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"IT'S I, THE BIGGEST BILLY-GOAT GRUFF!" said the billy-goat in a big voice of his own.

"Well, I'm coming to gobble you up!" roared the Troll.

"HO! HO!" laughed the Biggest Billy-Goat Gruff. "You don't say so! Well, come along! I'l crush you to bits, body and bones!" That's what the Big Billy-Goat said, in his big, rough voice.

Up came the Troll, and rushed at the Biggest Billy-Goat, who just lowered his head and tossed the Troll over the bridge, into the stream; and I shouldn't wonder at all if he was crushed to bits, body and bones.

Then the Biggest Billy-Goat Gruff went up on the hillside with the other Billy-Goats Gruff, and they ate grass, and ate grass, until they were so fat that the fat was dropping off of them.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

This adaptation of an old folk tale effectively combines the interest of the animal-story with the lesson of the power of little things, as heretofore mentioned.

In the long ago time there was a great, thick forest. In it there lived many animals, and the Lion was the king of them all. One day he was lying under a tree fast asleep. Near him some little field mice were playing about. They were chasing each other and did not see the Lion until one of them ran right over his paw.

With a roar the Lion clapped his foot down over the little Mouse and held him fast.

"How dare you wake me up?" cried the Lion angrily.

"Oh, please, Mr. Lion, I didn't mean to disturb you! Please let me go! If you only will I'll do something for you some day!"

When the Lion heard that, he laughed loud and long. "How could a little bit of a Mouse like you do anything for a great big Lion like me?" he said. "I'll let you go this time, but see that you never wake me up again!" So he lifted up his huge paw and the little Mouse scampered away.

Not long after this, one day the mice were playing in the forest again. Suddenly they stopped and listened. Great roars were sounding through the forest.

"That's my friend Mr. Lion," said the little Mouse, "I'm sure he's in trouble. I must go and see," and he ran through the forest until he found the Lion.

He was in trouble indeed; he was caught in a net which some hunters had set for him. The thick ropes were wound around him. He pulled this way and that, but for all of his strength he could not break the ropes—they only drew closer and cut deeper.

"Wait, I'll help you," said the little Mouse.

"How can you help me, you foolish little thing?" said the Lion. "Do you not see that I, the strongest of animals, can do nothing?"

The little Mouse did not answer, but ran over to one of the ropes and began to gnaw it with his sharp teeth. He cut the threads as quickly as he could, then went to the next rope. That, too, he gnawed through with his sharp little teeth. Soon he had cut every rope. "Now, stand up, Mr. Lion," he said.

The Lion stood up and shook the pieces of rope from himself. There he was, safe and free again.

"Well," he said, "I never thought that a little bit of a Mouse like you could ever do anything for a great big Lion like me, but you've saved my life today!"

THE LITTLE HALF-CHICK

This old folk tale from the Spanish embodies a delightful combination of humor and justice. The picture-quality, the repetition, and added to these the sense of adventure, make it an ideal tale. Children delight in odd phrases such as "hoppity-kick," and will repeat them in glee, caring nothing for meaning—though "hoppity-kick," to be sure, has a delightfully picturesque quality of its own.

Once upon a time there was a Spanish hen who hatched some little chickens. Among them was a queer little chick. He had only one leg, one wing, one eye, and half a bill—he was a little Half-Chick. Now this little Half-Chick was very naughty and always wanted to have his own way. One day he said to his mother: "I'm going to Madrid to see the King."

"Don't do that," said his mother, "it wouldn't be safe at all." She begged and begged him to give it up, but he said:

"Nonsense, I want to go, and I will!" And away he went, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, as fast as he could go.

After he had traveled for quite a while he came to a Brook that was caught in some weeds. It was gurgling and choking, and it called out: "Little Half-Chick, come and help me, please come and help me!"

"I have no time to bother with you, I'm off to Madrid to see the King." And on he went, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, leaving the little Brook to choke if it must.

Farther on the little Half-Chick came to a Fire which was smothered. It was trying so hard to burn, and when it saw the little Half-Chick, it called out: "Oh, little Half-Chick, come and help me, please come and help me!"

The little Half-Chick tipped his little half bill in the air and said: "You are very foolish if you think I'll take the time to bother with you. I'm off to Madrid to see the King." And on he went, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, as fast as he could, leaving the poor Fire to smother.

When he had traveled a good way, and was near Madrid, he passed a clump of bushes. In them the Wind was caught fast. It was crying pitifully and begging to be set free. The little Half-Chick pretended not to hear.

"Oh, little Half-Chick, little Half-Chick, please come and help me!" the Wind called.

"The idea!" said the little Half-Chick. "Why should I bother with you? I'm off to Madrid to see the King." And on he went, leaving the Wind held fast in the bushes.

At last he came to Madrid, and to the courtyard of the King's palace. The Cook was just leaning out of the kitchen window. When he saw the little Half-Chick, he cried out: "What luck! I was wanting a chicken for the King's supper," and he seized the little Half-Chick and threw him into the pot of water on the fire.

The Water came up over the little Half-Chick; it filled his eyes, and choked him. "Oh, Water! Water!" he cried out. "Don't come up so high! Please don't drown me!"

But the Water said: "Oh, little Half-Chick! Little Half-Chick! You wouldn't help me when I was in trouble, and now I can't help you!" And the Water came up higher and higher.

Then the Water began to get very hot, as the Fire crackled and burned underneath the pot. The little Half-Chick danced up and down, and cried out: "Fire! Fire! Please don't burn so hot! You'll burn me to death! Oh, stop!"

But the Fire said: "Oh, little Half-Chick! Little Half-Chick! You wouldn't help me when I was in trouble, and now I can't help you!" And the Fire burned hotter than ever.

Presently the Cook took the lid off and looked in the pot. "Dear me!" he said, "this chicken is burned black; it's not fit for the King." So he took the little Half-Chick and threw him out of the window.

He was caught by the Wind and whirled round. He was bumped and thumped, he was blown this way and that. "Oh, Wind, please don't blow me so hard!" he begged.

But the Wind said: "Oh, little Half-Chick! Little Half-Chick! You wouldn't help me when I was in trouble, and now I can't help you!"

And the Wind blew him harder than ever. It tossed him up above the tree tops, and finally blew him against the church steeple, where he stuck.

And there he stands on his little one leg to this day. He turns when the Wind blows, and never gets his own way at all—he has to tell all the people which way the Wind is blowing.

CHAPTER XIII

FOLK AND FAIRY STORIES

The commonest form in which the childish imagination finds exercise is that of fairy-tales; but education must take care that it has these in their proper shape as national productions, and that they are not the morbid kind which artificial poetry so often gives us in this species of literature, and which not seldom degenerate into sentimental caricatures and silliness.

—J. K. F. ROSENCRANTZ, *Philosophy of Education.*

The old stories of the race are not fact, but they are truth which the race-mind has visioned and given form in words. They are the product of primitive man's longings and wonderings. They are the answers of his soul in his quest for God. They are his attempts to solve the mystery of his own life, the explanation of his environment. They are the charts which his imagination made, marking the paths by which his spirit might pass to freedom. In them he defied time, conquered space, and transcended all limitations. In them, supernatural agencies were his reserve power. In time of stress, the modern man falls back upon his own sub-conscious self; primitive man called upon the Fairies and kindred beings which his own fancy had created to meet his need.

Thus all such tales embody the ideals of early man, and through them his growth of spirit may be traced. They have even moulded the religious and social life of the present time, for the highest and best achievements of today

are but the slow fulfillment of man's age-long prophecies and dreams.

It is because folk and fairy tales are filled with this spirit of truth that they lay hold upon the heart of childhood from generation to generation. As we have said in an earlier chapter, the child, to some extent, repeats the experiences of the race. Light and darkness, wind and sun, sea, sky, and earth surround him. He wonders and dreams about them all. The life within himself calls to the life without and asks Whence? Whither? What? His questionings must find answer on the plane of his own understanding, so the folk tale with its simplicity and sincerity meets his need.

Since belief in the Fairies was a part of primitive man's religion, to feed the child's imagination with the tales which true belief built concerning these supernatural agencies is to awaken in him a religious attitude. The transition is easily made from interest in these representations of the religion and philosophy of our ancestors to a deepened interest in the power of the unseen forces of nature. This belief in an unseen world leads the child directly into the realm of pure spirit. The attitude of wonder is closely akin to reverence.

Fairy tales give the child a sense of well-being. In them good always comes to good; somehow, somewhere, things tend to come out right for the man who chooses wisely and does his best. This attitude of mind is a valuable asset to the child. It adds to his power of endurance and courage, it robs him of fear.

Fairy tales people the child's world, and make him less

alone. Fits of intense loneliness frequently sweep over a sensitive child. If he feels the nearness of these unseen friends, his heart is comforted in a way unbelievable to the grown-up who has never known these dream companions. The child who peeps into the cup of every flower for the fairy which may be cradled there will go through life with spirit on tiptoe. Each day will be a new adventure, each road will lead to fortune.

As for myths, they especially need adaptation lest younger children gather wrong ethical ideals from the forms in which the myths come to us, from Greece and Rome particularly. Wise choice must be exercised as to what to omit, what to alter and what to relate unchanged.

TOM THUMB

There are many versions of the story of Tom Thumb, yet few of the present-day books include it. Just why it should be dropped out is hard to understand, for Tom is the ideal hero of the little child. The appeal of the small thing, the call of courage, the adventures which border on the supernatural, make it a fascinating tale for all children.

This version is developed from a combination of the favorite versions, Andrew Lang being followed a bit more closely than the others.

Long, long ago there lived a wonderful Magician. He was fond of traveling about the world disguised as a beggar, for this helped him to know the hearts of people as he could never have known them if he had come as the powerful enchanter that he really was.

On one of his journeys the Magician stopped at the cottage of a poor Plowman. He was so kindly received that

he began to wonder how he could reward the kindness of the man and his good wife. He looked about the clean, comfortable cottage hoping to see something they really needed. They were poor enough, but their wants were so simple that they seemed to have no needs, in spite of their poverty.

At last as he watched the couple he noticed that they both looked quite sad.

"What is it you lack for your happiness?" asked the Magician.

"Alas," said the Wife, "do you not see how lonely we are without children? I'd be content and happy if we had a son, even if he were no bigger than my goodman's thumb!"

The Magician laughed at the idea of any human creature being so small, but the more he thought of it, the more he determined they should have the little son. He went to the Queen of the Fairies and persuaded her to grant the wish. So, not long after, the Plowman's Wife had a son, and not a bit bigger than his father's thumb.

One day when his Mother was sitting up admiring the baby, the Queen of the Fairies flew in at the window. She kissed the child and said: "His name shall be Tom Thumb." Then she gave him a suit of fairy clothes, said some magic words over him, and flew away.

Now though Tom grew very strong and also very clever, he never grew a bit bigger. He played all sorts of cunning tricks on the boys—in fact, on every one, and was afraid of nothing.

One day Tom Thumb went with his Mother into the

meadow to milk the Cow. He wore his oak-leaf hat the Queen of the Fairies had given him, and his little jacket of thistle-down. The wind was blowing so hard his Mother feared he would be carried away, so she tied him to a blade of grass, and set to work milking. The Cow saw Tom's oak-leaf hat, and liking the looks of it, took Tom, hat, thistle-down jacket and all in her mouth at one gulp.

"Mother! Mother!" he cried as loudly as he could, and danced about to keep out of the way of the Cow's big teeth.

"Where are you, my dear?" said his Mother.

"Here in the Cow's mouth," he replied.

The poor Mother was beside herself with fright. She ran at the Cow, crying and wringing her hands, while Tom kept dancing about and calling, "Help me, Mother, help me!"

The Cow was so surprised that she opened her mouth and dropped Tom Thumb into his Mother's apron.

Not long after that, Tom was driving the cattle to pasture when a Raven flying overhead seized him and carried him away. The Raven sailed on without stopping until he came to the castle of a Giant. The Giant was standing looking out across the sea, and the Raven dropped Tom at his feet. The Giant picked him up and holding him between his thumb and fingers popped him into his great ugly mouth, and swallowed him.

Tom was terribly frightened, but he kept kicking and dancing around at such a rate that the Giant was made so uncomfortable that he was glad to let the little fellow come up again.

The Giant was very angry that Tom had kicked him so furiously, so he tossed him straight into the sea. A big Fish swimming near instantly swallowed him. Again Tom kicked and danced until the Fish was so uncomfortable he could not tell which way he was swimming and was soon caught in a net.

The Fish was carried into the King's kitchen, and when the Cook cut it open, out hopped Tom Thumb! Everyone was so astonished they could talk of nothing else. The King himself came down to see the little man, and he was so delighted with Tom that he said Tom must stay in the palace. Fine clothes were ordered for him, for those the Fairy Queen had given him were quite spoiled, and he was soon as much at home as he had been in his Mother's kitchen.

The little fellow's tricks and his fun made him a favorite at the court. The King often took Tom with him when he went for his rides. Once he even went to sleep in the King's pocket.

One day the King asked Tom about his parents, and when he learned that they were very poor, he told Tom to take home some gold to them. So Tom set out at once and traveled two whole days and nights to get there. The good people were overjoyed to see their son again, and were happier still when they saw all the gold he had brought for them. His Mother brought out his walnut-shell bed and Tom crept in it to rest after his long journey.

When Tom was ready to go back to the court, there had been a heavy rain and the ground was so wet he could not travel, so his Mother took some paper and made something

like a little parasol. She tied Tom to it, then puffed him into the air. The wind caught him and whirled him along at a great rate all the way to the King's palace.

Tom came flying across the courtyard just as the Cook was carrying a bowl of porridge to the King, and the little fellow fell with a splash right in the middle of the bowl. The hot porridge flew up in the Cook's face and frightened him, as well as burning him.

The Cook told the King that Tom had jumped into his porridge from pure mischief. This made the King angry and he ordered Tom to be beheaded for treason. So they captured him and shut him up in a mousetrap. But he looked out between the wires and said such funny things to every one who passed that the King could not stay angry with him, so Tom was set free again.

Then the King ordered him some new clothes, for of course his old ones were spoiled from the porridge, and gave the small chap a Mouse to ride. He had a tiny sword at his side, and galloped about on his mouse-charger like the knights themselves.

One day a Cat made a spring at Tom and his Mouse, but the little man drew his sword and rushed at the Cat so fiercely that she was glad enough to let them alone. Tom was wounded in the fight, however, and one of the nobles of the court carried him into the palace and laid him on an ivory bed.

Then the Queen of the Fairies flew in at the window and carried Tom off to Fairyland with her. There she cured him, and he lived with the Fairies for many years. He sailed about on butterflies, danced with the fairy ladies,

and altogether was as much of a favorite there as he had been at the court of the King.

THE THREE HEADS

This story has been so adapted as to bring out the reward of lowly service. I have tried to preserve the terse style of the old Norse tale, but there are elements in the original, as re-told by George Webbe Dasent, in "Popular Tales from the Norse,"[1] which are too gruesome for children. A child of twelve heard the present version in a settlement house one evening. She had read "Bushy Bride" and demanded that it be told "with the snakes in it." It was the demand for melodrama and a certain morbid taint against which modern educators are warning us.

In the distant days of long ago there was a man who had two children, a son and a daughter. These children were both beautiful and good. They loved each other dearly and were as happy as an April day.

After a while the man brought them a step-mother who also had a daughter. This lassie was as cross-grained and disagreeable as the man's two children were kind and loving. She wouldn't do this and she wouldn't do that. She pouted and fussed from one day's end to another. No one loved her, unless of course it was her mother, who thought that whatever her daughter did was right, and blamed the man's children for all that her own cross-patch did that was wrong.

There was no more peace or happiness in that household, and as soon as the boy grew big enough he set out into the world to seek his fortune.

[1] Used by courteous permission of the publishers, G. Putnam's Sons, New York.

After he had wandered around for a long time he came to the King's palace and got a place to work in the King's stables. He was quick and willing, and took such good care of the King's horses that their coats shone when he brought them into the courtyard. And the horses knew and loved him. They whinnied at the sound of his step and when he came near enough they rubbed their noses against his shoulder as if trying to tell him they loved him. He was busy and happy, except for wishing to see his dear sister.

She, poor lassie, stayed at home and worked hard from sunrise to sunset, with never a kind word to bless her. But for all that, she never lost her merry ways nor her willingness.

One day her step-mother sent her to the brook to fetch some water. Just as she stooped to dip her pail full, up popped an ugly, dirty Head from the bottom of the pool.

"Wash me, you lassie," it said.

"Ah! do you wish to be clean?" said the lassie. "Yes, with all my heart I'll wash you."

It was not a pleasant job, but the lassie never stopped until all the mud and slime were gone.

As soon as she had done washing the Head, up popped another one out of the pool. This Head was far uglier than the first one.

"Brush me, you lassie," it said.

"Yes, with all my heart I'll brush you," said the lassie.

She set to work brushing and smoothing the matted locks. It was no pleasant work, nor was it soon done, but the lassie kept thinking how the poor thing wanted to be

tidy, so she never stopped until the last tangle was smooth.

But when it was done, if a third Head didn't pop up from the pool! This one was far uglier than both the others put together. Tears were streaming from its eyes. "Comfort me, you lassie," it said.

The lassie felt so sorry for the poor thing that she forgot how hideous it was. "With all my heart I'll comfort you," she said, and she wiped the tears away and bathed the ugly face ever so tenderly and gently.

Then the three Heads began to chatter together and ask what they should do for a lassie who was so kind and gentle.

"That she may be the prettiest lassie in the world, and as fair as the bright day," said one.

"That gold may drop from her hair whenever she brushes it, and fall from her lips when she speaks," said the second Head.

"That the King himself shall love her, and that she shall never be sorry nor sad," said the third Head.

When the lassie came home her step-mother asked why she had stayed so long. The lassie began to tell her, and down fell the gold from her lips.

Then the step-mother called her own lassie and sent her to the brook to fetch water. She fussed and fumed over going, but go she must, her mother said.

When she came to the brook and stooped down with her bucket, up popped the first Head.

"Wash me, you lassie," it said.

"That I won't! Wash yourself, you ugly thing!" said the cross lassie.

Up popped the second Head.

"Brush me, you lassie," it said.

"Ugh! I wouldn't do it for the world! Brush yourself, you horrid thing!" said the cross lassie.

So down it went to the bottom and up popped the third Head.

"Comfort me, you lassie," it cried.

"Go away!" said the lassie, and she struck at it with her bucket.

Then the three Heads chattered together and asked what they should do for a lassie who was so spiteful and cross.

They all agreed that she should be the ugliest lassie in the whole wide world, she should have a voice like a frog, and whenever she spoke, ashes should fall from her lips.

When the cross lassie came home and her mother saw the dreadful thing which had happened to her daughter, she wept and groaned, but all her grief didn't change it.

Now the brother who was working in the King's stable had a picture of his sister which he kept in his room. One day the King chanced to see it. "There is not so lovely a lady in the land as that!" he said.

"It's my own dear sister," said the lad. "If she isn't prettier than that, at least she isn't any uglier."

When the King heard that, nothing would do but they must set off at once and fetch her to the palace to be his queen.

The brother was mightily pleased when he found his sister had grown even lovelier than when he had left her, and the King could never thank him enough for his lovely bride. And when the lassie became the queen, her brother was the greatest man in the palace next to the King.

As for the cross lassie and her mother, they doubtless got what they deserved, just as disagreeable people always do sooner or later.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

This story embodies the characteristic humor and justice of the Norse, from which it is re-told, by permission of the publishers, G. Putnam's Sons. A comparison of this version with the same tale as given in George Webbe Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse" will show that all essentials have been preserved, without the details which are interesting to the student of folk-lore, but of no value to children.

Long, long ago, there were two brothers, one rich and one poor. Now one cold winter's eve the poor one hadn't so much as a crumb in his house, so he went to his rich brother to ask him for something to eat. The rich one was not pleased to see him.

"If you are poor it's because you are shiftless and lazy. Look at me, am I poor?"

"You know I've worked hard and have done my best, Brother. I can't say how it is that you have prospered and I have not. I only know that I must starve, and my faithful wife with me, unless you have pity on us."

"Well, take this flitch of bacon and be off with you," said the rich one.

The poor brother thanked him and started off for home. Whether it was because of the cold and snow, or because his eyes were tear-dimmed on account of his brother's ungraciousness, he lost his way. He walked until far into the night and at last he came to a place where he saw a bright light.

An old, old man with a long white beard stood in the yard hewing wood for the fire. "Good evening to you. Whither are you going so late?" said the old man.

"I've lost my way," said the poor man.

"What is it you carry on your shoulder?"

"It's a flitch of bacon."

"Well, go in yonder and you'll find one who will buy it from you. Only mind you take nothing for it except the hand-quern which stands behind the door. When you come out, I'll teach you how to handle it, for it's good to grind anything, if you only know the right of it."

So the man with the bacon thanked the other one for his advice and went in. After some bargaining with those within, he came out carrying the quern under his arm. The old man showed him how to use it and put him on the right road to his home. It was twelve o'clock before he reached his own door.

"Where have you been?" said his wife. "I have waited for you hours and hours."

"Oh," said the man, "I lost my way. But never mind that—only see what I have brought home."

With that he put the quern on the table and told it to grind fire, lights, then a tablecloth and dishes, then meats and every good thing to eat or drink that they could think of wanting.

The old dame was too happy for words and began planning right away how they would give a dinner party and invite the rich brother.

It was a great feast. All of their friends and kin were there. The table was loaded with every kind of dainty.

The rich brother could scarcely believe his own eyes, and he never rested until he knew the secret of all this wealth that had come to his brother.

As soon as he saw the quern grinding out such wonderful things the rich brother made up his mind he would have it. So he begged and coaxed until his brother gave it to him.

It was evening when he carried it home with him, and the next morning he told his wife to go out in the fields with the mowers and he would stay at home to get the dinner ready.

"It's easy work for me," he laughed to himself as his dame set off to the field.

When dinner-time drew near he just put the quern on the kitchen table and said, "Grind broth and herrings—Grind them fast, and plenty of them."

So the quern began to grind broth and herrings. And it ground until the dishes were full, then until the tubs were full, then till the kitchen floor was covered. The rich man twisted and twirled the quern to make it stop, but on it went, grinding until the broth was so high in the kitchen that he threw open the door and ran into the parlor. It ground the parlor full too, and then the man opened the door and ran down the road. The stream of broth ran after him and herrings were piled all along the way.

The man's wife and the mowers were just starting home to dinner, and they met the man running pell-mell down the hill, while after him came the herrings and broth dashing and splashing together.

"Take care you're not drowned in the broth!" he yelled as he passed them, and away he went as

fast as his legs could carry him to his brother's house.

"Come and get your quern!" he shouted. "The whole country will be drowned in broth. I'll give you three hundred dollars if you'll only come at once and get it."

So the poor brother got both the money and the quern.

It wasn't long before he set up the finest house in the land. He ground gold by the barrel. He even used gold to cover the roof of his house. People came from far and wide to see the golden house and the wonderful quern.

At last one day a great ship came sailing up. The captain had come from far because he had heard of the quern.

"Can it grind salt?" he asked.

When he heard that it could, nothing would do but he must have it.

"I shall get rid of my long, stormy voyages," he said; for he sailed long distances across the sea to load his ship with salt.

He gave the man many, many thousands of dollars, then he took the quern on his back and hurried away with it to his ship. He didn't wait to learn how to use it, for he was so afraid the man would change his mind, but he got on board his ship and set sail.

When he was a good way off, he brought the quern on deck. "Grind salt! Grind salt!" he said.

Then the quern began to grind. When the ship was full, the captain wanted to stop the quern, but he could not do it. He twisted and pulled, but nothing he did could stop it. It kept grinding, and the salt poured out like water. It piled so high on the deck that the captain saw his ship was about to sink. He tried throwing the salt

overboard, but it came from the quern so fast that he soon saw that that was no good. So then he seized the quern and hurled it over the ship's side into the ocean. It sank to the bottom, but it still kept grinding away. And there it lies to this very day, grinding out salt because no one has ever stopped it, and that's why the sea is salt.

THE LEGEND OF THE DIPPER

(Re-told from an old Legend)

There had been no rain in the land for a very long time. It was so hot and dry that the flowers were withered, the grass was parched and brown, and even the big, strong trees were dying. The water dried up in the creeks and rivers, the wells were dry, the fountains stopped bubbling. The cows, the dogs, the horses, the birds, and all the people were *so* thirsty! Every one felt uncomfortable and sick.

There was one little girl whose mother grew very ill. "Oh," said the little girl, "if I can only find some water for my mother I'm sure she will be well again. I must find some water."

So she took a tin cup and started out in search of water. By and by she found a tiny little spring away up on a mountain side. It was almost dry. The water dropped, dropped, ever so slowly from under the rock. The little girl held her cup carefully and caught the drops. She waited and waited a long, long time until the cup was full of water. Then she started down the mountain holding the cup very carefully, for she didn't want to spill a single drop.

On the way she passed a poor little dog. He could hardly drag himself along. He was panting for breath and his tongue hung from his mouth because it was so dry and parched.

"Oh, you poor little dog," said the little girl, "you are so thirsty. I can't pass you without giving you a few drops of water. If I give you just a little there will still be enough for my mother."

So the little girl poured some water into her hand and held it down for the little dog. He lapped it up quickly and then he felt so much better that he frisked and barked and seemed almost to say, "Thank you, little girl." And the little girl didn't notice—but her tin dipper had changed into a silver dipper and was just as full of water as it had been before.

She thought about her mother and hurried along as fast as she could go. When she reached home it was late in the afternoon, almost dark. The little girl pushed the door open and hurried up to her mother's room. When she came into the room the old servant who helped the little girl and her mother, and had been working hard all day taking care of the sick woman, came to the door. She was so tired and so thirsty that she couldn't even speak to the little girl.

"Do give her some water," said the mother. "She has worked hard all day and she needs it much more than I do."

So the little girl held the cup to her lips and the old servant drank some of the water. She felt stronger and better right away and she went over to the mother and lifted her up. The little girl didn't notice that the cup

had changed into a gold cup and was just as full of water as it was before!

Then she held the cup to her mother's lips and she drank and drank. Oh, she felt so much better! When she had finished there was still some water left in the cup The little girl was just raising it to her own lips when there came a knock at the door. The servant opened it and there stood a stranger. He was very pale and all covered with dust from traveling. "I am thirsty," he said, "won't you give me a little water?"

The little girl said: "Why, certainly I will. I am sure that you need it far more than I do. Drink it all."

The stranger smiled and took the dipper in his hand, and as he took it, it changed into a diamond dipper. He turned it upside down and all the water spilled out and sank into the ground. And where it spilled a fountain bubbled up. The cool water flowed and splashed—enough for the people and all the animals in the whole land to have all the water they wanted to drink.

As they watched the water they forgot the stranger, but presently when they looked he was gone. They thought they could see him just vanishing in the sky—and there in the sky, clear and high, shone the diamond dipper. It shines up there yet, and reminds people of the little girl who was kind and unselfish. It is called the Star Dipper.

JACK AND JILL'S VISIT TO THE MOON[1]

There is an old Norse legend of two children, Juk and Jille, who because of their beauty were loved and stolen by the

[1] By Marietta Stockard; reprinted by permission from *The Story-tellers' Magazine.*

Moon. It is told to explain the spots on the moon. I have used this legend to make more vivid the immensity of Space and the universality of the light of the moon

Long ago, in a far-away country, there lived two children called Juk and Jille, or, as we should say, Jack and Jill. Their home was in a little cottage at the foot of a great mountain. They were fine, strong children, and when they were not helping their mother they were playing together out of doors. From early morning until the night they played under the trees and up and down the mountain.

One winter's night when the ground was covered with ice and snow, they took their pail between them and trudged up the hill to fetch some water for their mother. Up in the sky was the big round moon, flooding the hills with light.

"If we climbed to the top of the mountain do you think we could reach the moon, Jack?" asked Jill, as she gazed up at it.

"We never could climb so far," said Jack, "but I wish we could. It would be splendid to be up there!"

So talking and wondering, they climbed to the spring and filled their bucket with clear, cold water. As they went back down the steep hill, Jack slipped and fell, and down came Jill right after him. They bumped their heads so hard that both children began crying bitterly.

Suddenly they both stopped and stared in amazement, for there dancing around them were dozens of little silvery figures. "Come with us, come with us!" they were saying.

"Where?" said both of the children together.

"Why, up to the moon, of course. Don't you know us? We are the Moon Fairies. Come along, we'll show you such wonderful sights you'll forget all about bumped heads. Are you afraid to climb high? If not, come along!"

The children quickly scrambled to their feet, and holding their bucket between them, started climbing with the fairies up the shining moon-beam ladder. Up and up and up they climbed, until they were dizzy and tired, but still they did not reach the moon. Far up in the sky they could see it. Their breath came in little gasps and they started slipping.

"This will never do," said the fairies. "We shan't be there tonight at this rate. Come, fly as we do."

Lifting the children with them, they rose quickly higher and higher. The cold air blew upon them and they gasped for breath, but on they went faster and faster, higher and higher, until at last they reached the moon.

Far down below the children gazed. "Where is our mountain? Where is our home?" they said.

"Oh, wait a moment. Your eyes can't see them yet. They are so far away. Now look!" And the fairies brushed the children's eyes once, twice, three times.

"How wonderful! How splendid! Oh! now we can see it all!" cried Jack and Jill. There they saw their mountain, with their own little home at the foot of it. Many other mountains too towered higher, far higher than it, but the highest peak of all was far down below. "If they were all piled on top of each other they still would not reach so far as this," said Jack in wonder.

Side by side the children stood gazing down. "How

much we can see at once," said Jill. "There is our home, and the homes of all our playmates. See them there coasting on the hills and racing on their snow-shoes."

"Yes," said Jack, "and there is our school, and our little church. How tiny they all are ever since the fairies touched our eyes!"

Looking away far to the north, Jill cried out: "Look, Jack, I never saw children like those before. How queer they look, dressed all in fur! What are they doing?"

Both children laughed and laughed as they saw the funny way the strange children were racing. Curling up into little furry balls, they rolled over and over down the snowy hill.

"Where is their house?" said Jack.

"That mound of snow is their house," said the fairies.

Jack and Jill stared. "A snow-house? How queer!"

Then the children saw someone creeping out from one of the mounds. "That's their mother and the baby," said the fairies.

Out from the warm fur hood on the mother's back peeped the baby. He stared at the moon with big round eyes, then stretched both hands up as far as he could reach.

"He's trying to reach the moon just as we've seen you do," smiled the fairies. "Here's the father now."

Dashing across the snow came a sleigh, drawn by dogs. It stopped and a man sprang out. The children all came trooping around him, and Jack and Jill saw him point up toward the moon as he talked. "He's telling how he was

lost and couldn't find his way home until the moon sent down its light," said the fairies. "But there are many other things to see. Here's a city you've never seen before."

Jack and Jill saw far to the south a great city. There were so many houses they couldn't count them. Great churches sent their steeples up and up and up toward the sky, but the highest one of all did not reach the moon. They saw children playing in the streets. Some of them stretched their hands up as if to reach the moon. Some ran and ran, trying to leave the moon behind.

Other cities, other villages, other countries, came in sight, and as the moonlight flooded down upon them, children and grown people too looked up at the moon.

Far to the south they saw little black children playing under the trees. It was so warm there that they wore no clothing at all. Those children also played games with the moon and tried to reach it with their little black hands. Black children, brown children, yellow children, white children, all the children in the world loved the moon and its light; and for them all everywhere, when it was time, the moon shone bright and clear.

Jack and Jill looked down upon them all. What fun it must have been! Some people say that they found so many interesting things to look at that they are standing there yet, with their bucket between them, gazing down upon the earth. Look at the moon some night when it is big and round and see if you can find them there, so high and far away, looking down at you.

BARNEY NOONAN'S FAIRY HAYMAKERS

(Re-told from the Irish)

When he was a little lad, Barney Noonan's mother told him of the Good Folk and all their cunning ways, so he looked and listened and longed to meet them.

He often saw clouds of dust go whirling by, with never a bit of wind, and he knew, of course, that the fairies traveled so. He often saw the rings of brown grass in the fields and he knew, of course, that the fairies had been dancing there, but not even a glimpse of a white robe or a green jacket did he see.

Sometimes when he lay dreaming under the trees he would hear a sound like gurgling laughter, and, knowing that it was the fairies, would start up hoping to catch them.

Sometimes in the moonlight he felt sure he saw them, but on drawing near there was nothing.

"Never mind, Barney," his mother would say, "they are there; keep wishing and looking, perhaps you'll see them yet, and when you do, mind you behave politely to them if you would have their friendship."

Well, time went on, and Barney grew to be a big lad. He was always kind to his old mother, and in all Ireland there was no harder worker than he. He could play, too, as hard as he could work, and his merry laughing ways were good to see.

One summer evening after a hard day's work, Barney lay under a tree watching the stars twinkling above him. He was very still, in fact was half asleep, when he heard voices near him.

"Yes, that's our best dancing place, but let him alone," he heard a tiny voice say.

"Well, since it's Barney we'll wait. He is a fine lad and his mother is our friend. She has brought him up to think well of us," said another.

"'Tis the Good Folk, as I live!" thought Barney.

He turned his head and looked in the direction of the voices, but there was nothing to be seen except the green grass waving in the evening breeze.

Barney stood up and making a low bow said: "I hope you'll forgive me, ladies and gentlemen, I was only resting here a bit. I'll be going home to my mother now and I promise not to take your favorite dancing place again."

There was no sound of answer, but from that time on the fairies were Barney's friends.

Their friendship didn't give him wealth, but perhaps that proved their real friendship. Barney worked hard as ever, but his heart was merry, even if he didn't always find money in his pocket.

It was because he was needing some money that he planned to go up to town on Fair Day to sell his calf. He woke early in the morning, and when he saw what a beautiful sunshiny day it was he said to himself: "I'll just get up and cut my hay before I go to town."

So he went down into the meadow and pretty soon the hay was all mowed and spread out in the sunshine to dry.

Then Barney drove his calf into town and sold it for a good price. Soon he met some of his friends who had come to the fair too, and there was such dancing and merry-making that Barney forgot all about his hay lying out in

the field. It was long after dark when he started home and when he was there he rolled into bed without giving a thought to the hay.

While he lay snoring in his bed the clouds were piling up mountain high in the west. The wind began blowing, the thunder rolled and lightning flashed. A loud clap of thunder woke him; he sat up in bed and remembered his hay.

"What shall I do!" he thought. "The last blade of my hay will be ruined."

Looking through his window, he saw a sight that made him stare. There was a great crowd of little men and women running about like mad. A row of fires was burning from the meadow to the barn, and the wee folk were hurrying from the meadow, each with an armful of hay. Some were in the barn receiving the hay, some were in the field raking it together, and some were standing around with hands in their pockets like bosses, telling the others what to do.

"It isn't every farmer that has such haymakers," thought Barney, but he was careful not to say a word, for he knew the Good Folk would not like it.

When they had finished putting in the hay they began dancing before the fires to the most beautiful music Barney had ever heard.

By and by, two of the little men came dragging out a jug and they all began drinking from little glasses.

Barney saw that it was his own jug of cider, the last that he had. He stood still and watched them as they drank glass after glass. He wanted it for himself and he

began to feel angry with the fairies for drinking it all up.

At last, forgetting all about their hard work with the hay, he shouted out: "Stop, you little pigs, at least leave me a sip of my own cider!"

Instantly everything was dark except for the flashes of lightning, and not a fairy was to be seen.

Barney went back to bed saying, "Well, at any rate I'm glad the hay is in," for by that time the rain was coming down in torrents.

The next morning he went down to the barn to look at the hay to see if the fairies had put it in right, for, he said, "It's not a job they are used to."

Well, he stood and stared sure enough, for there was not a blade of hay left in the barn.

Going down into the meadow he found it laying just where he had left it, and 'twas soaked through by the rain.

Barney knew well what had happened. Angered by his rudeness, the fairies had dragged it all back into the field again and left it there to teach him better manners next time.

You may be sure that if ever the fairies helped him again he didn't go calling them names, or grudging them a bit of cider in return for their work.

THE DISCONTENTED CHICKENS

(*Re-told from the German*)

Away out in the country, there was once a large farmyard in which there lived a cock and a large flock of hens. These chickens had a nice warm house in which to roost

at night and every day the farmer gave them as much food as they could eat.

In spite of all this, however, they were very dissatisfied chickens. Their trouble was this: each day the eggs which the hens laid were taken out of the nests and carried to market.

"What right has the farmer to take our eggs?" the hens said. "We made the nests! We laid the eggs! Let him keep away! Let him keep away!"

But all of their cackling did no good, for day after day the farmer carried the eggs away.

"We'll hide our nests," said the hens.

So they built their nests in all sorts of queer, out of the way places. But it did no good, for when a hen laid an egg she always cackled and cackled to tell all of the other hens about it.

"Do come and see! It's the finest egg yet! Do come and see! Do come and see!" each hen would call out, as loud as ever she could. Of course the farmer always heard too, and so found the hidden nest right away.

"Can't you keep still?" said the Cock.

"You can't do it yourself," said the hens, "you cackle the loudest of all, you know you do."

The Cock had nothing to say to this, but at last he thought of a plan. Flying up on the fence, he stretched his neck and called, "Cock-a-doodle-doo—!" three times, as loud as he could. The hens all heard and came hurrying up to see what had happened.

"Hear my plan," said the Cock, "We'll endure this no longer. Let us all leave the farmyard and go together

into the woods. The farmer will not find our eggs then, and we shall live in peace."

"Cluck! Cluck! It's a fine idea," said the hens. "Let us go at once."

So they all flew over the fence and went down into the thick, dark woods.

"See! There are plenty of seeds. The earth is soft, so we can scratch for worms. It's a fine, free life we shall live," they all said.

"Here under this bush is a place for my nest," said the White Hen.

"We'll fly up into the trees to roost," said the Cock.

Well, they lived merrily for a while, though sometimes the hens heard noises that made them feel afraid.

One night the White Hen was sitting on her nest when a sly old Fox came creeping up behind her. She heard him just in time to fly up into the tree and sat there trembling with fright.

"Oh, dear! Nothing like this ever happened in the farmyard," she said. "I'm sure I broke some of my eggs. It's just as bad as if the farmer took them."

By and by, the leaves began dropping from the trees and the nights were so cold that it was hard for the chickens to roost up among the bare limbs.

"It was warm in the house the farmer built for us," said the Brown Hen.

"Yes, warm and safe," said the White Hen.

Each day it was harder to find food. The ground was frozen hard and all the seeds were gone.

"I'm so hungry!" wailed the Black Hen. "So am I! So am I!" they all said.

"Come," said the Cock, "I see we must go back. After all, it's only fair that the farmer should take our eggs, for he built us a nice warm house and gave us our food."

"Why did we never think of that? Come, let's go back," the hens agreed. So they all went back into the farmyard, and they were so glad to have plenty of food and a warm, safe house in which to sleep, that there was never any more fussing about giving up eggs to the farmer.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

(*Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen*)

Andersen's Fairy Tales are literature for the adult. They are intricate, filled with a symbolism beyond the understanding of the child, and shot through with the Norseman's tragic gloom. "The Ugly Duckling" is one of the few which can be brought within the range of the younger children. In adapting it, the central thought of the story has been kept in mind throughout the true beauty hidden under an ugly exterior, developing in spite of hardships and misunderstanding. The incidents emphasized are those which show the inner nature of the duckling—his grace in the water, his longing for his true environment when in the old woman's hut, his recognition of his kind. The incident in the peasant's hut has been omitted because it is not essential to the main theme of the story and detracts from its unity. The same is true of the hunters and the dog, and the wild geese on the moor.

It is a story of unusual literary quality, and as here arranged appeals to groups of even very young children.

It was Springtime in the country. Birds were singing, flowers were blooming, and the green wheat was waving

in the fields. Down by the water a Duck was sitting on her nest. She had been sitting there alone for many days waiting for her eggs to hatch. The other Ducks sometimes swam up and talked to her, and then went away, leaving her alone again. At last to her great joy the eggs began to hatch and out came the downy little Ducks. There was only one egg left: it was a very big egg, different from the rest.

"Let me see it," said a Visiting Duck. "Take my word for it, it's a Turkey's egg. You'll be sorry if you hatch it, for young Turkeys are a great deal of trouble. Nothing can induce them to go near the water. Leave it and come along to the barnyard."

"No," said the Mother Duck, "since I've waited so long I may as well wait one more day."

The other Duck swam away and left her, and the Mother Duck settled back on her nest.

The next day the big egg hatched, and out came a big gray Duckling. He was very ugly and awkward, not at all like the other Ducklings.

"I do wonder if he is a Turkey?" said the mother. "I shall take them to the water at once and find out."

When they reached the water the Ugly Duckling was the first one to plunge in. He swam better than any of the others.

"No, he is not a Turkey, Well, that is a relief, at any rate," said the Mother Duck. "Come along, now I will show you the barnyard. That's quite the finest place in the whole world," and she led the way to the barnyard, with all of the little Ducks waddling after her.

"What's this, a new family?" all the inhabitants of the barnyard cried when they saw her coming. "That one is very ugly!" and they began to push him about and to make fun of him.

"Let him alone," said his Mother. "You should see him swim, he is very graceful in the water. Then, too, see how strong he is."

But it did no good, the Chickens, the Turkeys and all the other Ducks pecked him, and said: "Get out of our sight, you ugly thing!"

The poor Duckling grew more and more miserable until at last he could bear it no longer: so he flew over the fence and down to the moor. He was very lonely there, but it was more peaceful than in the barnyard.

One day there was terrible storm. The Duckling was blown by the wind and beaten by hail stones. He ran through the woods seeking a shelter. At last he came to a little house. The door was open and he slipped in. This was the home of an old woman, her cat and her hen. She peered at the Duckling. "Ah!" she said, "you shall stay here, and we shall have some duck's eggs."

So the Duckling settled down in his corner. He was quiet and peaceable enough, but the Cat and the Hen could never leave him alone.

"Can you purr or throw sparks?" asked the Cat.

"I never did such a thing in my life," said the poor Duckling.

"Then you are not at all interesting: kindly keep quiet," said the Cat.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked the Hen.

"No," said the Duckling.

"Then you are not good for much. Keep quiet!" said the Hen.

One day the warm spring air came through the door.

"How splendid it would be to take a swim!" said the Duckling. "I should love to feel the water close over my head, to—"

"Swim! Swim!" the Cat and the Hen exclaimed in horror. "Who ever heard of anything so foolish? We do not swim, the old woman does not swim, so why should you wish to do such an awful thing?"

"I think I'll go out into the world," said the Duckling.

"Please do, we really do not care to associate with you."

The Duckling slipped through the door and ran down to the moor again. There he floated and dived through the long summer. He felt very lonely, but every day he grew larger and stronger.

The autumn came on, and one day as he lay among the reeds on the edge of the pool he heard a strange cry overhead. He looked up, and sailing above him were some beautiful white birds. He had never seen anything like them before, and he did not know why the strange feeling swept through him. He whirled and whirled in the water, and uttered a cry so strange and wild that it almost frightened him. But the beautiful birds did not hear him: they sailed on out of sight.

Then the long winter came on and the Duckling found it hard to get food. Sometimes the water almost froze around him as he swam up and down. He was lonely, cold and hungry. But at last one day there was a smell of spring in

the air. The sun shone warmer, the grass grew green and the Duckling felt glad to be alive. His wings had grown very strong, and he flew across the woods to a large pond.

When he lighted on the water he saw the flock of beautiful white birds he had seen in the fall. He felt that he must be with them.

"They will be angry that anything so ugly as I dares to come near them, but they may kill me if they will—I must speak to them."

So he bent his head and glided toward them. They swam to meet him, and what was his surprise when they caressed him with their beaks and bowed before him.

Some children and their father had come down to the pond. They threw crumbs to the birds and cried out: "Oh, father, see! There is a new Swan, and he is the most beautiful of them all!"

The other Swans wheeled about him: "Yes, you are the most beautiful of us all. You must never leave us," they cried.

He bent his head and looked at his reflection in the water. He saw that his ugly gray feathers had become white like the birds he had loved and dreamed of through the long winter. A great happiness filled his heart; he was no longer unloved and alone, he had found his own at last.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

This story, which is re-told from Hawthorne, by permission of Houghton, Mifflin Co., the publishers, Boston, Mass., has been condensed and modified, some of the pictures being developed after the version played by the Ben Greet Players.

Once upon a time there lived a very rich King whose name was Midas. He had more gold than any one in the whole world, but for all that, he thought it was not enough. He was never so happy as when he happened to get more gold to add to his treasure. He stored it away in great vaults underneath his palace, and many hours of each day were spent counting it over.

Now King Midas had a little daughter named Marygold. He loved her devotedly, and said: "She shall be the richest princess in all the world!"

But little Marygold cared nothing about it all. She loved her garden, her flowers and the golden sunshine more than all her father's riches. She was a lonely little girl most of the time, for her father was so busy planning new ways to get more gold, and counting what he had, that he seldom told her stories or went for walks with her, as all fathers should do.

One day King Midas was down in his treasure room. He had locked the heavy doors and had opened up his great chests of gold. He piled it on the table and handled it as if he loved the touch of it. He let it slip through his fingers and smiled at the clink of it as if it had been sweet music. Suddenly a shadow fell over the heap of gold. Looking up, he saw a stranger dressed in shining white smiling down at him. King Midas started up in surprise. Surely he had not failed to lock the door! His treasure was not safe! But the stranger continued to smile.

"You have much gold, King Midas," he said.

"Yes," said the King, "but think how little this is to all the gold there is in the world!"

"What! Are you not satisfied?" asked the stranger.

"Satisfied?" said the King, "of course I'm not. I often lie awake through the long night planning new ways to get more gold; I wish that everything I touch would turn to gold."

"Do you really wish that, King Midas?"

"Of course I wish it, nothing could make me so happy."

"Then you shall have your wish. Tomorrow morning when the first rays of the sun fall through your window you shall have the golden touch."

When he had finished speaking, the stranger vanished. King Midas rubbed his eyes. "I must have dreamed it," he said, "but how happy I should be if it were only true!"

The next morning King Midas woke when the first faint light came into his room. He put out his hand and touched the covers of his bed. Nothing happened. "I knew it could not be true," he sighed. Just at that moment the first rays of the sun came through the window. The covers on which King Midas' hand lay became pure gold. "It's true, it's true!" he cried joyfully.

He sprang out of bed and ran about the room touching everything. His dressing gown, his slippers, the furniture, all became gold. He looked out of the window through Marygold's garden. "I'll give her a nice surprise," he said. He went down into the garden touching all of Marygold's flowers, and changing them to gold. "She will be so pleased," he thought.

He went back into his room to wait for his breakfast; and took up his book which he had been reading the night before, but the minute he touched it, it was solid gold.

"I can't read it now," he said, "but of course it is far better to have it gold."

Just then a servant came through the door with the King's breakfast. "How good it looks," he said, "I'll have that ripe, red peach first of all."

He took the peach in his hand, but before he could taste it, it became a lump of gold. King Midas put it back on the plate. "It's very beautiful, but I can't eat it!" he said. He took a roll from the plate, but that, too, became gold. He took a glass of water in his hand, but that, too, became gold. "What shall I do?" he cried. "I am hungry and thirsty, I can't eat or drink gold!"

At that moment the door was opened and in came little Marygold. She was crying bitterly, and in her hand was one of her roses.

"What's the matter, little daughter?" said the King.

"Oh, Father! See what has happened to all my roses! They are stiff, ugly things!"

"Why, they are golden roses, child. Do you not think they are more beautiful than they were?"

"No," she sobbed, "they do not smell sweet. They won't grow any more. I like roses that are alive."

"Never mind," said the King, "eat your breakfast now."

But Marygold noticed that her father did not eat, and that he looked very sad. "What is the matter, Father dear?" she said, and she ran over to him. She threw her arms about him, and he kissed her. But he suddenly cried out in terror and anguish. When he touched her, her lovely little face became glittering gold, her eyes could not see, her lips could not kiss him back again, her little arms

could not hold him close; she was no longer a loving, laughing little girl, she was changed to a little golden statue.

King Midas bowed his head and great sobs shook him.

"Are you happy, King Midas?" he heard a voice say. Looking up he saw the stranger standing near him.

"Happy! How can you ask? I am the most miserable man living!" said the King.

"You have the golden touch," said the stranger, "is that not enough?"

King Midas did not look up or answer.

"Which would you rather have, food and a cup of cold water or these lumps of gold?" said the stranger.

King Midas could not answer.

"Which would you rather have, O King—that little golden statue, or a little girl who could run, and laugh and love you?"

"Oh, give me back my little Marygold and I'll give up all the gold I have!" said the King. "I've lost all that was worth having."

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas," said the stranger. "Go plunge in the river which runs at the foot of your garden, then take some of its water and sprinkle whatever you wish to change back just as it was." The stranger vanished.

King Midas sprang up and ran to the river. He plunged into it, and then he dipped up a pitcher of its water and hurried back to the palace. He sprinkled it over Marygold, and the color came back into her cheeks. She opened her blue eyes again. "Why, Father!" she said, "What happened?"

With a cry of joy King Midas took her into his arms.

Never after that did King Midas care for any gold except the gold of the sunshine, and the gold of little Marygold's hair.

THE WOODMAN AND THE GOBLINS

This story is re-told from a version given a Texas teacher by an old Scotch friend. The quaint, humorous style of the original has been kept, with condensations and slight shifts of events to give greater unity to the plot. It would be difficult to find a better Hallowe'en story, for there is just enough of the supernatural element, and the pictures are vivid and real. It is a pure fun-story of a high order.

Once on a time a Woodman lived in the heart of a thick woods. He lived all by himself; he did not have any wife to look after him, or any children to look after. But he was a clever old fellow, and managed things somehow. He built his own house, did his own cooking, and mended his own clothes. He did all the washing he thought necessary, which was not a great deal, so his house was not very clean and tidy, for he thought the best place for things was where they could be picked up easily; and when anything got lost he had no one to blame but himself.

One afternoon he suddenly remembered that he had to go to the village, which was miles and miles away, to get a new ax. His old one was of no use, for he had sharpened it so many times that there was very little left of it. He had some work to do the next day, so a new ax he must have, and he hurried to get ready.

He washed his brown face, combed his gray hair, stuck

a skewer through his leather clothes where some buttons were off, and set out to the village.

When the people saw his fat, stumpy little figure coming down the street, they came out to talk to him, for he was a kind old fellow and they all liked him. He was glad to have someone to talk with besides himself, so he stayed quite late in the village. The sun was going down before he put his new ax across his shoulder and started for home.

"Be careful as you go through the woods to-night," his friends called after him, "you know it is Hallowe'en; the witches and goblins will be out."

"I've never seen one of them yet," said the old Woodman, "but I'll try to get home before midnight, so I'll be safe," and he hurried along through the woods.

He would have told you that he could find his way home with his eyes shut, but suddenly, to his great surprise, he saw that the road looked strange and he had not the least idea where he was. As he went forward the woods became thicker and thicker. He could hardly squeeze through the trees, they were so close together. But he walked on, starting at every sound, for it was very dark indeed, and he could not help thinking of all the stories he had ever heard of witches, goblins and ghosts.

At last he came to a huge beech tree, and as he peered about trying to find a path, he came upon six big eggs. They were in a hollow place between the roots of the tree.

"What thumping big eggs!" he said. "I'll take them home and hatch them out. If I can raise some hens to lay such eggs, I'll not have far to look for breakfast hereafter."

He took up the eggs and carried them carefully, walking

very slowly so as not to stumble with his treasures. At last, after some trouble, he found the road and went along home.

When he got into the house he began to look about for some way to hatch the eggs. The cat was soft and warm, but she would never keep still long enough; besides, he dared not trust her. He thought of putting them into bed with himself, but it was out of the question for him to stay in bed three weeks. At last he thought of a piece of red flannel he had bought to make himself some winter shirts. So he cut it up, and wrapped an egg in each piece of it, then set them around the fire.

For three weeks he kept the fire going night and day, and he turned and watched the eggs. It was a tedious job, but of course if one wants something he must work for it, and the Woodman wanted those big hens.

At last the day came when the eggs showed signs of life. They moved a little—just a teeny, tiny bit. He had to look close to be quite sure it was true. One began to chip, then another began to chip. One of the cracks opened, and out came——not a chicken's head as he had expected, but a little squirmy fist, like a baby's hand, only it was a purply black. Soon there was a crackling and a squealing and a squirming, and out of one egg popped a head, out of another a foot, and soon six little bodies came wriggling out of the six eggs.

The Woodman stood staring at six of the queerest little imps you ever could imagine, sprawling about on the floor. They stretched their necks and tumbled about over each other like young puppies. The poor Woodman did not

know what to say or think or do. He stood scratching his head and staring. He had never had a family before, and he did not have any neighbors to come in and give him advice. He thought the poor things looked cold, for they had hatched out without any clothes on, so he took the pieces of flannel that had been wrapped around the eggs, and snipped a round hole in each piece. Then he slipped the pieces over the little shivering bodies. It was a funny sight, but the Woodman did not laugh. It was a serious matter to get a family like that all at once.

But how was he to feed them? He brought some pans of milk, but they did not know how to drink. At last he thought of a way. He took some of the flannel, dipped it in the milk, and stuck it into their gaping little mouths. After a while he taught them to drink through a straw. Then they ate and ate and ate. They did not know when to stop. Of course that made them sick, and there was more trouble for the poor man. He had never been so busy in all his life. Sometimes he was so tired that he thought of running away and leaving them: but he was too kind to do that, for he knew they would freeze and starve if they were left alone.

"Perhaps if I take care of them now, they will help me when they are older," he thought. Then he planned all the ways they could help him, running errands, cooking the food, chopping wood and going to the spring for the drinking water.

But as they grew older, instead of helping him, they hindered him more and more. They were always playing pranks. They pulled the poor cat's tail, hid the Wood-

man's glasses—in fact, they were just as bad as bad could be. But bad as they were all day long, when the candles were lit in the evening they all became quiet at once. No matter what they were doing, the moment they saw the light of the candles, they stopped and gathered around the table. They leaned their elbows on it, propped their chins on their hands, and stared at the candles, each eye like the letter O, with a dot in the middle.

One night when they gathered around the table in this way, an idea came to the Woodman: "I know what I'll do," he thought, "I'll put the candle into this lantern and they will follow it. I will take them to the beech tree where I found the eggs, and I'll leave them there. Some of their own people will be sure to find them."

So he took the candle and put it in the lantern, and all the Goblins—for that is what they were—crowded round to see him do it. They chattered among themselves like bats, never taking their eyes off the light. They did not wink, they did not blink—they just stared and stared at the light until the old Woodman felt like staring himself. He made for the door and went out into the night.

They all came stumbling after, their eyes glued to the light. Sometimes one stumbled and fell, but he got up again and went bumping on as before. On they went through the dark woods. Shadows danced about their path, twigs crackled under their feet, and now and then there was a dull thud as one stumbled over a root or a stone.

At last the Woodman found the beech tree, and hung the lantern on a broken branch, then turned to go home.

The little Goblins squatted on the ground in a circle, and sat staring up at the lantern.

But the Woodman turned away and walked into the black night along the tangled path; he stumbled like a blind man. Branches struck him in the face, one hurt his hand as he tried to thrust it aside, and finally he slipped and fell. He tried to crawl forward, but something seized him by the belt. He gave a scream of terror. It was only the limb of a tree, but the poor man was almost frightened out of his wits.

He looked back at the light, and the little Goblins were sitting there still and quiet. When he looked away, the darkness seemed more terrible. He was afraid of every dark shadow.

He looked back at the light again, and it seemed as if he were being drawn back to it and to his Goblin family. The more he looked at their homely little faces, the more he wanted to be there with them, and with the light. So he crawled slowly back towards the circle. His own eyes began to be glued to the light. They grew big and round, and he stared and stared and stared, unable to turn away from it; the Spell had come upon him too. He took his place in the Goblin circle, and if the light still burns, beyond a doubt they are all sitting there still underneath the crooked beech tree.

THE STAR-WIFE

(*Adapted from the American Indian*)

There are many versions of the Indian Warrior and the Star-maid. This one is as my fancy has clothed the old tale. I have

tried to keep it characteristically Indian, while adding such detail as seemed needed to make the story artistic.

So far as I know, none of the old versions has Waupee assume the guise of a hawk, or explains the mist, fireflies and owl-cry in this way. This story appeals to older children, and to adults. It is particularly effective for a twilight story-hour in the out-of-doors.

Long ago, when the Indians roved over the plains and hunted through the forests of America, there lived a young hunter called Waupee, or The White Hawk.

Waupee was strong and fearless. His arrows never missed the mark, and his keen eyes almost saw the wind as it blew past.

He lived in the wigwam with his old mother, because no maid had pleased him enough for him to take her as his wife.

One day as he strode home through the forest with a string of wild ducks about his neck, he came to an opening in the wood. The grass was turning green, and the first spring flowers were beginning to bloom. The smell of arbutus was in the air, and altogether it was a lovely spot. Waupee drew in a deep breath and looked about him. There was no trace of footsteps—he was evidently the first to find this beautiful glen.

Suddenly he spied a circle on the grass. It looked as if feet had run round and round until the grass was trampled down, but no steps led away from the ring.

Waupee was puzzled. "I will see," he said; so he hid himself in the underbrush and waited.

The sun went down; the smoky twilight settled over the wood. The new moon shone through the trees and the stars filled the sky. Still Waupee waited.

After a while he heard music. It was so strange and sweet he almost felt fear, for the first time in his life. The music seemed to be coming from the sky. Waupee looked up, and there, floating down through the air, was a wonderful basket, and in it were twelve Maidens, more beautiful than any he had ever set eyes on before. When the basket touched the ground, they sprang out and began to dance.

Round and round they whirled, their feet scarcely touching the ground. Their robes were as soft and white as the mist of the milky-way. Their eyes gleamed like the stars, and a pale light shone from them. Their singing set the birds in the trees twittering as if the dawn had come.

Waupee lay scarcely breathing as he watched. When the dance was ended, the twelve Maidens stepped back into the basket and floated away into the sky.

Like one dazed, Waupee made his way back to his wigwam, but he told no one what he had seen.

The next evening he stole away and hid himself again on the edge of the glen in the forest. All happened as it had the night before, except that one of the Maids laughed as her feet touched the earth. That laugh crept into the heart of Waupee, and he did not understand that he would never know joy until he had the Maid for his own.

When the basket vanished into the sky, Waupee lay until morning planning how he might capture her. There seemed no way, for the dancing ring was in the middle of the glen. Even Waupee could not spring so far, and he knew that at the slightest sound the Star-Maids would step into their basket and vanish, perhaps never to return.

He made his way to his wigwam, and told his old mother the story of his love and longing.

"Oh, my son! Why will you not choose a wife from one of our own people?" she said.

But nothing would do, he would have the Star-Maid or no one.

"Well, then, have your way!" said his mother. "But mind you, never leave her alone when the stars shine, for if you do, you will lose her."

He had no fear of losing her, he said, if only his mother would show him the way to capture the Star-Maid.

The old mother set to work, and out of the feathers of the white hawks which Waupee had shot when winning his name she wove a magic coat.

When it was finished, Waupee put it on. He became a white hawk, and flying away perched in a tree on the edge of the glen where the Star-Maids came to dance.

He watched the basket float from the sky and the dance begin. Then he swooped down among the maidens and instantly changed into Waupee, the strong Indian hunter. He seized the Star-Maid and held her fast while her sisters, with cries of terror, climbed into the basket and floated away.

The Star-Maid wept piteously, but he lifted her in his arms and carried her home to his wigwam.

He loved her so tenderly and treated her so gently that he soon won her heart, and for seven years they lived happily together.

At length a little son, with eyes like the stars, and a laugh like running water, was born to them. But Waupee had

never forgotten the words of his old mother, and when the stars shone on the grass he was always by the side of his Star-Wife.

But a hard winter came. Food grew scarce, even for so skilled a hunter as Waupee. He walked far and wide, hunting for game. At last one day he went so far from home that he lost his way in the forest. For the first time the Star-Wife sat in her wigwam alone when night came. Her heart grew lonely, but she waited throughout the night. Another day passed, and still Waupee did not return. The third day, she took the hand of her little son and set out through the forest to search for him.

Just as the sun went down, she came to the edge of a wooded glen. The purple mist settled over the hills, the stars shone out.

"Oh, my Sisters, where are you?" she cried.

Suddenly she heard music, and down from the sky came her sisters.

"Come with us!" they begged.

"No, I must find Waupee, my Beloved," she replied.

"Only come for a moment, and show your little Son to our Father," they urged.

At last she agreed, and stepping into the basket with the child, rose to the sky-land.

The next morning Waupee, worn with tramping through the forest, staggered back to the wigwam. No little son ran to meet him, no Star-Wife answered his call. Then he remembered his old mother's warning and his heart stood still with fear.

He set out to search for them, and followed their trail

to the glen where the Star-Maids had danced. He knew only too well what had happened, and his heart broke within him for the loss that had come to him.

A hundred years had passed when one day the Star-Wife said: "I must return to the earth now and find my Beloved," for years are but as moments in the star-land.

Her father and sisters begged her to stay with them, but she would not be satisfied until she found Waupee again.

So back to the earth she came one starry night. She ran to the place where the wigwam had stood, but no wigwam was there. Then, bewildered, she hurried back to the woods, thinking to find Waupee there. And to this day she runs up and down through the forest, seeking for her Beloved.

Perhaps on some starry night when you travel through the woods, you will see something soft and white floating by. You may think it is only the mist, but it is a bit of the Star-Maid's robe.

Perhaps you will see lights dancing here and there through the darkness, and you will think it is the fireflies rising, but it is really the gleam of the Star-Maid's eyes as she searches for her Beloved.

Perhaps you will hear a shivering call: "Who-ee, who-ee who-eee!" through the trees. "An owl's cry," you may say, but it is really the Star-Maid crying: "Waupee! Waupee! Waupee!" through the night.

CHAPTER XIV

ANIMAL STORIES

Let what he did tell what he was.
—WALTER L. HERVEY, *Picture Work.*

The child is unfailingly interested in animals. He feels no difference between their intelligence and his own. He talks to his pet kitten and accepts its purrings as sufficient answer to his conversation. He stoops over the globe of goldfish and says, "Come on up and eat your lunch!" never doubting that they hear and understand him. Like primitive man, "Conscious personality and human emotions are visible to him everywhere and in everything." The life within him responds to whatever has life.

This interest in animals is deep-rooted in the child's nature and is a part of his inheritance from the heart of the race. Primitive man's first struggles for survival were with animals. Doubtless the first story ever told grew out of these struggles. It is easy to picture a group of hunters about the camp fire re-telling the experiences of the chase. Perhaps the sense of fear experienced in the contest may have added to the prowess of the animal; pride in the conquest may have lent its aid to the dramatic imagination. Gradually, too, the attributes of man's own nature were assigned to the animals: the *sly*

fox, the *bold* lion, the *timid* rabbit, were made the heroes in the tales, and now and then they became endowed with even superhuman qualities.

There are various forms of animal stories: those in which the animals talk together in the language of human beings; those in which they are overheard and understood by a human; those in which they talk freely and understandingly with a person. "The Sheep and the Pig Who Set up Housekeeping" is an example of the first type. "True and Untrue," from "Popular Tales from the Norse," is an example of the second; "How Peter Found His Fortune" is an example of the third.

The modern animal story is intensely psychologic. Ernest Thompson-Seton's animals have all the instincts and emotions, almost the reasoning power, of men. Kipling's animals are delightfully human. The Elephant Child with his "satiable curiosity," the Butterfly for whose sake King Solomon teaches his own wives a lesson in "obedience and low speaking," are fascinating examples of his whimsical disguising of the human under animal forms for the sake of greater freedom.

Whatever the type of the story, the child's response is instinctive interest and joy. Nor is this lost at any stage of his development. "The Three Bears" is one of his first treasures, and few grown-ups fail to thrill to Jack London's "The Call of the Wild."

Along with the animal stories having a literary quality, it is easy to develop nature stories giving facts as to the homes, habits and life of the animals, birds or insects mentioned. A group of kindergarten children who had

listened to the version of "Thumbelina," given in Chapter XII, once asked to see a grasshopper. They were taken into their garden to find one. After hearing the story of "The Caterpillar and the Butterfly," they were fascinated to see a caterpillar eat and grow sleepy, then later spin his cocoon. When the butterfly emerged, they fed it sugar and water from their finger tips and finally sent it flying across their garden, "into the beautiful world beyond." Along with their stories of birds, they saw the nests of familiar birds, saw their pet canaries build their nests and raise their young; so the children were given their first knowledge of the beginnings of life. It is easy and simple for the thoughtful guide to lead the child along these lines of his own natural interests away from the fear and horror of animal life which obsesses some wrongly-taught children and into a fuller appreciation of the mystery and wonder of all life. It is so that he comes, like the immortal Kim, to find himself in truth, "little brother of all the world."

Story-tellers will find other animal stories, which yet fall naturally into other groups, in "Stories for Very Little Folks," and in "Folk and Fairy Stories," in preceding sections.

THE SHEEP AND THE PIG WHO SET UP HOUSEKEEPING

(Re-told from the Norse)

Once upon a time, before your time or mine, there was a Sheep who lived in a pen. Every day he was given as

much food as he could eat and he grew fatter with each meal. At last one day when the Maid gave him his food she said: "Eat away, Sheep; you'll not be here much longer. We are going to kill you to-morrow."

But he ate on until he was ready to burst; and then he butted down the door of his pen and ran away as fast as ever he could go.

After a while he came to another farm, and there in the pigsty he saw a Pig who was as fat as himself.

"Good morning," said the Sheep, "do you know why they take such pains to give you all the food you can eat?"

"I do not," said the Pig.

"Well, I will tell you: they are going to kill and eat you."

"Are they?" said the Pig. "Well, not since I know about it," and he pushed a hole through the pigsty, and came out on the road with the Sheep.

"Come along," said the Sheep, "we'll go off into the woods, build us a house and set up housekeeping."

The Pig was willing, so off they went.

By and by, they met a Goose. "Good morning," said the Goose. "Where are you going this fine morning?"

"Good morning to you," said the Sheep. "We are on our way to the wood to build a home for ourselves. They gave us too much food where we were—they were planning to eat us, so we left without saying good-bye!"

"Now that you speak of it, I believe I am too well treated myself," said the Goose. "May I go along with you?"

"What can you do toward building a home?" said the Sheep.

"I can pluck moss and stuff it into the cracks between the planks. It will make the house warm," said the Goose.

"Come along, by all means," said the Pig, who liked to be warm and comfortable.

So the Sheep and the Pig and the Goose went along together. After a while they met a Hare hopping along through the woods.

"Good morning," said the Hare. "Where are you going this fine day?"

"Good morning to you," said the Sheep. "We were treated too well at home so we decided to leave and build us a home for ourselves." Then they told him the straight of the story, how they were being fattened for a fine feast.

"Well," said the Hare," I have a home in every bush. It is well enough in the summer, but I should like a more comfortable home for myself in the winter. May I go with you?"

"What can you do to help build the home?" asked the Sheep.

"Every one has some tools to work with," said the Hare. "I have fine teeth for gnawing. I can gnaw the pegs and set them in the wall."

"Well, come along with us," they said. "Many hands make easy work."

So the Sheep and the Pig and the Goose and the Hare went along together. After a time, they met a Cock.

"Good morning to you," said the Cock. "Where are you going this fine day?"

"We're off to the woods to build a home for ourselves," said the Sheep. Then they told him the whole story.

"Well, now that you speak of it, I believe it would be better for me if I found a home for myself too. May I go with you?"

"Well," said the Pig, "so far as I know, the only thing you can do is to flap and crow. We want no one with us who cannot work."

"Who ever heard of a house without a Dog or a Clock or a Cock?" said the Cock. "You will need me to tell you when to wake up and go to work. I am up early and will let no one oversleep."

"Well, come along with us," they all said.

So they traveled until they found an opening in the wood. There they set to work and built their house. Each one worked his best, and soon the house was finished, and there they lived together for many a day. "'Tis good to travel east and west, but after all, a home is best," said the Sheep, when they sat around their own fireside in the winter evenings.

THE FOX AND THE COCK

(Re-told from Chaucer)

Once there was a barnyard close to a wood, in a little valley. Here dwelt a cock, Chanticleer by name. His comb was redder than coral, his feathers were like burnished gold, and his voice was wonderful to hear. Long before dawn each morning his crowing sounded over the valley, and his seven wives listened in admiration.

One night as he sat on the perch by the side of Dame

Partlet, his most loved mate, he began to make a curious noise in his throat.

"What is it, my dear?" said Dame Partlet. "You sound frightened."

"Oh!" said Chanticleer, "I had the most horrible dream. I thought that as I roamed down by the wood a beast like a dog sprang out and seized me. His color was red, his nose was small, and his eyes were like coals of fire. Ugh! It was fearful!"

"Tut, tut! are you a coward to be frightened by a dream? You've been eating more than was good for you. I wish my husband to be wise and brave if he would keep my love!" Dame Partlet clucked, as she smoothed her feathers, and slowly closed her scarlet eyes. She felt disgusted at having her sleep disturbed.

"Of course you are right, my love, yet I have heard of many dreams which came true. I am sure I shall meet with some misfortune, but we will not talk of it now. I am quite happy to be here by your side. You are very beautiful, my dear!"

Dame Partlet unclosed one eye slowly and made a pleased sound, deep in her throat.

The next morning, Chanticleer flew down from the perch and called his hens about him for their breakfast. He walked about boldly, calling, "Chuck! chuck!" at each grain of corn which he found. He felt very proud as they all looked at him so admiringly. He strutted about in the sunlight, flapping his wings to show off his feathers, and now and then throwing back his head and crowing exultantly. His dream was forgotten; there was no fear in his heart.

Now all this time, Reynard, the fox, was lying hidden in the bushes on the edge of the wood bordering the barnyard. Chanticleer walked nearer and nearer his hiding place. Suddenly he saw a butterfly in the grass, and as he stooped toward it, he spied the fox.

"Cok! cok!" he cried in terror, and turned to flee.

"Dear friend, why do you go?" said Reynard in his gentlest voice. "I only crept down here to hear you sing. Your voice is like an angel's. Your father and mother once visited my house; I should so love to see you there too. I wonder if you remember your father's singing? I can see him now as he stood on tiptoe, stretching out his long slender neck, sending out his glorious voice. He always flapped his wings and closed his eyes before he sang. Do you do it in the same way? Won't you sing just once and let me hear you? I am so anxious to know if you really sing better than your father."

Chanticleer was so pleased with this flattery that he flapped his wings, stood up on tiptoe, shut his eyes and crowed as loudly as he could.

No sooner had he begun than Reynard sprang forward, caught him by the throat, threw him over his shoulder, and made off toward his den in the woods.

The hens made a loud outcry when they saw Chanticleer being carried off, so that the people in the cottage near by heard and ran out after the fox. The dog heard and ran yelping after him. The cow ran, the calf ran, the pigs began to squeal and run too. The ducks and geese quacked in terror and flew up into the tree tops. Never was there

heard such an uproar. Reynard began to feel a bit frightened himself.

"How swiftly you do run!" said Chanticleer from his back. "If I were you I should have some sport out of those slow coaches who are trying to catch you. Call out to them and say, 'Why do you creep along like snails? Look! I am far ahead of you and shall soon be feasting on this cock in spite of all of you!' "

Reynard was pleased at this and opened his mouth to call to his pursuers; but as soon as he did so, the cock flew away from him and perched up in a tree safely out of reach.

The fox saw he had lost his prey and began his old tricks again. "I was only proving to you how important you are in the barnyard. See what a commotion we caused! I did not mean to frighten you. Come down now and we will go along together to my home. I have something very interesting to show you there."

"No, no," said Chanticleer. "You do not catch me again. A man who shuts his eyes when he ought to be looking deserves to lose his sight entirely."

By this time, Chanticleer's friends were drawing near, so Reynard turned to flee. "The man who talks when he should be silent deserves to lose what he has gained," he said as he sped away through the wood.

SCRAPEFOOT

(Re-told from the English)

A version of this story may be found in "More English Fairy Tales," by Joseph Jacobs. "Golden Hair and the Three Bears"

is derived from it. It seems probable that the fox in the original was translated first into an old woman, and then some one who wished to make the story more attractive transformed her into the well-known Golden-Locks. "Scrapefoot" appeals to children even more than the better known tale. There is more humor, and a satisfying sense of justice in it.

In the old, old days there was once a great thick forest, and in it there lived ever and ever so many animals. Three of them were bears—Father Bear, Mother Bear and Baby Bear, who lived in a castle in the thickest part of the woods. Then there was a sly old fox whose name was Scrapefoot.

Scrapefoot was very much afraid of Father Bear. In fact, he was afraid of almost everything, for he was a big old coward. But he had more curiosity than any animal in all the woods. He was never satisfied unless he was peeking and prying around to find out what the other animals were doing, and he was most curious of all about what went on inside of the Bears' castle. Every day he would go sneaking around the castle, peeping and peeping, and wondering what was inside. But if he heard Father Bear coming he would slink down behind the bushes and shiver and shake until he had gone by.

One day when Scrapefoot was hanging around the castle as usual, he saw the three Bears come out through the gate and go off for a walk. He hid until they were out of sight and then crept up to the castle door. What was his joy to find that the Bears had left the door open!

"Now I'll see what's inside this castle!"

He slipped through the door and into the hall. There he found three chairs—a great big chair, a middle-sized

chair and a tiny little chair. He thought he would sit down and rest for a while, so he jumped up on the great big chair. He turned round after his tail, and round after his tail, and round after his tail, but he couldn't make himself comfortable. Then he jumped down and got into the middle-sized chair. There he turned round after his tail, and round after his tail, and round after his tail, but he couldn't make himself comfortable. So then he jumped over into the little chair. He turned round after his tail just one time, and the chair was so soft and warm and comfortable that Scrapefoot sat, and sat, and sat, until he sat the bottom out. Down he went with a big thump upon the floor.

So he got up and began looking about him again. He pushed open a door and went into a big dining room. There on the table he saw three bowls of soup, a great big bowl, and a middle-sized bowl, and a tiny little bowl. Scrapefoot tasted the soup in the big bowl, but it was too hot. Then he tried the soup in the middle-sized bowl, but that was too cold. He tasted the soup in the tiny little bowl, and that was just right. He went on tasting, and tasting, until there was not a taste left.

Then Scrapefoot went upstairs, and there he found a big room with three beds in it; a great big bed, and a middle-sized bed, and a tiny little bed. He climbed up into the big bed and turned round after his tail, and round after his tail, and round after his tail, but he could not make himself comfortable, so he jumped down and tried the middle-sized bed. He turned round after his tail, and round after his tail, and round after his tail, but he could

not make himself comfortable, so he got up and went to the little bed. That was so soft and warm and nice that he turned round after his tail just one time, and fell fast asleep.

After a time the Bears came home, and when they got in the hall Father Bear went up to his chair and said: "WHO'S BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR?" And Mother Bear went to her chair and said: "*Who's been Sitting in my Chair?*" And Baby Bear went up to his chair and said: "Who's been sitting in my chair and has broken it all to pieces?" And the poor Baby Bear just cried and cried.

Then they went into the dining room, and Father Bear said: "WHO'S BEEN TASTING MY SOUP?" And Mother Bear said: "*Who's been Tasting my Soup?*" And Baby Bear said: "Who's been tasting my soup and has drunk it all up?" And poor little Baby Bear cried hard again.

Then they went upstairs into the bedroom and the big Father Bear said: "WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BED?" And Mother Bear said: "*Who's been Sleeping in my Bed?*" And Baby Bear said: "Who's been sleeping in my bed? Oh, see, here he is now!"

So all the Bears came round the bed. "What shall we do with him?" they all said.

Father Bear said: "Let's hang him."

Mother Bear said: "Let's drown him."

And Baby Bear said: "Let's throw him out of the window."

Then Father Bear took two legs, and Mother Bear two

legs, and they swung him back and forth, and back and forth: then away went Scrapefoot out of the window.

Poor Scrapefoot was so frightened! And he thought every bone in his body must be broken. He shivered and whined, but it did no good. At last he got up and shook one front leg. "No bones broken there," he said. Then he shook the other front leg: "No bones broken there." Then he shook one hind leg: "No bones broken there." Then he shook the other hind leg and cried in relief: "No bones broken there!" He shook his tail up over his back, and shouted out: "No bones broken there!" Then he dashed away through the gate and down into the woods as far as ever he could go from the Bears' castle, and never, never, so long as he lived, did he go peeking and prying around there again.

THE CLEVER RAT

(Re-told from "Tales from the Punjab")

Once upon a time there was a fat, sleek Rat who was caught in the rain while walking in the woods.

"Dear me! I shall be quite wet. This will never do!" he cried, and he set to work and soon dug a nice hole in the ground. He crept into it and sat there, dry as a bone, while the rain splashed outside.

Now when the rain was over and he started out again, he saw a piece of dry root which he had broken off while digging. "I'll take this home with me for my fire," he said. So he took it in his mouth and set out for home, picking his way carefully through the puddles. By and by

he came to a man who was trying to light a fire. Five little children stood around him, howling and crying.

"Goodness gracious!" cried the Rat, "whatever is the matter? Why do these children make this dreadful noise?"

"They are hungry," the man answered, "but these sticks are so wet that I can't start the fire to bake the cakes for their breakfast."

"Oh, is that all? Well, I can help you. I will give you this dry root. It will burn easily. The children must not be hungry." The Rat was very kind-hearted.

"Thank you a thousand times!" said the man. "Here is a piece of dough. Take it along for your breakfast."

The Rat took the dough and trotted off with it. "How lucky I am!" he thought. "Here I've traded a dry stick for enough food to last me five days at least," and he leaped and danced for joy.

"Food for five days for a piece of stick! Wonderful! Wonderful! How glad I am I took that stick along!"

Rejoicing over his good fortune, the Rat kept on his way until he came to a poor little house. There stood a man with three children around him, screaming as if they would burst.

"Goodness gracious! What a noise! What is it all about?" asked the Rat.

"They're crying because they are so hungry," said the man. "I haven't a dust of flour in the house."

"Is that all?" said the Rat. "Then I can help you. You shall have this piece of dough. Cook it for them quickly. The children must not be hungry."

"I can never thank you enough," said the man. "Here

is a large jar; I made it myself and you shall have it for your kindness."

"Well, I call this another good bargain," said the Rat as he took the jar.

It was not easy for him to carry it, but at last he balanced it on his head, and went down the road. He hung his tail over his arm for fear he would trip on it and break his jar.

"A wonderful trader I am, to be sure! I traded a stick for a roll of dough, now I've traded the dough for this fine large jar. I am lucky, beyond a doubt."

Presently he met a man driving a beautiful red cow. When the man saw the Rat with the jar he said: "Give me your jar so that I may milk my cow in it. I will give you a sip of the milk if you will."

"Indeed, sir, I shall make no such bad bargain. I will give you my jar if you will give me the cow."

The man laughed loud and long. "How could a little thing like you drive a cow home even if I did give her to you?"

It made the Rat very angry to be laughed at because of his size.

"That's my business," the Rat said.

The man laughed still more, but he took the jar and milked it brimming full of milk. "I am hungry myself, and it is not my cow, so you may have her," but he only said it for a joke. "Here, drive her home," and he fastened the cow's rope around the Rat's neck.

The Rat thanked him and started off towards his home. He traveled no further than the end of the rope, however,

for instead of following him, the cow set off through the woods.

"I'll go home this way; it's a shadier road," he called to the man, who was roaring with laughter.

"I have plenty of time, so who cares?" said the Rat, as he trotted after the cow.

He followed her all day long, and he was growing weary and was not at all sorry when the cow decided to lie down to rest under some wild plum trees.

"Well, anyway, she is my cow. I am a wonderful trader. I traded a rotten stick for a lump of dough, the lump of dough for a fine large jar, and the jar for this beautiful red cow. I am a lucky fellow!"

He was almost falling asleep when he heard someone wailing bitterly, and in a moment a beautiful young girl came through the woods. She was sobbing so loudly that she scarcely heard the Rat when he said, "Goodness gracious! Whatever is the matter?"

"Oh!" sobbed the girl. "I've been lost in this forest all day. I am so tired and so hungry!"

"Well, well! I believe everybody in the whole world is hungry. Now don't make such a fuss about it. You shall have some of the milk from my cow."

"Whoever heard of a Rat having a cow!" said the girl.

"Well, she is my cow. Can't you see the rope about my neck? I've been leading her home all day. If you care to milk her, you may do so."

"I can't milk a cow. I am a Princess, and I never milked a cow in my life."

"Neither did I," said the Rat. "You see, I only traded for her to-day."

He thought for a while, then he said: "I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll follow the cow. I've heard they always go home at night-fall. If I loosen her, she will go back to the man from whom I got her. He can milk her, then you will have food."

"Perhaps he can show me the way to my own home too! You are a clever Rat. My father will surely reward you."

"Just loosen this rope from about my neck," said the Rat, who was still pretending that he had been leading the cow.

Soon the cow arose and started through the woods, and the Rat and the Princess walked after her. By and by, away in the distance they saw the towers of a castle.

"Why, that's my home!" cried the Princess joyfully. And so it was, for the cow was one from the King's own herd.

The Princess took the Rat into the palace with her and told her father how the little fellow had brought her safely home.

"Choose what you will for reward," said the King.

"Well," said the Rat, "this palace is far finer than my hole in the field. I should like to have a room in it for my own for the rest of my days."

"So you shall," said the King. He called one of his guard and the Rat was led away to a lovely room with velvet hangings, and in it was a table set with rich food.

"Surely I am a lucky fellow," said the Rat once more. "I traded a rotten stick for a lump of dough, the lump of dough for a fine large jar, the jar for a beautiful red cow, and now I have a home with the King."

FATHER DOMINO

This story is adapted from "The Biography of a Silver Fox," by Ernest Thompson-Seton. Those who are not familiar with the book should read it in connection with this adaptation.

The entire book is a mirroring in animal life of the highest of human relationships. The equal working together in building a home, the equal responsibility of parenthood, the faithful comradeship of Domino and Snowyruff, portray the basic institution evolved by man—the family.

Those interested in the adapting of stories will find it well to study the relation of this version to the whole book. The idea to be developed is the family, particularly the father's position in it. There are many stories of the mother's devotion to her young, of her courage, self-sacrifice and wisdom, but very few in which the meaning of fatherhood is developed. For that reason we are particularly grateful to the Century Company, New York, for their courtesy in allowing us to use this story.

While simplifying the action, and eliminating many details of the book, I have endeavored to keep the spirit of the whole. Some of the incidents of Domino's cub-hood have been woven into the training of his own young.

This version of the story has been appreciated by children of five. It is valuable to all ages, for we shall hear more of fatherhood, although not less of motherhood, as the men and women of the future work out their ideals together.

It was the early spring time. The snowbanks were melting away, leaving the brown earth soft enough for the flowers to push through as soon as they felt the warmth of the sun.

Across the high hill, which sloped down to the river, came a pair of foxes. The splendid Silver Fox, with a black mark across the eyes like a mask, was called Domino. The dainty little lady fox by his side, with a red coat and an elegant ruffle of white, was Snowyruff. They had met

one day in the woods, and chosen each other for mates and friends for life, as is the way of foxes. Now they were searching through the woods for a place to build their home.

Snowyruff looked about the piney glade, nosed the ground, then began to dig. It was her way of saying, "I am satisfied. We'll set up housekeeping here."

She did not know that she had chosen the same sunny slope on which Domino himself had lived as a tiny cub, but she did know that it was a fine place for a home for a family of foxes. The hillside would be sheltered and warm, the den door would be hidden by the pine thicket near.

The deep snow and deep leaves had kept the earth soft enough for her to dig, so she worked away with a will. Domino sat on the hill and kept guard for an hour, then he took her place and worked while Snowyruff kept watch. So, working together, they built their home, a cozy, well-hidden den it was, too. No eye could detect it, though within a dozen feet, and as the warm spring sunshine set the grass growing, it was better hidden each day.

The pair were more and more careful not to be seen near the den. At last one day Snowyruff said to Domino: "Keep away now!" and he kept away from the den for days. While he was absent a wonderful thing happened: Five little foxes were born! When Snowyruff left them to slip down to the river for a cooling drink of water, Domino was there on the bank watching. She said to him in plain Fox language: "You must not come home yet;" so he crouched with his head flat on the leaves, and she hurried back to the den.

The next day when she was hungry, she ate some of the food which they had stored up in the dry sand of the side chamber of the den. Two days later, she went to the door, and there was a pile of food—Domino had stolen down and left it for her and their babies. After that, every day, there was food at the door, or hidden in the grass nearby.

When the cubs were nine days old their eyes opened, they whimpered less, and Snowyruff felt it safer to leave them. Domino now came in to see his family, and a proud father he was. He guarded them with the greatest care, and was as devoted to them as Mother Snowyruff herself.

When they were about a month old, the little toddlers were brought out into the sunlight in front of the den. There they romped and wrestled and raced with each other. Sometimes they chased flies or bumble-bees, sometimes they made a fine game of catching Mother's tail, or tussled over a dried duck's wing.

As the days passed and the young foxes grew stronger, Domino and Snowyruff began teaching them to find food for themselves. Live game was brought home each day. Sometimes a frog, or a fat field mouse, was brought, and then turned loose for the youngsters to re-capture. Once Domino called, "*Chur-chur-chur*," and when the rollicking cubs came tumbling over one another, he dropped a live muskrat in their midst. They pounced on it, but the muskrat was a desperate fighter. It seemed for a time that he would win, but the Father and Mother only looked on. They must let their children learn to do hard things for

themselves, so they waited until one cub was strong enough and quick enough to lay the muskrat low.

The happy growing days went by, and the cubs had not learned the meaning of fear. One day Domino was returning home with food. Five little black noses, ten little beady eyes, set in wooly heads, were bunched at the den door. Suddenly the bay of a hound sounded near and Domino leaped on a stump to listen. There was no mistake, the hound was coming nearer the home place. Snowyruff warned the little ones, and Domino loped bravely out to meet his enemy. He showed himself boldly, and even barked defiance at the big hound, then dashed away, leading him farther and farther from the den.

Domino ran hard for an hour, then began trying to throw the hound off his trail, but it was not easy. The hound was swift and keen in following the trail, and though he doubled, crossed, and tried every trick he knew, Domino could not throw him off. The fox ran lightly ahead, the hound crashing heavily after him, baying loudly. At last Domino led his enemy along a narrow ledge which ran at the edge of a cliff overhanging the river.

On they went. Domino was growing very tired. His steps were lagging so that the hound was gaining upon him at every jump. Up and up they went; Domino went slower still. The hound could see him just ahead. He drew closer with each bound. At last Domino reached the top of the cliff. His black coat gleamed against the sky. He could go no farther, it was the end of the trail. The hound plunged forward, and leaped at the fox, but Domino sprang lightly aside, and the hound plunged headlong over

the rugged cliff. He was hurled down into the icy flood below. He swam out as best he could, battered and bleeding, and limped home, whining with pain. Domino turned back and ran to the den, where five little black noses, ten little beady eyes, set in five little woolly heads, waited for their Father.

The hound never came back again, and the Fox family lived in peace until the little foxes grew large enough to leave the home den and make homes for themselves.

CHAPTER XV

BIBLE STORIES

Our first duty to a Bible story is to love it; its effect we may leave to the Divine Artist.

—RICHARD G. MOULTON, *The Art of Telling Bible Stories.*

Stories for the young must be concrete representations of the True, the Beautiful and the Good; in other words, they must be works of art.

—HIRAM D. CORSON, *The Voice and Spiritual Education.*

There are many homes in which the children are being taught that all the stories of the Bible must be accepted as literal fact. The suggestion that the story of Jonah is a Jewish sun myth would seem dangerous and irreverent. The classification of the Old Testament as partly Hebrew folk-lore, partly a record of the development of the Jewish people, and partly an expression of their dreams and ideas about God, would seem a sacrilege.

There are other homes in which the parents have turned away from the orthodox teaching and in its place have found no positive faith. They refuse to teach their children what they do not truly believe, so these children are growing up without fundamental knowledge of the Bible. Their loss is irreparable, for, even laying the value of religious instruction aside, it is essential that these great old stories become a part of their mental equipment in their early years.

There is a third type of home in which the parents

discriminate between fact and truth. They unhesitatingly accept the Hebrew's valuation of his own great Book, and train the children to respond to the spiritual truths of the Bible stories, without confusing them with interpretations which their reason will later discard. Every mother or teacher should study Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton's "Telling Bible Stories" [1] and develop the story groups for her own children from the Bible itself. The presentation should be so made that the children will be imbued with the spirit of truth, and a God-consciousness will be awakened within them which will deepen instead of weakening as their thought power increases. To teach them that truth and literal fact are identical is to undermine all faith in them as soon as they mature mentally.

The beginnings of religion for the little child are in his first social relationships. Mother and father become his symbols of God. They, through the miracle of their love for each other, have called his life into being. Their protection is about him. Their gentle guidance opens up the ways for his development. It is through them that he comes to know for a surety that "God is love."

Nature is another door through which his spirit finds God. When his heart is open to beauty, his mind filled with the mysteries of all life about him, a dim realization comes to him that back of all is some great power expressing itself through these beauties and mysteries. The presence of God is with him everywhere. Wonder and awe at length become grateful worship.

[1] This book is written from the advanced viewpoint, commonly called "higher criticism."

This religious spirit should be intensified through the use of the Bible stories. The ancient Hebrew idea of God is that of the little child, and this idea is expressed in every story. The Bible is the child's own book. The simple, stately language, the pictorial power, its elemental and human quality, together with its wonderful God-consciousness, make it the essential food for his developing spirit. [1]

IN THE BEGINNING

This story, with its beautiful imagery and its vision of God expressing himself through his creations, should be told to the child early, and repeated until it sinks deep into his consciousness.

The simple, direct language can be understood by the child of four or five and it will hold his interest through the years as the mystery and wonder of life unfolds to his growing mind. It holds no teaching which is at variance with the knowledge which science will bring to him.

The creative power working patiently through the slow evolution of the ages will only deepen his reverence for the crown of creation—human life. As he catches its message, he will feel within himself the dignity and power of a being who is a part of God. And no bitterness or cynicism can enter into him, whatever the testing life may bring, because he will never lose the consciousness that each human being holds the spark of the Divine.

This vision of truth and of power is the inheritance of every child, and this story of the Beginning should be so presented that he will not miss it.

Ages and ages and ages ago, there were no people, no earth, and no moon nor stars nor sun. All was darkness and

[1] In *Manual of Stories*, William Byron Forbush, p. 278, is given "a list of Bible stories and Bible story-books" which will be found helpful since it is classified under such themes as Chivalry, Generosity, Heroism, Patience, and a number of others.

silence. But God longed for light and life. He said, "Let there be light: and there was light." He made the day with its blazing sun, and the night with its moon and stars. The earth too, He made, with its rivers, its mountains, and its seas.

Then because He had longed for life, that also began to be. Grass and flowers and trees grew upon the earth. Fishes, great whales, and thousands of moving things began to swim under the waters. Birds of every kind flew through the air. Animals roamed the forests and fields. But still the heart of God was not satisfied. "Let us make man in our own image," He said.

And God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into him the breath of life. Because he was a living soul, a part of God himself, God said to man: "Behold, I give you the earth and all that is in it. Use it and rule over it."

Then God set the man in a beautiful garden, filled with trees bearing fruit, and with four great cooling rivers watering it. And because He knew that Adam—the first man—could not be happy without work to do, God commanded him to dress the garden and keep it. He brought the animals before him and let Adam give them names.

But Adam grew lonely. The trees and flowers, the animals and birds, even his work in the garden, were not enough to keep him happy. He longed for a comrade to share it all with him. God understood Adam's longings, and said: "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make an help meet for him."

So God caused Adam to fall into a deep sleep, and while

he slept, He took one of the ribs from Adam's side, and of it He formed a woman.

When Adam saw her, he loved her as he had loved no living thing, for she was a part of himself and of God. And Adam called the woman Eve.

They were happy in the garden because they loved each other, because they worked together to keep the garden beautiful, and because they loved God who had given them life, and a wonderful world in which to live.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

All children love the story of Joseph. Its pictures are vivid, the plot is simple but dramatic, the ending is happy. Joseph embodies the true spirit of brotherhood. His love was great enough to forgive and to help those who had been small of nature and cruel to him. Courage and faith help him to rise from slavery to riches and power. He saves the lives of his people, and meaning and purpose are given to each incident of his life. It is not only the story of brotherhood, but of the development of character through suffering.

Long ago, in the land of Canaan, there lived a rich shepherd and farmer called Jacob. He had great flocks and many servants. He had also twelve sons, and the best loved of his sons was Joseph. Perhaps it was because Joseph himself was always gentle and obedient; perhaps it was because of his beautiful mother, Rachel, who had died when the little brother Benjamin was born; but at any rate, Jacob loved Joseph deeply and tenderly.

His brothers grew angry and jealous because of this great love. "Our father will give him all of his riches, and make him ruler over us," they said.

When Joseph was seventeen years old, his father gave him a beautiful coat of many colors. He walked among his brothers dressed like a prince, and they grew more jealous and angry still. Sometimes he talked to them of strange dreams he had, which seemed to mean that some day he would be more rich and powerful than they. This made them hate him bitterly.

At last, one day when they had driven their flocks to pastures which were far away from home, Jacob called Joseph to him and said: "Go see whether it be well with thy brethren and with the flocks; and bring me word again."

Joseph was always glad to serve his father, so he set out toward Shechem to find his brothers. But they had driven their flocks still farther away, and Joseph wandered in the fields for a long time before he came to them.

When they saw him afar off, the jealousy which had been making their hearts more wicked each day grew into hatred so black that they began to plan to murder their own brother. But Reuben, the oldest of the brethren, determined to save Joseph if he could. He seemed to agree with them, and said: "Let us cast him into this pit here in the wilderness and leave him." He meant to return, however, and send Joseph away home to their old father.

As Joseph drew near to them, his brothers began to mock him. "Behold the dreamer!" they scoffed. "Let us now see what will become of his dreams!" They caught him and with rough hands stripped off his beautiful coat, and threw him into the deep pit. Then they sat near and ate their food, laughing at Joseph's cries and pleadings.

While they sat there, a caravan of merchants came along the highway. Their camels were loaded with spices and myrrh which they were carrying down into Egypt.

"Come," said Judah, "let us sell Joseph to these Ishmaelites. They will carry him down into Egypt, and we shall never see him again. We shall be rid of him, and still we shall not have his blood upon our hands."

The brethren agreed, and lifted Joseph from the pit. He begged most piteously to be allowed to go back home, but they hardened their hearts, and sold him for twenty pieces of silver. Then the Ishmaelites set him upon a camel, and carried him away into the strange land of Egypt.

Reuben came back to the pit and found Joseph gone. He rent his clothes in his great grief, but the other brethren said: "We are well rid of him. Now he will never rule over us."

They took Joseph's coat and tore it, then dipped it in the blood of a kid so that their father would think some wild beast had slain his son. When Jacob saw the coat, he mourned most piteously.

Meantime, the Ishmaelites continued their journey down into Egypt, carrying the lonely lad. But God comforted him in his dreams. He remembered too the teaching of his father, and faith and courage stayed in his heart.

When they arrived in Egypt, Joseph was sold to Potiphar, who was an officer of the king, called Pharaoh. Soon Joseph's gentle ways and comely looks caused him to be loved and trusted by all. Whatever he did prospered, so the Egyptian captain saw that God was with him, and he made him the overseer of his house. There Joseph

learned the customs of the land, he learned to command men, and learned the needs of the country.

But the happy, prosperous days soon came to an end. The wife of Potiphar filled her husband's mind with wicked lies concerning Joseph, and caused him to be thrown into prison. Some servants of Pharaoh who had angered him were in the prison at this time, and Joseph talked with them so wisely that they knew that his knowledge came from God.

Two long years went by, and at last Pharaoh was troubled by strange dreams and needed counsel. The chief butler, who had been in the prison with Joseph, remembered his great wisdom. "Send for that young Hebrew prisoner," he said to King Pharaoh; "he will interpret your dream."

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph. He was brought from his dungeon and placed before the king. He listened to the king's strange dream of seven lean kine coming from the river and devouring seven fat kine; of seven blasted ears of corn springing up and devouring seven ears that were full and good. And God gave Joseph the wisdom to know the meaning of the dream.

"O King," he said, "there are seven years of great plenty at hand, but these seven years will be followed by seven years of famine in the land. Let the king command that food be gathered and stored during the seven years of plenty."

Pharaoh believed Joseph's words and made him chief ruler in the land. Only the king himself was greater than he. He gave him riches and power, and the high-born maiden, Asenath, for his wife.

In the seven years that followed, Joseph caused great storehouses to be built and filled with grain, so when the years of famine came there was bread in Egypt, but in no other land. People came from all the neighboring countries into Egypt to buy bread.

Now the aged Jacob heard that there was bread in Egypt so he sent his ten sons thither. Benjamin, the youngest son, he sent not. He feared that evil might befall this other son of his beloved Rachel, the mother of Joseph.

The ten brethren journeyed down to Egypt, and stood before the governor of the land. They bowed down before him, not knowing that the rich and powerful governor was their own brother whom they had sold to the Ishmaelites long years before. But Joseph knew them, and he remembered the dreams of his boyhood. He felt glad for all the strange, hard things which had come to him, because through them this day had become possible.

His heart yearned for his own people, but he wished to test his brothers, so he spoke to them roughly and accused them of being spies. "Ye say ye have a younger brother at home. Go fetch him hither that I may know ye are true men."

When they would not promise to fetch Benjamin, he threw them into prison for three days. Then they stood before him again, and at first talked among themselves in deep distress. At last they told Joseph about their brother whose anguish they had not heeded when they sold him into slavery long years before. "It is because of our guilt that this sorrow has come upon us," they said.

Joseph went out from them and wept at their words, but

he felt that the time had not yet come for him to make himself known to them. So he caused Simeon to be bound and kept as an hostage, then he filled their sacks with corn and sent them back to Canaan. But every man's money was secretly placed in the mouth of his sack.

The brethren were filled with wonder and fear when they found it there. They returned to Jacob, their father, and told him all that had befallen them; and his heart was troubled for his children.

At last the food was all gone, and unless they would starve they must return to Egypt, so Jacob at last consented to send Benjamin with them as the strange man had demanded. He sent rich presents, too, and double the money for the grain he wanted to buy, hoping thus to please the powerful governor.

When at last the brethren stood before Joseph, and he saw Benjamin with them, he ordered the ruler of his house to make ready a great feast for them. They bowed themselves to the ground before him, and told him of the money in their sacks.

"Fear not," he said, "the God of your father hath given you treasure."

He brought out to them Simeon, whom he had kept as an hostage, and treated them with great kindness. At last he sent them on their way again, and as before, every man's money was placed in his sack. But in the sack of Benjamin, Joseph's own drinking cup was placed.

When they had gone out of the city, Joseph sent his steward after them, and he said: "Wherefore have ye

rewarded evil for good? Ye have taken away the cup from which my lord drinketh."

He compelled them to open their sacks, and when the cup was found in the sack of Benjamin, they cried out in great distress, and hastened back to the city. They threw themselves at Joseph's feet and begged for the liberty of their young brother.

Judah said: "His brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him." Judah begged that he be made a servant in the lad's place.

Then Joseph knew that their hearts were no more filled with jealousy and selfishness, and he cried out to them: "I am Joseph, your brother. Grieve no more that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life."

Then he kissed his brethren and showed great love for them. "Go," he said, "fetch our father and all your households down from Canaan. The best part of the land of Egypt shall be yours."

Joseph's brethren did as he commanded. They journeyed down into Egypt, and made their homes there. Then at last Jacob held Joseph's children in his arms and blessed them, and there was great happiness between them throughout all their days.

THE STORY OF THE BABY MOSES

The children of Israel lived for many years in the land of Egypt. Joseph, his father, and his brethren died there. The king who had been their friend grew old and died also. Year by year, the Israelites grew stronger, richer, and

more powerful. At last the Egyptians grew jealous of them.

"These strangers have the best of our land," they complained. "They are growing so many and so powerful that they will soon take the whole land and will rule over us."

At last, King Pharaoh sent out a proclamation that every boy born in the home of a Hebrew should be put to death. He thought that in this cruel way he would stop the growth of these people. The poor mothers wept bitterly, and hid their children from the officers of the king.

Now, about this time, there was born in the home of one of the Hebrews a little boy who was a strong and beautiful child. His mother kept him hidden until he was three months old. Then she grew afraid that the cruel Egyptians might come to her home and find him, so she went down to the river and gathered bulrushes. These she wove into a basket, or ark, and daubed it with mud and pitch, so the water could not come into it; then she took her baby boy and laid him carefully in it. She took the ark and hid it in the rushes on the edge of the river. His little sister stood afar off and kept watch to see what would happen to the child.

By and by, the daughter of Pharaoh and her maidens came down to the river to bathe. As the princess walked along the river side she saw the ark hidden in the rushes and she sent her maidens to fetch it. She opened the ark of rushes and the child stretched out his arms to her. The princess lifted him from the ark and held him close to her heart. As she looked into his baby face, she was filled with pity and love for the beautiful boy.

"This is one of the Hebrew's children," she said. "Some poor mother has hidden him here. He is a splendid child; I will take him and bring him up as my own son."

Just then the little sister drew near and heard what the princess said. Her heart was filled with joy.

"Shall I go and call a nurse of the Hebrew women that she may nurse the child for thee?"

The princess smiled. "Go," she said.

The maid ran swiftly to her mother and told her all that had happened. Trembling with joy, the mother hurried to the princess, and the child was placed into the arms of his own mother.

"Nurse this child for me and I will give thee thy wage," said the princess. "His name shall be called Moses, because I drew him out of the water."

So, loved and tended by his own mother, Moses grew up in the palace of the king, and he was treated as the son of the princess. He grew to be strong and powerful, but he never turned from his own people, the Hebrews. Long years after, when he had grown wise enough to be a great leader, he took his people out of Egypt, back into their own land.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

The dauntless courage of youth, the appeal of bodily strength, the thrill of the terrible giant, the overthrowing of the seemingly invincible warrior with the boy's familiar weapons, all unite to make this a perfect story for children. But better still is the inspiration of the hero who wins because his cause is right and because his trust is in the God of hosts.

Long ago, in the land of Bethlehem, there lived a man

named Jesse, who had eight stalwart sons. The youngest of these sons was David.

Even as a little lad, David was ruddy, beautiful of countenance, and strong of body. When his older brothers drove the flocks to the fields, he ran with them. Each day as he leaped over the hillsides, listened to the gurgling water in the brooks, and the songs of birds in the trees, he grew stronger of limb, and more filled with joy and courage. Sometimes he made songs of the beautiful things he saw and heard. His eye was keen, his hands strong, and his aim sure. When he fitted a stone into his sling, he never missed the mark at which he threw it.

As he grew older, he was given the care of a part of the flocks. One day as he lay on the hillside keeping watch over his sheep, a lion rushed out of the woods and seized a lamb. David leaped to his feet and ran forward. He had no fear in his heart, no thought but to save the lamb. He sprang upon the lion, seized him by his hairy head, and with no weapon but the staff in his strong young hands, he slew him. Another day, a bear came down upon them. Him also, David slew.

Now, soon after this, the Philistines marshaled their armies and came across the hills to drive the children of Israel away from their homes. King Saul gathered his armies and went out to meet them. David's three oldest brothers went with the king, but David was left at home to tend the sheep. "Thou art too young; stay thou in the fields and keep the flocks safe," they said to David.

Forty days went by, and no news of the battle came; so Jesse called David to him and said: "Take thou this food

for thy brethren, and go up to the camp to see how they fare."

David set out early in the morning, and journeyed up to the hill on which the army was encamped. There was great shouting and the armies were drawn up in battle array when David arrived. He made his way through the ranks and found his brethren. As he stood talking with them, silence fell upon King Saul's army; and there on the hill-side opposite stood a great giant. He strode up and down, his armour glittering in the sun. His shield was so heavy that the strongest man in King Saul's army could not have lifted it, and the sword at his side was so great that the strongest arm could not have wielded it.

"It is the great giant, Goliath," David's brethren told him. "Each day he strides over the hill and calls out his challenge to the men of Israel, but no man amongst us dares to stand before him."

"What! Are the men of Israel afraid?" asked David. "Will they let this Philistine defy the armies of the living God? Will no one go forth to meet him?" He turned from one to another, questioning them.

Eliab, David's oldest brother, heard him and was angry. "Thou art naughty and proud of heart," he said. "Thou hast stolen away from home thinking to see a great battle. With whom hast thou left the sheep?"

"The keeper hath charge of them; and our father, Jesse, sent me hither; and my heart is glad that I am come," answered David. "I myself will go forth to meet this giant. The God of Israel will go with me, for I have no fear of Goliath nor of all his hosts!"

The men standing near hastened to the tent of King Saul and told him of David's words.

"Let him stand before me," commanded the king.

When David was brought into his presence, and Saul saw that he was but a youth, he attempted to dissuade him. But David told him how he had slain the lion and the bear with his naked hands. "The Lord who delivered me from them will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine," he said.

Then King Saul said: "Go, and the Lord go with thee!"

He had his own armour fetched for David; his helmet of brass, his coat of mail, and his own sword. But David said: "I cannot fight with these. I am not skilled in their use." He put them from him, for he knew that each man must win his battles with his own weapons.

Then he took his staff in his hand, his shepherd's bag and sling he hung at his side, and he set out from the camp of Israel. He ran lightly down the hillside, and when he came to the brook which ran at the foot of the hill, he stooped, and choosing five smooth stones from the brook, dropped them into his bag.

The army of King Saul upon one hill, and the host of the Philistines upon the other, looked on in silent wonder. The great giant strode toward David, and when Goliath saw that he was but a youth, ruddy and fair of countenance, his anger knew no bounds.

"Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" he shouted. "Do the men of Israel make mock of me to send a child against me? Turn back, thou stripling, or I will give thy flesh to the birds of the air and to the beasts

of the field!" Then Goliath cursed David in the name of all his gods.

But no fear came to David's heart. He called out bravely: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hands; and I will smite thee, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel!"

Then Goliath rushed forward to meet David, and David ran still more swiftly to meet the giant. He put his hand into his bag, and took one of the stones from it. He fitted it into his sling, and his keen eye found the place in the giant's forehead where the helmet joined. He drew his sling, and with all the force of his strong right arm, he hurled the stone.

It whizzed through the air, and struck deep into Goliath's forehead. His huge body tottered—then fell crashing to the ground. As he lay with his face upon the earth, David ran swiftly to his side, drew forth the giant's own sword, and severed his huge head from his body.

When the army of Israel saw this, they rose up with a great shout, and rushed down the hillside to throw themselves upon the frightened Philistines who were fleeing in terror. When they saw their greatest warrior slain by this stripling lad, they fled toward their own land, leaving their tents and all their riches to be spoiled by the men of Israel.

When the battle was ended, King Saul caused David to be brought before him, and he said: "Thou shalt go no

more to the house of thy father but thou shalt be as mine own son."

So David stayed in the tents of the king, and at length he was given command over the king's armies. All Israel honored him: and long years after, he was made the king in King Saul's stead.

CHAPTER XVI

PATRIOT STORIES

History after all is the true poetry.
—THOMAS CARLYLE,
on Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

The biographical story is valuable, not so much for its historic teaching, nor for its dramatic power and literary quality, as for its presentation of the purpose and power of a heroic life. This is especially true of our national patriot heroes. This type of story should be so developed and presented that even the small child must recognize the traits of character which have made the hero great.

This series of stories from the life of George Washington is given as an example of the treatment of the historic hero, and particularly the patriot. History is full of rich material for this kind of story.

The story of the cherry tree has been treated with levity and disrespect until it is sometimes difficult to make the student see that it may be presented in such a way as to leave with the child a lasting sense of courage in facing the result of a thoughtless act. The pictures are vivid and plausible, the childish heroism in telling the truth is not untrue to the after development in the character of the man—so whatever the facts may be, the story is full of truth. As we have reiterated, it is most important that the story-teller be thoroughly imbued with the power to discriminate between fact and truth.

The story of the colt, likewise, may or may not be fact; but the boyish bravado, the sudden determination to conquer the untamed animal, the struggle and final courageous facing of his mother—whom he respected, feared, and at the same time loved and trusted— are true to type. Moreover, the type is that of the strongest boy of to-day, and so will appeal in a wholesome way to any audience from five years old to the early high school age. It is the embodiment of both physical and spiritual courage.

Each story is so developed that the preparation for the important life work of the man runs like an unbroken thread through the series. Who can estimate the effect of this attitude of mind upon a child? Each step is but a building for a life work. Not a fixed fatalism, but a vision of the meaning and purpose of seemingly unimportant events becomes a part of the child, and all unknowing he is learning to find his own way along the path of development.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE COLT

George Washington's mother had some fine horses, and the finest of them all was a young colt. No one had ever ridden it, and it was allowed to gallop about the pasture, doing no work until it should grow to its full size. "That will be the best horse on this farm. You must help me to take the best of care of it, George," his mother said.

One day George and some other boys were playing down in the pasture. They were catching the horses and riding them. They all rode well, but George rode best of them all. He was very proud of his riding. "I can ride any

horse on the farm. No horse can throw me," he boasted.

"You can't ride that colt," one of the other boys said.

"Of course I can ride him, but my mother allows no one to get on his back," George answered.

"How could you hurt him? He is almost full grown, and you are not heavy. It's only that you know you can't ride him," they jeered.

George's face flushed angrily, and as the colt galloped past him he sprang out and caught him by the mane. Then he swung up on his back.

The horse was terribly frightened and rushed round and round the field. George clamped his knees tight to the horse's sides and clung to him. The colt kicked and plunged, but George still held on to him. At last the colt reared in the air and fell over backward. George jumped clear of him as he fell, and then stood waiting for him to get up. But the colt did not move. George began to feel frightened. He went over to the horse and tried to make him stand up, but he could not, the colt was dead; he had burst a blood vessel.

As George stood looking down at the horse, he began to think of how sorry his mother would be because he had disobeyed her. "She'll never trust me again, either," George thought miserably. "I should have known better than to be so foolish. I was afraid to have the boys laugh at me. How can I tell my mother?"

The more he thought of it the harder it seemed. At last he turned and walked away toward the woods. "I can't tell her," he thought. But suddenly he lifted his head

and said: "Nonsense, I'm not a coward! I can tell my mother anything!"

He walked quickly to the house. When he came into his mother's room she looked up from her sewing and smiled at him. "Where have you been, George?" she asked.

"Down to the pasture, Mother," he answered.

"Did you see our young colt? I think we must begin training him soon."

George could not answer for a moment. His mother looked at him and said: "What's the matter, my son?"

"Mother," he said, "the colt is dead."

"Dead!" Mrs. Washington exclaimed. "Why, I saw him only this morning, and he was not sick then."

"It was my fault, Mother," George said. Then he told her all that had happened.

Mrs. Washington listened without saying a word. When George finished she walked to the window and stood looking out until she had controlled her indignation and disappointment. Then she came over to George.

"My son," she said, "I am glad you came and told me. Remember, you can always tell your mother anything. You were foolish to mind what the boys said. Never let the remarks of anyone affect you. Do the thing you know to be right, but if you do make a mistake, be brave enough to admit it."

Many times when he grew to be a man George Washington remembered his mother's words.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE CHERRY TREE

When George Washington was a little boy he lived on a

farm in Virginia. It was a very big farm, and it took a great many workers to raise the crops and look after the horses and cattle.

George Washington's father taught him to ride and he used to take George about the farm with him so that his son might learn how to manage things when he grew to be a man. When the boy was not riding or studying he played with the other boys on the plantation. He was very strong and brave, and while he nearly always made the boys obey him, he never bullied them or treated them unfairly.

Mr. Washington had planted an orchard of fine fruit trees. There were apple trees, peach trees, pear trees, plum trees, and cherry trees. Once a particularly fine cherry tree was sent to him from across the ocean. Mr. Washington planted it on the edge of the orchard. He told every one on the farm to watch it carefully to see that it was not broken or hurt in any way.

It grew well and one spring it was covered with white blossoms. Mr. Washington was pleased to think he would soon have cherries from the little tree. Just about this time George Washington was given a new hatchet; it was shiny and sharp. George took it and went about chopping sticks, cutting into the rails of the fence and whatever he passed. At last he came to the edge of the orchard, and thinking only of how well his hatchet cut, he chopped into the little cherry tree. The bark was soft, and it cut so easily that George cut it all around, then went on with his play.

That evening when Mr. Washington came from inspect-

ing the farm, he sent his horse to the stables and walked down to the orchard to look at his cherry tree. He stood in amazement when he saw how it was cut. Who could have dared do such a thing? He called the servants, but none of them knew anything about it. There was one little negro boy about the age of George. When Mr. Washington began to question him, he was so frightened that he could not answer. Mr. Washington grew indignant, for he was sure that this boy had cut the tree. As he was speaking to the child, George Washington came up to the group. He saw his father's face and knew that he was very angry; then he heard him say: "Why did you cut my tree?"

George stepped to his father's side and said: "He did not cut the tree, Father. I did it with my hatchet."

Mr. Washington looked at George. The boy's face was white, but he looked straight into his father's eyes.

"Go into the house, my son," said Mr. Washington sternly.

George went into the library and waited for his father. He was very unhappy and very much ashamed. He knew that he had been foolish and thoughtless and that his father was right to be displeased.

By and by Mr. Washington came into the room. "Come here, my boy," he said.

George went over to his father.

Mr. Washington looked at him long and steadily.

"Tell me, my son, why did you cut the tree?"

"I was playing and I did not think—" George stammered.

"And now the tree will die—we shall never have any cherries from it. But worse than that, you have failed to take care of the tree when I asked you to do so."

George's head was bent and his cheeks were red from shame.

"I am sorry, Father," he said.

Mr. Washington put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Look at me," he said. "I am sorry to have lost my cherry tree, but I am glad that you were brave enough to tell me the truth. I would rather have you truthful and brave than to have a whole orchard full of the finest cherry trees. Never forget that, my son."

George Washington never did forget. To the end of his life he was just as brave and honorable as he was that day when a little boy.

GOING TO SEA

When George Washington was twelve years old he and his mother were living at Mt. Vernon with his older brother, Lawrence Washington. George saw the ships come sailing up the Potomac River and many times they stopped at Mt. Vernon. When George saw the sailors and heard them talk, he decided that he wanted to go into the King's Navy and be a sailor himself. Lawrence Washington had many friends in the Navy and he thought it would be a very good thing for George to do.

At last, one day, a large boat came in. The captain was a special friend of Lawrence, and when he heard that George wanted to be a sailor he said: "I'll take him on

my ship. He is old enough to go now. Let him be ready by the time I sail."

Lawrence talked with his mother about it and persuaded her to give her consent and George was very happy. He packed his trunk and had the servants carry it on board the ship. Then he went over the farm and said good-bye to everyone, for the ship was to sail early the next morning.

That night he came to his mother's room to have a good-bye talk with her. He found her crying as if her heart would break. "Oh, George! I can't let you go!" she said. "I can't give you up, you will be so far away; besides, I feel that it is not right for you to go."

George talked and tried to make her feel better about it, but nothing he could say would change her.

"Well, Mother," he said, "I do want to be a sailor more than anything else in the whole world, but I am your son. You have loved me and cared for me all your life; I would not make you unhappy; I will stay at home." He ordered his trunk brought back to the house, and let the ship sail away without him.

If George Washington had not loved his mother and wanted to make her happy more than to please himself, he would not have been here when his country needed him.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AS A YOUNG MAN

When he was about seventeen years old, George Washington decided that he would learn to be a surveyor. He studied hard, and soon it was said, "That young Mr. Washington is a fine surveyor, he never makes a mistake."

Not far from Mt. Vernon there lived a man called Lord Fairfax. He was a great friend of the Washingtons, so he said: "Send George over to stay with me and survey my land. I should like to know how much I really have, and it will be a good experience for him."

George Washington took his instruments and went to the home of Lord Fairfax. He set to work at once, living in a cabin in the woods for months. He tramped for miles, carrying his heavy instruments. Sometimes he slept on the ground. He ate rough food, and he grew hardier and stronger every day.

George met and talked with the friendly Indians and they taught him many things—how to build a fire by rubbing two sticks together, how to find his way through the woods by noticing the bark on the trees, how they fought in war time, how they crossed rivers and where the hills were tallest and the woods thickest. George Washington did not know it, but every day he was learning something which would help him later in his great work for his country.

Lord Fairfax told everyone how well the young surveyor worked and how he never gave up what he had set out to do, so when the Governor of Virginia wanted some one to travel to the far North to carry messages, and to learn the truth about the quarrel which was beginning between the French and the English people, he said at once: "I'll send that young Mr. Washington—he is afraid of nothing; and, too, we can believe exactly what he tells us."

So George Washington set out on horse-back, taking a guide with him and traveling to the far North. He found the French building forts on the land which he knew be-

longed to the English. He delivered the message from the Governor, watched carefully the work which was being done, and set to work surveying and marking the lines between the French and the English country. Everywhere the people were unfriendly. He was alone except for his guide, and he knew that his life was not safe anywhere; but he worked on, showing no fear.

At last one day an arrow whizzed over his head. "Lucky for us our work is done," he said to his guide. "We must start back to warn the people at home to be ready for war."

That night they slipped away. They dared not stop to rest or build a fire to cook their food, but tramped on through the cold and snow. They came to a river and found it filled with floating ice. "We must get across," said George Washington.

So they built a raft and tried to guide it across, but a great mass of ice whirled against the raft, and threw them off into the icy water. A swimmer less skillful and strong would have drowned, but George Washington swam until he reached the nearest island. There he built a fire in the way the Indians had taught him and dried his frozen clothing. Well he knew that no one would dare try to reach him that night. The next day he crossed on the ice and hurried into Virginia.

When the English heard his report they began to make ready for the war that was sure to come. The King sent his soldiers sailing across the sea. "They'll soon make things safe and right," everyone said. The Virginians formed a company too, and George Washington was chosen to be their Captain. The English soldiers laughed

when they saw the company. "What do you know about fighting?" they said.

When George Washington told of the way the Indians fought, they only laughed more. "They're only stupid savages; what can they do against us?" they said.

So General Braddock and his men loaded their heavy wagons and marched away into the forests in their scarlet uniforms. But as the days went by they began to see that they could not get their loads through the woods. They did not see the Indians slipping silently through the trees. At last when they had traveled until they were exhausted they were attacked by the hidden Indians and the French who were using the Indian way of fighting. The English soldiers could not see any enemy to fire upon, and soon they grew frightened and turned to run.

But George Washington and his soldiers hid behind the trees and fought in the same way the enemy was fighting. They fought so well that many of the English soldiers were saved. From this defeat they learned that the young Virginian Captain and his soldiers were not to be laughed at again, and everyone talked of the bravery of "Captain Washington."

GEORGE WASHINGTON THE GREAT MAN

Years went by and at last there came a time when the people of the country determined that they would make their own laws and have the riches of the land for themselves. "The King across the sea has no right to rule us," they said, "we must be free!" Of course this did not please the King or the people in England, so a great war

began—the Revolutionary War. "George Washington shall be our leader," the people here said; and he was given command of the army which they had formed, and was called General Washington.

Seven long years of fighting went by. Sometimes the soldiers were without food, sometimes they walked on bare feet through the ice and snow, but they would not give up the fight any more than would their leader. "We must make this a great, free land for ourselves and for our children after us," they said.

When they were discouraged, General Washington came and talked with them—he rode among them on his big white horse, and when they saw his face, so brave and quiet and stern, they would shout, "Hurrah for General Washington!" With such a leader they felt that they must win in the end; and so they did. The day came at last when the English soldiers sailed away in their ships and left this country for those who had built it. They called the new country The United States.

General Washington was made President of the country. He helped to make the laws, and helped the people to begin to rule themselves.

After eight years he went home to Mt. Vernon. "I am an old man now, I must rest," he said. "Besides, others must learn to help. In a free country one man must not rule—all of the people must do it together."

After a time he died, but year by year the people of the United States loved and honored him more because of all that he had done for his country. At last they determined to build a great monument to him and place it in the

beautiful city which bears his name. Each state of the United States sent a stone to be built into the monument. Even England, the country against which he fought so bravely, said: "We honor this man too, so we will send a stone."

At last the monument was finished, and to-day it stands in the city of Washington, pointing up against the sky. It says to every American: "Be brave, be true, and ready to serve your country as did this great American who lived so long ago."

CHAPTER XVII

THANKSGIVING STORIES

'Tis in the thriftful Autumn days,
When earth is overdone,
And forest trees have caught the blaze
Thrown at them by the sun.
—WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals.*

The two stories in this little group, together with the Christmas stories which follow, may be taken as typical of festival or holiday stories in general. A little forethought in preparing tales for special days and seasons will help the story-teller to bring home the truths appropriate to the occasion with fresh and happy emphasis each recurring year.

RUTH AND NAOMI

The story of Ruth and Naomi is one of the most beautiful in all literature. Though of course it must be classed as a Bible story, it is particularly adapted for use at Thanksgiving time. The harvest, the harvest feast, and the sharing with others who are less fortunate, should be emphasized when told at this season.

In adapting it I have kept close to the Bible version, keeping the atmosphere, and wherever possible the simple, stately language, of the Bible itself.

It came to pass in days long gone that there was a famine in the land of Bethlehem-Judah.

"There is plenty of food in the country of Moab," said Elimelech to his wife Naomi. "Let us take our sons and journey there. We are not afraid to go into a strange land, and there will be all the more food left for our friends and neighbors here."

So Elimelech, Naomi and their sons traveled down into the country of Moab and made a home for themselves there. It was a rich and pleasant land. The sun shone, the wind blew, the rain fell and the fields were full of grain. The busy, happy years went by. The sons grew to manhood and took wives for themselves from among the daughters of Moab.

But when ten years had passed, sorrow came to the household. Elimelech and his two sons died, so Naomi was left alone in a strange land. Her two daughters-in-law loved her tenderly, but her heart longed for her old home and friends. She heard there was plenty in the land of Bethlehem-Judah, once more, so she set out to return to her own country.

Ruth, the daughter-in-law who loved her most, journeyed with her, and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of the barley harvest.

Now there was a rich and mighty man, Boaz by name, who was Naomi's kinsman. When Ruth saw the reapers at work in his fields of waving grain, she said to Naomi: "Let me follow after the reapers and glean, that we may have food."

"Go, my daughter," said Naomi. "Thy kindness and thy thought of me in my lonely old age will surely bring thee just reward."

So Ruth entered the fields and the reapers permitted her to follow after them and to glean, or pick up the grain that the reapers had left.

It was near the noonday when Boaz came down from the City and stood watching the work of the harvest.

"Who is the strange damsel who follows after the reapers?" he asked of one of his men who was near.

"It is Ruth, the daughter-in-law of Naomi," the man replied. "She came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab, and today she came to us and asked to be allowed to glean among the sheaves. She hath continued even from the morning until now."

Then Boaz commanded that Ruth stand before him.

"So thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and come into a strange country to care for Naomi, who is old and alone? The God of Israel will give thee full reward. Go not to glean in another field, but abide among my maidens. Sit down to meat with them and I will give my men charge concerning thee. Take even of the sheaves, for have I not plenty? It is given me to share with you, and with my kinswoman, Naomi, in thy need."

Ruth bowed herself to the ground before him.

"I thank thee, my lord, for thy graciousness; thou hast comforted me with thy friendly words," she said.

So she gleaned in the fields until the evening. Then she beat out the grain and took it into the city to her mother-in-law, Naomi.

When Naomi heard how Ruth had gleaned in the field of Boaz, and with what kindness he had treated her,

her heart was glad within her. "It is good, my daughter. Go thou with his maidens each day as he has bidden thee. The man is near of kin unto us."

So to the end of the harvest Ruth went into the fields and gleaned of the barley and the wheat.

When all of the grain was gathered in and the barns were full, Boaz held a Thanksgiving feast. The hearts of all were merry and they feasted until far into the night. Ruth was there in all of her youth and strength and beauty.

"Because thou art as kind as thou art beautiful," Boaz said to her, "thou shalt never know sorrow nor want again. Thou and Naomi shall both come into my house, and thee I will have for my own dear wife."

So Boaz took Ruth for his wife, and they all lived together in great happiness.

OLD MAN RABBIT'S THANKSGIVING DINNER

This story is from "The Story-Teller," by Carolyn S. Bailey, and is included by courtesy of the Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass., the publishers.

The vivid interest awakened by this story is due to Miss Bailey's skillful appeal to the senses. You fairly taste "that nice ripe piece of turnip" which Old Man Rabbit is eating. You feel the snug warmness of his "red wool muffler," as well as the cold of the whistling wind. You see the "little brown path," "the shiny red leaves," "the fat red ears of corn," "the purple turnips," "the yellow carrots," "the russet apples," in a delightfully harmonious color scheme. You smell the delicious pudding as it bumps and bubbles and boils. You hear the rusty dinner bell as it clangs out its call, but the author does not leave it all in the realm of the senses, for her real emphasis is upon the spirit of kindness which makes the true Thanksgiving. Those

interested in story-telling will do well to study this story carefully.

Old Man Rabbit sat at the door of his little house, eating a nice, ripe, juicy turnip. It was a cold, frosty day, but Old Man Rabbit was all wrapped up, round and round, with yards and yards of his best red wool muffler, so he didn't care if the wind whistled through his whiskers and blew his ears up straight. Old Man Rabbit had been exercising, too, and that was another reason why he was so nice and warm.

Early in the morning he had started off, lippity, clippity, down the little brown path that lay in front of his house and led to Farmer Dwyer's corn patch. The path was all covered with shiny red leaves. Old Man Rabbit scuffled through them and he carried a great big bag over his back. In the corn patch he found two or three fat, red ears of corn that Farmer Dwyer had missed, so he dropped them into his bag. A little farther along he found some purple turnips and some yellow carrots and quite a few russet apples that Farmer Dwyer had arranged in little piles in the orchard. Old Man Rabbit went in the barn, squeezing under the big front door by making himself very flat, and he filled all the chinks in his bag with potatoes, and he took a couple of eggs in his paws, for he thought he might want to stir up a little pudding for himself before the day was over.

Then Old Man Rabbit started off home again down the little brown path, his mouth watering every time his bag bumped against his back, and not meeting anyone on the way because it was so very, very early in the morning.

When he came to the little house he emptied his bag and arranged all his harvest in piles in his front room; the corn in one pile, and the carrots in one pile, the turnips in another pile, and the apples and potatoes in the last pile. He beat up his eggs and stirred some flour with them and filled it full of currants to make a pudding. And when he had put his pudding in a bag and set it boiling on the stove, he went outside to sit a while and eat a turnip, thinking all the time what a mighty fine old rabbit he was, and so clever, too.

Well, while Old Man Rabbit was sitting there in front of his little house, wrapped up in his red muffler and munching the turnip, he heard a little noise in the leaves. It was Billy Chipmunk traveling home to the stone wall where he lived. He was hurrying and blowing on his paws to keep them warm.

"Good morning, Billy Chipmunk," said Old Man Rabbit. "Why are you running so fast?"

"Because I am cold, and I am hungry," answered Billy Chipmunk. "It's going to be a hard winter, a very hard winter—no apples left. I've been looking all the morning for an apple and I couldn't find one."

And with that, Billy Chipmunk went chattering by, his fur standing straight out in the wind.

No sooner had he passed than Old Man Rabbit saw Molly Mouse creeping along through the little brown path, her long gray tail rustling the red leaves as she went.

"Good morning, Molly Mouse," said Old Man Rabbit.

"Good morning," answered Molly Mouse in a weak little voice.

"You look a little unhappy," said Old Man Rabbit, taking another bite of his turnip.

"I have been looking and looking for an ear of corn," said Molly Mouse in a sad little chirping voice. "But the corn has all been harvested. It's going to be a very hard winter, a very hard winter."

And Molly Mouse trotted by out of sight.

Pretty soon Old Man Rabbit heard somebody else coming along by his house. This time it was Tommy Chickadee hopping by and making a great to-do, chattering and scolding as he came.

"Good morning, Tommy Chickadee," said Old Man Rabbit.

But Tommy Chickadee was too much put out about something to remember his manners. He just chirped and scolded, because he was cold and he couldn't find a single crumb or a berry or anything at all to eat. Then he flew away, his feathers puffed out with the cold until he looked like a round ball, and all the way he chattered and scolded more and more.

Old Man Rabbit finished his turnip, eating every single bit of it, even to the leaves. Then he went in his house to poke the fire in his stove and to see how the pudding was cooking. It was doing very well indeed, bumping against the pot as it bubbled and boiled, and smelling very fine indeed.

Old Man Rabbit looked around his house at the corn and the carrots and the turnips and the apples and the potatoes, and then he had an idea. It was a very funny idea, different from any other idea Old Man Rabbit had

ever had before in all his life. It made him scratch his head with his left hind foot, and think and wonder; but it pleased him, too—it was such a very funny idea.

First he took off his muffler, and then he put on his gingham apron. He took his best red tablecloth from the drawer and put it on his table, and then he set the table with his gold-banded china dinner set. By the time he had done all this, the pudding was boiled, so he lifted it, all sweet and steaming, from the kettle and set it in the middle of the table. Around the pudding Old Man Rabbit piled heaps and heaps of corn and carrots and turnips and apples and potatoes, and then he took down his dinner bell that was all rusty, because Old Man Rabbit had very seldom rung it before, and he stood in his front door and he rang it very hard, calling in a loud voice:

"Dinner's ready! Come to dinner, Billy Chipmunk, and Molly Mouse, and Tommy Chickadee!"

They all came, and they brought their friends with them. Tommy Chickadee brought Rusty Robin, who had a broken wing and had not been able to fly South for the winter. Billy Chipmunk brought Chatter-Chee, a lame squirrel, whom he had invited to share his hole for a few months, and Molly Mouse brought a young gentleman Field Mouse, who was very distinguished-looking because of his long whiskers. When they all tumbled into Old Man Rabbit's house and saw the table with the pudding in the center they forgot their manners and began eating as fast as they could, every one of them.

It kept Old Man Rabbit very busy waiting on them. He gave all the currants from the pudding to Tommy Chickadee and Rusty Robin. He selected juicy turnips for Molly Mouse and her friend, and the largest apples for Billy Chipmunk. Old Man Rabbit was so busy that he didn't have any time to eat a bite of dinner himself, but he didn't mind that, not one single bit. It made him feel so warm and full inside just to see the others eating.

When the dinner was over, and not one single crumb was left on the table, Tommy Chickadee hopped up on the back of his chair and chirped:

"Three cheers for Old Man Rabbit's Thanksgiving dinner!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" they all twittered and chirped and chattered. And Old Man Rabbit was so surprised that he didn't get over it for a week. You see, he had really given a Thanksgiving dinner without knowing that it really and truly was Thanksgiving Day.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHRISTMAS STORIES

I know he isn't make-believe
  But true as true can be,
I've made up lots of good pretends
  But none so nice as he.

He can't be anything but real,
  My Mama said, because
The very soul of giving is
  Dear Mr. Santa Claus.

—ANNA BIRD STEWART, *The Gentlest Giant, and Other Pleasant Persons.*[1]

Christmas is the world's joy time, because Love which gives itself unselfishly has chosen the season for its own. Santa Claus is the embodiment of the Christmas love-spirit, and Santa Claus is true, if love is true.

To present this to the child, without leaving room for a later destruction of faith, is simply a matter of understanding. To say that Santa Claus has been seen and talked with is a common mistake made by well-meaning grown-ups. No man has seen God, no man has seen the spirit of love which is of God. The sense of mystery is deepened and no joy taken from the child if he is told the truth—that Santa Claus is real, but that no one sees him.

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[1] By courteous permission of the Wayne Publishing Company.

The little song in Miss Bentley's "Music Primer" [1] gives the right presentation for the little child:

"Jingle, jingle, tiny bells, in the frosty night,
None may follow Santa Claus in his busy flight.
No one ever speaks to him, but he is so dear:
He just knows what children want, and brings it every year!"

The child should be told that the pictures of Santa Claus show the way some artists imagine he looks; that the men dressed like these pictures and walking about the shops at Christmas time are merely playing Santa Claus. Children will catch the spirit of fun in this, for they too love to play Santa Claus. A group of children will dramatize the whole Christmas experience—some being the toys, some the children who receive them, some the fathers and mothers and one Santa Claus. They will play this again and again, each time with increasing joy. Their imitations of the mechanical toys are truly marvelous. This play brings an understanding that each person may in his heart be Santa Claus.

The stories told should deepen in meaning as the child's consciousness grows. The jollity stories, such as "The Night Before Christmas," "The Shoemaker and the Elves," and "The Visit to Santa Claus Land," should be given first. Leading from the fun of receiving to the joy of giving, "Snowball's Christmas Eve" and "Nancy Etticoat's Ring" may follow. "The Christmas Visitors," the Bible story of "The First Christmas," and "Why the Chimes Rang," lead the child away from the Santa Claus

[1] Published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

phase of love to the greatest love of all, the love which gives self in service. Thus his joy is deepened and his faith in the great reality made sure and lasting.

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES

(Adapted from the German of the Grimm Brothers)

Here we have a tale that is a particularly useful introduction to a group of Christmas stories. The central thought developed in the following adaptation is that service given demands service in return. The Elves have come to the aid of the shoemaker in his need. As soon as he is able, he takes up his own work, and he and the goodwife plan the clothing which they think their helpers need. This variation from the old folk tale seems entirely permissible. In folk lore, it is a characteristic of Elves that they will leave the house in which any article of clothing is offered them—why, perhaps only the Elves or Brownies themselves know. The suggestion that it is because they are going away to help some one else came from a child who had heard the story. This explanation was joyfully accepted by the whole group, and seems such a reasonable and right one that I have incorporated it in my version of the story.

The mystery, the subtle humor, and the picture quality of this tale make it a particularly successful one. The children never tire of dramatizing it.

There once lived a Shoemaker and his Wife who were very poor, and had to work hard to get money enough for food and clothes. The Shoemaker sat all day at his bench, sewing and hammering, making the shoes, while his Wife worked just as hard in her house. They tried to save a little money, but it was very little that they could save.

By and by the Shoemaker fell ill, and all of the money they had saved was spent for medicine and food—at least,

nearly all, for when the Shoemaker was able to creep about the house again he had just money enough left to buy the leather for one little pair of shoes. He took the money and went down into the town, bought the leather, and carried it home. Then he cut out the little shoes, but he felt so weak and tired that he could not work any more.

"I must go to bed now and rest," he said to the Goodwife. "Tomorrow morning early I will come down and finish the shoes."

It was scarcely light the next morning when the Shoemaker came down to his work. He stared in surprise, for there on the table stood a little pair of shoes.

"Why, Wife!" he said, "did you make these shoes?"

"Of course I did not," said the Wife, "I could not make a pair of shoes to save my life," and she was just as surprised as he.

They looked at the neat little stitches and wondered much who could have made them. At last the man set them in the window, hoping some one might come to buy them. Sure enough, they were scarcely in the window when a man came down the street and saw them. "Those are just the shoes I want for my little girl," he said.

So he bought them and gave the Shoemaker more money than he had ever had for a pair of shoes before. It was enough to buy leather for two pair of shoes. So that day he went down into the town again and bought more leather. When he came back he cut out his work, just as he had done before, then again he felt so weary that he went up to bed, saying that he would finish the work early

the next morning. When he came down he found, to his surprise, that the two pair of shoes, all neatly finished, stood on the table.

"Who can be helping us?" he said.

"Tonight we will hide behind the curtains there, and watch," said his Wife.

So that night when he had cut out his work, and placed it on the table, the Shoemaker and his Wife hid behind the curtains instead of going up to bed. They waited, and waited. Ten o'clock came, but nothing happened; eleven o'clock, and still nothing happened.

"I am so tired," whispered the Shoemaker, "I cannot wait any longer."

"Oh, do wait just a little!" said his Wife.

And so they waited until the clock went dong,dong, twelve times. At the last stroke of twelve, the door flew open and in came a troop of little Brownies. They scampered across the floor to the table where the Shoemaker had left his work. Then they began hammering and sewing, making the little shoes. Soon they were all finished and stood in a neat little row on the table. Then the Brownies gathered up the scraps of leather, for they were neat little Elves, and they scampered off again.

"Well," said the Shoemaker, "I had often heard that Brownies came to help those who needed it, but I never dreamed it was they who were working for us."

"Nor I," said his Wife. "But did you notice that the poor little things didn't have any clothes? I should think they would be cold, these frosty nights. They have worked so hard for us that I think we should make them some

clothes to keep them warm. I'll make them some little trousers, jackets and coats."

"And I'll make them some shoes," said the Shoemaker.

"Of course they must have some stockings too, and some little stocking caps," said his Wife.

So they set to work. They stitched and sewed and stitched and sewed. It took a long time and hard work to make so many little Brownie suits, but the very day before Christmas the last little suit was finished.

On Christmas Eve the Shoemaker and his Wife put the clothes and shoes on the table, instead of the work. Then they hid behind the curtains again, to see what would happen.

Just as before, they waited until the clock struck twelve. Then the door flew open, and in came the Brownies. They ran over to the table and began looking for their work, but of course they did not find it. Presently one Brownie picked up a little pair of trousers. He held them up and looked at them. Then he popped one leg down into them, and then another. The other Brownies capered and laughed and struggled into pairs of trousers too. They put on the jackets and coats, the shoes and stockings. Then they pulled the funny little stocking caps down over their ears. You should have seen their big, round eyes, and heard their giggles.

Then they began dancing. It was such fun to hear their little shoes clatter that they danced and danced and danced. Finally they put their hands on each other's shoulders and danced round and round the room, out through the door, and off.

When after a great many nights the Brownies did not come back again, the Shoemaker and his Wife began wondering where they had gone.

"Perhaps the Elves are helping someone else who needs them," said the Shoemaker. "Of course I am well now, so we can work for ourselves."

Perhaps he was right, for, at any rate, the Brownies never came back to the Shoemaker's house.

THE VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS LAND

The author of this story is unknown—I have vainly searched through many story lists in the effort to locate it. It is one of the favorite jollity stories. The children delight in adding to it all the toys which have interested them. It should be told with imitations of the noises of the drums and trumpets, and thus it naturally leads to a delightful dramatization of the mechanical toys which the children like best.

Jack and Margaret were growing more excited each day, because Christmas was so near. They talked of nothing but Santa Claus.

"Don't you wish you could *see* him?" they said over and over.

One night, just before Christmas, Mother tucked them in bed and left them to go to sleep. But Jack wiggled, Margaret wriggled. At last they both sat up in bed.

"Jack," Margaret whispered, "are you asleep?"

"No," said Jack, "I can't go to sleep. Margaret, don't you wish you could see Santa Claus? What's that?"

They both listened, and they heard a little *tap, tap* on the window. They looked, and there, right in the window, they saw a funny little Brownie.

"What's that I heard you say? You want to see Santa Claus? Well, I am one of his Brownies. I am on my way back to Santa Claus Land. I'll take you with me if you want to go."

Jack and Margaret scrambled from their beds.

"Come on, show us the way!" they cried in great excitement.

"No, indeed," said the Brownie. "No one must know the way to Santa Claus Land. Kindly wait a moment."

Then the Brownie took something soft and thick and dark, and tied it around Jack's eyes. Next he took something soft and thick and dark, and tied it around Margaret's eyes.

"How many fingers before you?" he asked.

Both of them shook their heads. They could not see a wink.

"Very well, now we're off," said the Brownie.

He took Jack's hand on one side, and Margaret's on the other. It seemed as if they flew through the window. They went on swiftly for a little while, then the Brownie whirled them round and round until they were dizzy, and off they went again. The children could not tell whether they were going North, South, East or West. After a time they stopped.

"Here we are," said the Brownie.

He uncovered their eyes, and the children saw that they were standing before a big, thick gate.

The Brownie knocked and the gate was swung open. They went through it, right into Santa Claus's garden.

It was a very queer garden. There were rows and rows

of Christmas trees, all glittering with balls and cobwebby tinsel, and instead of flower beds there were beds of every kind of toy in the world. Margaret at once ran over to a bed of dolls.

"Let's see if any of them are ripe," said the Brownie.

"Ripe?" said Margaret in great surprise.

"Why, of course," said the Brownie. "Now if this one is ripe it will shut its eyes."

The Brownie picked a little doll from the bed and laid it in Margaret's arms. Its eyes went half shut, and then stuck.

"No, it's not ripe yet," said the Brownie. "Try this one."

He picked another one, and this one shut its eyes just as if it had gone to sleep.

"We'll take that one," he said, and he dropped it into a big sack he was carrying.

"Now this one cries, if it's ripe," he said as he picked a lovely infant doll. The Brownie gave it a squeeze, and the doll made a funny squeaking noise.

"Not quite ripe," he said, and he put it back into the bed. He tried several others, and he picked a good many. Some of them cried, some said "Mamma" and "Papa," and some danced when they were wound up.

"Oh, do come over here, Margaret!" Jack called.

Margaret ran over to another bed and there were drums —big drums, little drums and middle sized drums; yellow drums, blue drums, green drums, red drums.

"Can we gather some of these?" said Jack to the Brownie.

"Why, of course. Let's see if this one is ripe."

The Brownie took up a little red drum, and gave it a thump with a drum stick. But it made such a queer sound that Jack and Margaret both laughed out loud. The little red drum was put back into the bed, and the Brownie tried another big one. It went *Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!* and Jack and Margaret marched all along the bed, keeping step to it.

When they had finished picking drums, they went over to a bed filled with horns. That was the most fun of all. Some of them made very queer noises, and on some the Brownie played jolly little tunes.

The next bed they came to was filled with toys which could be wound up. There were trains, automobiles, dancing dolls, climbing monkeys, hopping birds, funny wobbling ducks, and every kind of toy you could think of. The children stayed at this bed for a long time.

At last Margaret said: "But where is Santa Claus? We wanted to see him."

"Oh, to be sure," said the Brownie. "Come along," and he led them down a long, winding walk, to the edge of the garden. Then he pointed to a hill in the distance.

"Do you see that large white house? There is where he lives."

The children stared at it. It was so white that it seemed to shine in the distance.

"Walk right across here," said the Brownie, "then up the hill to Santa Claus's house."

"Oh, must we walk across there?" said Margaret. She stared down at the deep dark chasm between the garden and the hill; across it was stretched a narrow plank.

"Walk carefully," said the Brownie, "and mind you don't look down; for if you do, I'm afraid you won't see Santa Claus tonight."

"We'll be very careful," said Jack. "Come along, Margaret," and he took his little sister's hand and they started across the plank.

They had almost reached the middle of it when Jack looked down.

"Oh!" he said, and gave Margaret a pull.

She looked down too, and cried "Oh, Oh!" and down, down, down they went.

Suddenly they landed with a thump. They sat up and rubbed their eyes. There they were right in their own beds at home. Mother opened the door.

"Are you awake, children?" she said.

"Oh, Mother, we haven't been asleep. We've been to Santa Claus Land, and we nearly saw Santa Claus!"

Then they told her all about it, and Mother just smiled.

SNOWBALL'S CHRISTMAS EVE

The idea on which this story is based was suggested by an incident from "The New Year's Bargain," by Susan Coolidge. The other incidents of the story have been, to a very great extent, developed by the children themselves. They even gave it its name. They made Snowball scratch the top of Santa Claus's boot, they had his head left sticking from Santa Claus's pocket, so that he might see everything that was happening, and they decided what gifts were given to each of the children. It is always the favorite story of the year in the kindergarten.

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Gretchen. Gretchen had a little kitten, soft and furry and

white—so white that they called him Snowball. Gretchen gave him a soft basket to sleep in and took the best of care of him in every way. But when Christmas Eve came round she was in such a hurry to be in bed before Santa Claus came that she forgot about Snowball, and left him out of doors in the snow and in the cold. Snowball came up to the door and said: "*Meow! Meow!* Let me in, Gretchen!" But Gretchen was sound asleep and did not hear him at all.

Then Snowball began looking for a warm place to sleep. At last he climbed up on the roof, and there beside the chimney he found a place where the snow was melting away. So he curled up against the warm bricks of the chimney and was just going to sleep when he heard something far away, coming nearer, and nearer. It was the jingling of bells. Snowball opened his eyes and peeped over the edge of the roof, and there, dashing along across the snow, he saw Santa Claus in his sleigh. Quick as a wink, the reindeer galloped up on the roof, and Santa Claus stepped out of his sleigh, flung his pack over his back, and was about to go down the chimney, when Snowball said: "*Meow! Meow!*"

"What is that?" said Santa Claus. And he peered around.

But Snowball was so much like the snow on the roof that Santa Claus couldn't see him. So Snowball put out his little paw and scratched on Santa Claus's boot. Santa Claus stooped and picked him up.

"Why, what are you doing out here, Snowball?" he said. Snowball said: "*P-r-r-r! P-r-r-r! P-r-r-r-!*"

"Oh, I see," Santa Claus laughed. "Gretchen hurried off to bed and forgot you. She wasn't going to let me find her awake. But come along, I'll take you down the chimney with me."

Then Santa Claus opened his big fur-lined pocket and dropped Snowball down into it. But he left Snowball's head sticking out, so he could see everything that was happening.

Down the chimney they went, right into Gretchen's room. Santa Claus tip-toed over to her bed to see that she was sound asleep, and then he set to work filling her stocking. He put a beautiful new doll right in the top, and he was about to take Snowball out of his pocket and put him down on the rug by the fire, when he said: "Snowball, how would you like to go all around the world with me tonight, and see all the children to whom I am taking gifts?"

Snowball said: "*P-r-r-r-r! P-r-r-r-r! P-r-r-r!*" quite happily.

"All right, I'll take you," said Santa Claus.

So he dropped Snowball back into his pocket and up the chimney they rose. Santa Claus stepped into his sleigh, whistled to his team of reindeer and away they flew over the snow.

Soon they stopped at another house. Down that chimney they went also and into a room where three little children were sleeping. There was a brother, a sister, and a baby. Santa Claus peeped at them, just as he had at Gretchen, to be sure they were sound asleep. Then he filled their stockings. He left a fine new sled for brother, a doll for sister, and a big round ball for the baby. Then he

said: "Merry Christmas!" and up the chimney they went.

They drove swift as the wind, for wherever there were children Santa Claus stopped. All over the city, through the country—in fact, all over the world they went that night. Snowball had never dreamed there were so many children in the world.

At last Santa Claus said: "Now, Snowball, there is one more place."

Soon they stopped before a big, big building. There was no chimney, so Snowball wondered how Santa Claus could get in, but there was no trouble at all. Right in through the door he went, and into a big room in which there were rows and rows of little white beds. In each bed there was a little child sleeping. Their faces were thin and white, for they were little sick children, and this was a hospital. Santa Claus tip-toed past each bed, and on each one he left a gift: on one a picture book, on another a nice, funny jumping-jack—something to make each one happy on Christmas morning. Then he hurried back to his sleigh. He picked up his sack and shook it—not a toy was left!

"Now, Snowball, I must take you home. I must hurry, too, for it will soon be morning, and it would never do for the children to wake and find me here."

Then Santa Claus drove to Gretchen's house, took Snowball from his pocket, and put him down by the door. Then away he went, as swift as the wind.

The morning light was just coming over the hills, and inside the house Gretchen opened her eyes. She remembered it was Christmas morning. Just like that she sprang from her bed, and ran over to her stocking. She took out

her new doll, and hugged it close. Just then she heard something say: "*Meow! Meow!*" And she remembered Snowball! She ran to the door, and opened it. Quickly she picked Snowball up in her arms, and said:

"Oh, you poor little kitty! I'm so sorry I left you out of doors all night! Were you very cold?"

Snowball said: "*P-r-r-r! P-r-r-r-! P-r-r-r-!*" He tried and tried to tell her how he had gone all over the world with Santa Claus that night, but Gretchen couldn't understand him, so she never knew a thing about it.

NANCY ETTICOAT'S RING

(*Re-told from "Mother Goose Village," by permission*)

The changes I have made in this story have developed from the children's responses to it. I have purposely emphasized Humpty Dumpty's joy in playing Santa Claus, because through this experience small children may be led easily and naturally to the realization that Santa Claus remains true forever and ever to the people who find him within themselves.

"Mother Goose Village," by Madge A. Bingham (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago), is a very delightful collection of stories for small children.

Humpty Dumpty and Nancy Etticoat were two of the happiest children in Mother Goose's village. They were happy the whole year round, but now that Christmas was so near, they were almost bursting with glee. They wrote letters to Santa Claus, and put them up the chimney; they talked and wondered about him until they almost forgot to go to sleep at night.

One day, Nancy said: "Humpty Dumpty, I wish Santa

Claus would bring me a little gold ring with a red stone set in it."

"Well, let's write a letter and tell him," said Humpty Dumpty.

So the children set to work writing the letter. When it was finished they sent it up the chimney.

On Christmas morning Humpty Dumpty ran over to Nancy's house to see the ring, but, do you know, Santa Claus had not brought it!

Nancy was disappointed, she could not help being; but Humpty Dumpty said: "Never mind, Nancy, he'll bring it next Christmas. Perhaps we didn't write him in time. We'll send the letter earlier next year."

When Christmas was coming around again, Humpty Dumpty and Nancy Etticoat wrote to Santa Claus and said:

"Dear Santa Claus:

Please bring Nancy a little gold ring with a red stone set in it. She wants it more than anything else in the whole wide world."

And they signed the letter "Nancy and Humpty Dumpty."

"There!" said Humpty Dumpty, as he sent it up the chimney. "He'll get it in time this year."

On Christmas morning Humpty Dumpty again hurried over to Nancy's house. He was there when she took down her stocking. They pulled out everyting, clear to the toe, but there was *no gold ring*.

This time Nancy Etticoat had to wink hard to keep back the tears, and Humpty Dumpty said: "I am so sorry, Nancy; perhaps he'll bring it next year."

"No," said Nancy, "I won't ask him again. I'm sure he thinks it best for me not to have it."

All at once Humpty Dumpty's eyes began dancing as if he had thought of something fine.

"Just wait and see, Nancy, he will bring it next year, I know he will," he said.

Humpty Dumpty went home whistling and chuckling to himself. He must have known a secret that made him very happy. If he did, he didn't tell a soul, unless it was his little black hen.

He must have told her, for the very day after Humpty Dumpty was down in the barnyard feeding her, the little black hen made a nest and laid an egg in it.

Humpty Dumpty carried the egg to the house, and put it into a basket. The next day there was another, and the next day another. Humpty Dumpty took each one and put it into the basket.

On Saturday he went to see the Old Woman who "went to the market her eggs for to sell."

"Won't you take my eggs to market to-day?" said Humpty Dumpty.

"Why, certainly," said the Old Woman. "What shall I bring you for them?"

"Bring me the money, please," said Humpty Dumpty.

When the Old Woman brought him the money he put it in his bank; and week after week Humpty Dumpty gathered the eggs, and when they were sold put away his money.

"Whatever are you going to do with your money, Humpty Dumpty?" the Old Woman said one day.

Humpty Dumpty laughed. "It's a secret, a Christmas Secret," he said.

At last Christmas time was drawing near again. Humpty Dumpty opened his bank, and took out his money. He carried it down to the Old Woman, and said: "When you are in London Town to-day, please buy me a little gold ring with a red stone set in it."

The Old Woman came home that night with a small white plush box, and inside it was a lovely little gold ring with a red stone. She helped Humpty Dumpty tie it up with tissue paper and red ribbon.

"Let's have some fun," said Humpty Dumpty, so he put that package inside another box, and they tied that box up with tissue paper and red ribbon. Then they put it inside of another box, and tied it up in the same way. How they did laugh while they were doing it!

That night, when Humpty Dumpty was sure that Nancy had gone to bed, he slipped over to her home. Nancy's mother came to the door and Humpty Dumpty whispered: "Please put this in Nancy's stocking."

"Why, are you Santa Claus, Humpty Dumpty?" said Nancy's mother.

Humpty Dumpty almost laughed out loud. "Yes," he nodded.

"Well, then come in and put the package in her stocking yourself."

So Humpty Dumpty tiptoed in and pushed the box way down in Nancy's stocking. Then he slipped out and hurried home to get to bed himself. He did not want Santa Claus to find him awake, you may be sure.

That night when Santa Claus came to fill Nancy's stocking he looked puzzled for a minute when he touched the box that was already there. Then he winked and chuckled.

"Oho!" he said. "That boy Humpty Dumpty has been playing Santa Claus, I see." He smiled to himself as he filled Nancy's stocking and hurried on to Humpty Dumpty's house.

Humpty Dumpty was at Nancy's house bright and early the next morning, just as on the other Christmases.

"Come along, Nancy, let's see that gold ring Santa Claus brought you!" he shouted.

"Oh, Humpty Dumpty," said Nancy Etticoat, "I'm sure he didn't bring it. I didn't even ask him for it this year, you know."

"Well, I'm sure he did. Hurry up and let's see," said Humpty Dumpty.

Nancy emptied her stocking, and there in the bottom she found the large box.

"You see, Humpty Dumpty, this is the very last thing, and it's no ring," said Nancy.

Then Nancy untied the ribbon and opened the box. Her eyes grew big when she saw the second box inside. "Is Santa Claus playing a joke on me?" she said. She was so excited she could hardly untie the ribbon. And when she opened it, and saw the third package inside, she was more puzzled still. But she untied this one as fast as ever she could, and there was the little white plush box, and shining inside of it was her little gold ring!

Nancy danced up and down in glee. "He did bring it! He did bring it!" she shouted.

"I told you he would," said Humpty Dumpty, and he was as happy as Nancy herself. In fact, he was the happiest boy in the whole of Mother Goose's Village that Christmas time.

"I'm going to play Santa Claus every year, if it's as much fun as this," he said to himself.

THE CHRISTMAS VISITORS

(Re-told from an old German Legend)

Once upon a time there lived a man and his wife who had but one child, a little boy. He was a lovely child—strong, well, merry, but best of all, kind and thoughtful.

The father and mother were sometimes sad because they had so little money with which to buy things for their boy.

One year when Christmas came round the little boy walked with his father through the streets of the city, looking longingly into the windows at the beautifully lighted Christmas trees. His father had only money enough to buy one large apple, a roll, and a single candle for the boy. "Come, let's go home to Mother now," the father said.

When they reached home the mother had kindled a bright fire on the hearth. It sparkled and glowed until the whole room was bright with the light.

"Welcome home!" said the mother. "Here is a cup of milk for our boy. Now tell me of the wonderful sights you have been seeing."

They drew near the fire and were talking merrily together when there came a faint knock at the door. The little boy ran to open it, and there on the threshold stood

another little boy. His face was beautiful, but he was white and tired looking. He was fairly shivering from the cold.

"Come in to our fire," said the little boy, taking the stranger's hand and leading him in.

The father and mother welcomed him too. Then the little boy gave the Stranger Child half of his roll and milk. He shared the apple with him, too, and when they had finished eating he said: "Now let us light our Christmas candle. We have but one, but that will burn merrily."

So the Christmas candle was lighted, and the father and mother stood smiling by while the Stranger Child and the little boy talked together of Christmas.

By and by the Stranger Child thanked them for their kindness to him, and before they could stop him, he vanished into the night.

A year went by, and in that year sickness and misfortune came upon the goodman and his wife. When Christmas Eve came around again, there was not even a penny for a roll, or wood for a fire. The little boy stood in the dark room beside the bed on which lay his sick father and mother.

Suddenly the door opened and a bright light fell upon the room. And there in the light stood the beautiful Stranger Child dressed in shining white and bearing a Christmas tree in his arms. Behind him were twelve old men. They were kindly looking men, with long white beards, and each had a great sack upon his back. One by one they silently placed the sacks upon the floor. Then the Stranger Child lifted up his hands and said: "I bring you

blessings. Last year you shared with me. I return it to you a hundred fold."

Then he lighted the candles upon the Christmas tree and was gone.

The tree was loaded with apples of gold and silver, and in the bags were food and rich gifts. The father and mother, healed of their illness, rose from their beds, and they kept a Merry Christmas.

As the years went by, they became rich. They were very happy together, but they never forgot the Stranger Child. Even when the little boy grew to be a man he always left his door open on Christmas Eve so that any little child who was outside in the darkness and the cold might come in and share his light, warmth, and Christmas joy.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Long years ago, in a little country called Galilee, far across the sea, there lived a man named Joseph, and his wife Mary.

Mary and Joseph had been born in Bethlehem, of Judea, so when the king sent out the proclamation that every man should go up to his own city to be taxed, they made ready to go back to Bethlehem. It was a long, hard journey, for in those days there were no trains, nor swift, easy ways of travel. Joseph placed Mary upon their own little donkey, and walked beside her all the way.

At last they came to the gates of the city, just at night-fall, and when they reached the inn they found that every room was full. Many people besides themselves had come

back to Bethlehem in obedience to the king's command, so the little city was crowded. Up and down the street they went seeking a place to stay, but always the answer was, "There is no room." Joseph would not have cared, for himself, for he was a big, strong man and could have slept in the streets, but Mary must have a shelter for the night.

At last the keeper of the inn said: "You may sleep in my barn, if you like." Joseph made a bed upon the sweet-smelling hay, and Mary rested upon it, while the wondering cattle stood around.

In the night a very wonderful thing happened: a little Baby was born to Mary. And Mary took the Baby and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in the manger.

Now in the same country there were some shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night. As they sat talking together, suddenly a bright light shone round about them, and then in the heavens they saw an angel appear. They were very much afraid and hid their faces on the ground. But the angel said unto them: "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

When the angels' song had ended and the angels were gone, the shepherds arose, and went down into the city. There they found Mary and Joseph and the Babe, just as the angels had said. They fell down and worshiped Him, then went throughout the city, telling the good news to all whom they met.

In a far away country there were also some wise men who had been told that this Baby would be born, and they had been promised that a bright star should lead them to Him. Night after night they looked up at the heavens, and waited for the sign. At last one night the star shone out, so they mounted their camels and followed it as it moved before them. It led them to Bethlehem, and stood still over the stable where the young Child was. Then they went into the stable and saw the Child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshiped Him. They gave Him rich gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Then they returned to their own country.

That was the very first Christmas. Ever since that time the Birthday of that Child has been kept. "For the light, the truth, the way, came to bless the earth that day, long ago on Christmas."

CHAPTER XIX

SPRING STORIES

O, grown-ups cannot understand,
  And grown-ups never will,
How short's the way to fairy-land
  Across the purple hill;
They smile; their smile is very bland,
  Their eyes are wide and chill;
And yet—at just a child's demand—
  The world's an Eden still.

—ALFRED NOYES.

Spring stories should always be supplemented with the actual experience with the awakening forces of nature. Bulbs should be planted in the autumn, and the child should watch their growth after their long sleep through the winter. Seeds should be planted, and their germination followed. He should see cocoons open and the beautiful butterfly become free. He should see the birds nest and hatch their young. He should observe all phases of awakening life, and these observations should be deepened in meaning through song and story. The power of the unseen forces of nature should be brought vividly to him.

If these simple experiences are rightly presented, the child will thrill to the joy of life and beauty around him. The great life-principle will take on new meaning, and immortality, the "dream stuff" of the soul throughout the ages, will become a part of his consciousness.

FIVE PEAS IN THE POD

(Re-told from Andersen)

Once upon a time there were five peas in one shell. They were green, the shell was green, and so they believed the whole world was green. The sun shone and warmed the shell, the rain made it moist and cool, and the peas grew bigger and bigger.

One day one of the peas said: "Are we going to sit here forever? I'm getting cramped and hard from sitting still so long. It seems to me there must be more room outside."

By and by, the peas became yellow, and the shell became yellow.

"All the world is turning yellow! How queer!" they all said.

Suddenly they felt a pull, and they were torn right off the vine and put into a pocket, though they did not know it was a pocket, as they had never seen one before.

"What do you suppose will happen next?" they all said.

Just then, *Crack!* went the shell, and the five peas rolled out into the sunlight. A little boy rolled them over in his hand, and stared at them with big round eyes. "These are fine peas for my pea-shooter," they heard him say.

Suddenly one of the peas felt himself shot out into the air.

"Now I am flying into the wide world! Catch me if you can!" he said, and he was gone in a moment.

"I shall fly straight to the sun!" said the second pea, as he too was shot away.

"Let's roll around and find a place to sleep," said two of the others, as they dropped from the pea-shooter.

When the last pea was shot out of the pea-shooter, he flew up against an old board in a garret window, and fell into a little crack filled with moss and soil. The moss closed itself around him, and there he lay, unable to get out.

"Oh, dear! This is horrid! It was much better to fly!" he grumbled; but grumbling did no good—there he was, and there he stayed.

Now in the garret there lived a woman and her little daughter. The little girl had been ill for a whole year. The mother worked hard all day long, and sometimes until late in the night. She tried in every way to make her child strong and well again.

One morning it was spring. The sun shone in through the window, and made a bright spot on the floor. The mother pushed the little girl's bed close up to the window so she could look out, and so the warm spring air could blow on her face.

"Oh, mother, what is this little green thing that peeps in at the window? See it waving in the wind."

The mother stepped to the window and looked. "Why," she said, "it is a little pea that has taken root in the moss, and is putting out green leaves. I wonder how it ever got here? I'll give it some water, and you can have a little garden to look at right here by your window."

All the day the little girl lay there watching the pea. It was so bright and green, and seemed to nod at the little

girl, as much as to say: "This warm sun will make you grow too."

That night the little girl said she felt much better. This made the mother so happy that she could scarcely go to sleep.

The next morning the mother propped the little plant with a stick so the wind would not break it. She gave it more water, and tied a piece of string to the window sill, so the pea vine might wind around it. Very soon the tendrils began to curl around the string. Every day the little girl lay and watched the vine as it grew higher and higher. It seemed as if she could almost see it creeping up the string.

One day a tiny bud came, and then a flower. The little girl was so excited that she sat up in bed; and her cheeks were as pink as the blossoms. Inside the house the little girl was growing stronger and rosier, and outside the pea vine was growing and blooming.

At last, one day, the little girl walked over to the window. It was the first time since she had been ill that she had felt strong enough to walk. She bent her head and touched her cheek to the flowers. "You made me well!" she whispered.

The little pea rustled his leaves, and his pink blossoms sent out a faint perfume. "I'm glad the moss shut me up here!" he thought. "This is better than flying!"

PICCIOLA

Those who have read Saintine's "Picciola" will see that in translating and adapting it from the French I have departed

from the spirit of the original only in the attitude of the Emperor. The nurture and love that Count Charney gave to the plant, which brought about his freedom, is true to the original. That the Emperor was merely scornful of a man who could care so much for the life of a plant is not an essential point.

Away across the sea, in the land of France, there once lived a man whose name was Count Charney. He read many books and studied deeply about many things, and he decided that there ought to be no kings or rulers of any kind—that people should govern themselves. He talked much of this, until at last some one who heard him told the Emperor of France that Count Charney was planning to have him killed. The Emperor was very angry and sent his soldiers to arrest the Count. They carried him away and shut him up in a prison with great, thick walls, and windows so high and small that no sunlight could come in. None of his friends was allowed to come to see him, he had no books to read nor paper on which to write his thoughts, and he could only sit and think about the beautiful world outside, and wish that he were free again.

For one hour each day he was allowed to walk in the courtyard, but this, too, was surrounded with walls so high that he could not see the people passing in the streets. He could not even see the mountains, which were nearby—he could only look at the blue sky overhead. He watched the floating clouds, he saw the birds fly past. "Oh! if only I had wings!" he said. "Oh! to be free, to be free! To see the trees, the flowers, the green grass again! Must I stay in here my whole life through?"

Days and weeks and months went by, and the Count grew still more lonely and sad. He tried to write some of his thoughts on his linen handkerchief with a piece of charcoal, but that was not easy to do. Each day he waited eagerly for the door of his room to be unlocked so that he might walk in the courtyard. There he could at least see the sunlight, the floating clouds, the flying birds.

One day, as he paced up and down, he saw that some loosened earth was pushed between the heavy paving stones. He was about to smooth it with his foot when he noticed something green.

"Surely nothing could grow here," he said, as he knelt to look more closely. But there, pushing its way up between the stones, were two tiny green leaves.

"What kind of plant are you, to try to grow here?" Count Charney whispered. "You poor little thing! You are brave. I'll fetch some water for you and help you all I can."

He went to his cell and brought some of the water which had been given him to drink. This he poured carefully about the little plant's roots.

The next day when Count Charney came to walk in the courtyard he hurried over to the spot in which he had seen the little plant the day before. The tiny leaves had unfolded and pushed up farther between the stones.

"My poor little one!" he said gently. "You have a hard place in which to grow. Perhaps some bird dropped your seed here. You shall live as long as possible." And he brought some water again and poured it carefully about the thirsty roots.

"What is your name, little green thing?" he said, as if to a child.

Count Charney knew the names of many flowers and plants, but he had never seen a leaf shaped like this one. He remembered all the flowers in his beautiful garden at home, all the wild flowers in the woodland of his great estate.

"They have a place to grow and blossom," he said, "but you, *ma pauvre petite*—my poor little one! My Picciola, will you ever have a chance to bloom?"

The jailer, passing near, heard him talking to the little plant. "Poor fellow, he's quite mad," he said.

Day after day Count Charney tended the little plant. He was so interested, so pleased to help it grow, that he almost forgot his own hard lot. He talked to it and called it tender names: "My Picciola, my Picciola," he would say. That meant, "My little one, my beloved."

The little plant grew and grew. It unfolded its leaves and waved in the breeze as gaily as if the hard stones had not been on either side of it.

One day there came a storm. The wind blew, and the hailstones pelted down. Count Charney was walking in the courtyard when the storm began, but he did not go into his room for shelter. He knelt by the little plant and shielded it with his own body, so the hailstones could not strike the tender leaves.

"Picciola, Picciola, what would have happened had I not been here?" he said. "You must live and bloom, my little one."

When the storm had passed he took some wood which

had been given him for a fire, and he made a frame which he placed around the plant. He took off his coat and hung it about the frame.

"That will protect you if another storm comes when I am locked in my room," he said.

The next day there was a tiny, hard bud on the tip of the stalk. Count Charney was quite beside himself with joy.

"A flower here! To think I shall see a flower again!" he cried. That day he gave it every drop of his water.

"Take it all," he said. "I am willing to be thirsty if only you will unfold your petals. What color will you be, my Picciola?"

He could hardly wait for the night to pass, and for the hour to come when he could return to the courtyard to see his flower.

Sure enough, the bud had parted so that the color peeped through. It was a pale, pinkish lavender. He spent the whole hour beside the plant. "Tomorrow I shall see you. Perhaps I shall know your name," he whispered as he left her.

But when he hurried to it the next day he noticed that the leaves were drooping.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "I gave you water, Picciola; I have tended you so carefully. Shall I not see one bloom?"

He knelt beside the flower and examined it carefully. He saw that the stem had grown so large that the sharp edges of the paving stones were cutting into it. It could not live unless the stones were lifted to give it growth.

Count Charney rushed to the jailer, and begged him to lift the stones and save the life of the plant.

"It cannot be done," the jailer said. "Only the Emperor himself can give permission for those stones to be raised."

"But it must be done! The plant will die! Oh, let it have a chance to bloom!" Count Charney pleaded.

But the jailer shook his head.

"Will no one take a letter to the Emperor?" Count Charney implored. "If he only knew, I am sure he would command that the stones be lifted. It could do no harm, and the brave little flower would live."

A young girl who was visiting her father in the prison heard Count Charney's story.

"I'll carry your message to the Emperor," said she.

Count Charney took one of his linen handkerchiefs, and with a piece of charcoal he wrote to the Emperor, begging for the life of the flower.

The young girl carried it carefully, and let nothing stop her until the letter was in the hands of the Emperor himself.

"Count Charney," said the Emperor, "is not he the man who was shut up in prison for life because he was plotting to kill me? Would the man who cares so much for the little flower take the life of his Emperor? It could not be. I will set him free at once."

He called a member of his Guard and ordered him to ride to the prison, bearing the command that the stones be lifted to save the flower, and that Count Charney be sent to his own home again.

Count Charney was permitted to lift the plant and carry it away with him. He set it in his beautiful garden, where it lived and bloomed. He took his little children to look at it, and told them the story of how Picciola had set their father free.

PROSERPINA

Many teachers have told me that they have never been able to use this story successfully with young children. I have used this version with children as young as five, and it has been their favorite story. They talk of it, dramatize it—in fact, it is the most successful of my stories with them.

Long, long ago there lived a woman whose name was Ceres. People sometimes called her "Mother Ceres." It was her work to help things to grow, so she worked hard from morning until night, tending the trees, the flowers, the grass—in fact, everything that grew in the earth; and in the autumn she helped the fruits to ripen, and made the grain ready for the harvest.

She loved all the beautiful ferns and grasses, loved all the trees and plants, but much as she loved these there was one thing she loved far more—her little daughter Proserpina.

Proserpina often helped her mother, and she, too, loved all growing things. When Mother Ceres went away to her work, Proserpina played in the garden with the flowers. Sometimes she felt that the violets and the lilies really talked to her and understood her well. She never felt lonely while they were nodding to her in the wind.

One day, Mother Ceres stepped into her chariot and said: "Good-bye, Proserpina, I have a great deal of work to do today, and must travel far. Play with the flowers, and be waiting for me when I come home." Then she swept away in her chariot drawn by dragons.

Proserpina looked longingly after her mother. For a while she played about in the garden, but the sunshine was so bright, and the birds' songs seemed to call to her so gayly, that she left the garden and walked out across the green field. There were many beautiful flowers—violets, wild flowers, clover—and Proserpina began gathering some for her mother.

By and by she came to a field of yellow wheat, and down in among the wheat bright red poppies shone. They bowed their silken heads toward Proserpina and seemed to say: "Come and pick us! Come and pick us!" She dropped all her other flowers and began gathering the poppies. They were so lovely and silky and red, Proserpina thought she could never gather enough. When she picked one bunch, another farther on seemed even more beautiful.

By and by she saw a cluster which seemed lovelier than all the rest. "Oh!" she cried, "I must have these!" But try as she would, she could not break them. She caught them fast in both her hands, and pulled with all her might. As she did, the roots were loosened from the earth and a low rumbling sound was heard.

Proserpina stood still, listening. "Can that be thunder? There's not a cloud in the sky," she thought.

The rumbling grew louder, and looking across the field

she saw a great black chariot drawn by four coal black horses sweeping over the bending wheat, coming nearer and nearer to her. Seated in the chariot was a man, straight and tall and dressed in black from head to foot. Even his face was covered with a black masque. When he was close beside Proserpina he stooped and lifted her into the chariot beside him.

She was frightened, and cried out: "Mother Ceres! Mother Ceres!" But Mother Ceres was far away and did not hear her.

Then Proserpina grew silent and looked up into the eyes of the man. They looked back at her so kindly that she felt less afraid. "Who are you? Where are you taking me?" she said.

"I am King Pluto," answered the man. "I have a wonderful kingdom down under the earth. I'm taking you there. You'll like it, I am sure. I have there strange and wonderful things which you have never seen before."

"I do not want to go with you," cried Proserpina. "Oh! please take me to my mother. She will want me so!"

"I want you too, Proserpina," said King Pluto. "I have no little girl, and I want some one to love. Wait until you see the wonders of my kingdom. There are great red rubies—"

"But I like red poppies best," said Proserpina, "and violets and lilies"—Just then her head dropped over against King Pluto's arm and Proserpina was sound asleep.

King Pluto drove on and on, until at last he came to

a large opening in the ground. Right into this he drove. A gate, guarded by a great two-headed dog, swung open, and passing through this the horses stopped before a beautiful palace.

Proserpina was still sleeping, so King Pluto lifted her gently in his arms and carried her within. Then she stirred, rubbed her eyes, and said: "Where am I? Where is my mother?"

"Welcome to my home," said King Pluto. "I hope you will be happy here. See, all this yellow gold you may have."

"But there is no sunlight," said Proserpina. "I love the sunlight."

"Never mind," said King Pluto, "you'll forget about that by and by. You are tired and hungry now."

He called his servants and they came before Proserpina with strange, rich dishes, but she turned away weeping, and begging to be taken to Mother Ceres. King Pluto tried hard to persuade her to eat, for he knew that if he could do so Proserpina must stay with him forever.

Now, up on the earth Mother Ceres was searching for Proserpina. Never since the evening she came home and found Proserpina gone had she ceased going up and down the earth asking always: "Have you seen Proserpina? Oh! can you tell me where she has gone?"

The grass withered, the flowers drooped, the leaves dropped from the trees, for Mother Ceres had no time to tend them now—she could only search for Proserpina. In fact, she did not care whether the earth was beautiful or not, since Proserpina was not there to see.

"The grass shall not grow, the flowers shall not bloom, the trees shall stand bare and brown until my child is found," Mother Ceres said. Failing to find her, Mother Ceres sat upon a stone by the wayside, with her head on her hands, weeping all the day.

Now there was a great traveler named Mercury. He saw how weary and sad Mother Ceres was and he longed to make her happy again. At last he learned how King Pluto had carried Proserpina away to his underground home and he set out quickly to bring her back to the earth again.

Down in King Pluto's palace Proserpina was weeping too. She would take none of his gifts, and tasted no food. At last he remembered that Proserpina had told him that Mother Ceres always gave her fruit to eat, so calling one of his servants, he sent him up to the earth to fetch fruit for Proserpina.

The servant found the whole earth brown and dead—there was no fruit to be found on any of the trees. At last, however, he found one little withered pomegranate. Taking that, he hurried back to King Pluto's palace. "Here, Proserpina, eat this," begged King Pluto; "see, it is one of your own pomegranates. I had it fetched from the earth for you."

Proserpina would not touch it, but King Pluto placed it near her and went away. It smelled so good that soon Proserpina took it in her hand. She lifted it to her lips and sank her little white teeth into it.

Just then the door flew open and there stood Mercury. "Stop, Proserpina, I have come to take you home, but

if you eat so much as one bite, I cannot take you. It is the law," said Mercury.

"I only swallowed six of the seeds," said Proserpina.

King Pluto laughed softly. "For each of those little seeds, Proserpina, you must spend one month out of each year with me. Six months you may stay on the earth with Mother Ceres, but the other six months you must be with me here."

"You have been very kind to me, and I know you are lonely here, so I shan't mind very much, since I may stay with my mother part of the time," said Proserpina.

Then saying good-bye to King Pluto, she journeyed back to the earth with Mercury.

As soon as her feet touched the earth the grass grew soft and green. Mother Ceres, weeping on her stone, suddenly lifted up her head and said: "What is this? The grass is growing green, there are violets beginning to bloom, and buds too are on the trees. How dare these things grow when Proserpina is not here!"

Then far across the field she saw the flash of a green dress and a little figure running to meet her. "Oh! Proserpina has come back! Proserpina has come back!" she cried joyfully. The birds up in the trees twittered and sang: "Proserpina is here! Proserpina is here!" Flowers everywhere burst into bloom, the green leaves rustled in the soft warm breeze, and all the earth was beautiful and glad once more.

And ever since that time, Proserpina has spent six months upon the earth with her mother and six months in the underworld with King Pluto. When she leaves

the earth, Mother Ceres weeps, the grass withers, the flowers fade and the leaves drop from the trees; but when she returns, the buds, the grass, the flowers, the singing birds, and golden sunshine make the earth again a place of beauty and gladness.

A WONDROUS CHANGE

The natural facts of the life of the common cabbage butterfly have been used as the basis of this story. The symbolic thought of the caterpillar song in Froebel's "Mother Play Songs" has been developed in it.

Mrs. Gatty, in "Parables of Nature," tells the story. Miss Harrison in her volume, "In Story Land," also has a version of the same story. My own version, offered here, has grown from the children's responses to the study of the growth of the butterfly, and the dramatization of it into a game. All kindergartners have used the Froebelian game, but no group of children has failed to develop the game for themselves after the study of the nature facts, the song and the story. This story presents to them the mystery of the awakening and the continuance of life, and is the best of the Easter nature stories.

BUTTERFLY [1]

Once I was a baby and
  Knew only baby talk,
You were once a caterpillar
  On our garden walk.

Now I wonder,—maybe you
  Could tell me, if you try—
Do you talk in Caterpillar
  Or in Butterfly?

[1] From *The Gentlest Giant*, by ANNA BIRD STEWART. Used by the courteous permission of the publishers, Wayne Publishing Co., New York.

Once upon a time there was a big garden. It was not a flower garden, but a vegetable garden. In it there grew potatoes, asparagus, beans, peas, and cabbages. Down on one side there was a strawberry bed and along by the fence there was a row of plum trees, all white with blossoms.

In the middle of the garden, on a cabbage leaf, there lived a creepy crawly, fuzzy wuzzy, green caterpillar. All day long this little caterpillar crept and crawled, and ate cabbage. He never looked up at the sunshine, nor out across the garden—the only world he knew was made of cabbage.

One day a beautiful white butterfly came flitting over the garden and lighted on the cabbage leaf, close beside the caterpillar. He lifted up his head and looked at her. "How wonderful!" he said, as the butterfly flew lightly away toward the plum trees. "Oh, dear! I wish I could fly, instead of crawling in this slow way! It must be a splendid thing to have wings!"

Just then he saw twelve little round green eggs on the leaf where the butterfly had lighted. "Now what shall I do?" he said. "That butterfly has left these eggs here and gone away. The baby butterflies will hatch, and who will take care of them? I don't know what they should eat, and I could never teach them to fly. Oh dear! Oh dear!" and he worried and worried about the baby butterflies that he was sure would come out of those eggs.

One day the eggs did hatch, and out came—what do you suppose? Not baby butterflies at all, but twelve

little creepy crawly, fuzzy wuzzy, tiny green caterpillars, just like the old caterpillar.

"Well, well," he said, "I should never have been so troubled if I had only known that baby caterpillars were coming out of those eggs! I know exactly how to teach them to crawl and eat."

By and by, the old caterpillar began to feel very sleepy. Then he found that he could draw silken threads from his body, and he began winding them round and round himself. Pretty soon, he had a house made for himself, and he went to sleep inside it. He slept and he slept, for days and days.

At last he woke up, and thought he would like to come out of his house, but it was so tightly sealed that it was very hard for him to get out. So he pushed and wriggled until at last he broke a hole through the walls at one end. Then he dragged himself slowly out on to the cabbage leaf. After him, on one side, he pulled a white wet thing; and after him, on the other side, he pulled another white wet thing.

"Whatever is this?" he said. "I didn't have those things fastened to me when I went to sleep!"

Then the sun shone down on him, and the white things began to dry. He lifted them up straight, and just then, a little puff of wind struck him. He tumbled off the cabbage leaf, and fluttered over to the asparagus bed. "Why!" he panted in excitement, "I do believe I've waked up with wings!"

He lifted his wings again, and flew over to the strawberry bed. "What a world! What a world!" he said. "It's not all cabbage, after all!"

Then he smelled the fragrant plum blossoms, and somehow he knew that in them he would find something he wanted very much. So he flew over to them, and sipped honey until he felt wonderfully strong. Over in the field beyond the garden, he saw clover nodding in the wind. That smelled sweet too, and he was about to fly over to it, when he remembered the little caterpillars. He fluttered back across the garden, and lighted on the cabbage leaf, close beside them. "Eat and grow, little caterpillars, eat and grow," he whispered to them. "By and by you too will sleep, and you too will wake with wings! It is a wondrous thing to do! Now, good-bye, I'm off to see the great world!"

He lifted up his wings, and flitted away, past the plum trees, and over into the clover field beyond.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

The children's love of "Sleeping Beauty" is not due alone to the appeal of the fairy element, nor the beauty of the little princess; the mystery of life which continues through the long period of sleep is a hint of immortality. The children respond to this thought far more than one would realize who has not told the story to them, then sat silent while they talked of it. When they have heard this story, start them thinking of all the things which sleep and wake, not by telling them, but by simple questions, leaving them to think for themselves. They will cover the whole of animal and plant life and will press forward in their thought until the consciousness of the great life-force which causes all awakening becomes a part of them.

In the wonderful days of old there lived a king and a queen. They had a beautiful palace; in fact, they had

everything that heart could wish, except they had no children. "If only we had a little son, or a little daughter!" they said.

At last, a little daughter was born to them, and there was no end to the rejoicing throughout the kingdom. "We must give a great christening feast," said the king. "We'll ask all of the Fairies in the kingdom to come."

Messengers were sent out, and preparations were begun for the feast. The king ordered the goldsmiths to make wonderful plates of gold set with precious stones for the Fairies to eat from, and other things quite as marvelous.

At last, the day of the christening came. The twelve Fairies who had been invited were seated at the table which was laid in the banquet hall, the king and the queen were on their thrones, and the baby princess had just been brought in for the Fairies to kiss her, and give her their wishes, when the door flew open, and there stood an old, old Fairy. She had lived out in the forest all alone for so long that everyone had forgotten her.

"What's this? A party, and I not invited!" she frowned angrily.

"Oh, do come in!" said the king. "We meant to have every Fairy here. How did it ever happen that you did not get the message?"

They gave her a seat, a plate was fetched for her, and servants ran to wait on her. But her plate was only of plain gold, while those of the other Fairies were set with diamonds and rubies. The old Fairy frowned still more when she saw that.

Soon the Fairies began giving gifts to the little princess.

"She shall be the most beautiful princess in the whole world," said one.

"She shall sing such lovely songs that the whole world will be glad for hearing them," said another.

"She shall dance as lightly as the Fairies themselves," said a third.

"She shall be so gentle and so kind that everyone shall love her," said a fourth; and so on, until eleven of the twelve Fairies had given the princess a wonderful gift.

Now the old Fairy had been frowning more and more disagreeably at every wish, and the youngest Fairy of all suspected that she was plotting some mischief, so she slipped behind the curtain, and did not give her gift. When the old Fairy thought they had all finished, she stood up, and pointed her wand at the little princess. "I will give my wish!" she snapped. "When the princess is fifteen years old she shall prick her finger with a spindle, and fall down dead!"

"Oh! Oh!" they all cried. "Don't say that! Please take back your wish!" But the old Fairy would not.

Then the youngest Fairy stepped from behind the curtain, and said: "I may not entirely undo what another Fairy has done, but I can change it. The princess shall not fall down dead, but she shall fall into a deep, deep sleep, and sleep for a hundred years. At the end of that time, the most charming prince in all the world shall come and waken her."

The king and the queen were still not very happy, for of course they did not wish their little daughter to fall asleep for a hundred years. So the king thought and

thought; then at last he said: "I know what I'll do! I'll have all of the spinning wheels in the kingdom broken up, then our child will be safe. Of course she cannot prick her finger with a spindle if there are no spindles." So he sent forth the order, and soon there was not a spinning wheel left in the kingdom.

Years went by, and all that the kind Fairies had wished came to pass. The little princess grew more and more lovely as the days went by, and all the other charming things came to her.

At last her fifteenth birthday drew near. The king and the queen felt so safe, since all the spinning wheels were destroyed, that they had almost forgotten the prophecy of the old Fairy.

On the evening of her birthday the little princess was left alone. She felt restless, and wanted something to do. She walked about the castle as if she were searching for something. At last she came to a door which she had never seen before. She opened it, and there she saw steps which wound round and round, and up and up. The little princess started climbing the steps, and never stopped until she reached a tower at the very tiptop of the castle. There by the window sat an old woman, whirling a spinning wheel, as fast as she could. By her side was a pile of thread.

"What are you doing?" said the princess.

"I am spinning," answered the old woman.

"Oh, let me do it!" said the princess, running over to the wheel, and taking the thread in her hand.

Of course she did not know how to spin, as she had

never seen it done, so she was awkward, and struck her hand against the spindle. It pricked her finger, and instantly she fell asleep. Everything in the castle fell asleep too, and around the castle there sprang up a thick hedge. It grew higher than the towers of the castle, and was filled with thorns.

The years went by, and now and then some prince who heard the story of the sleeping princess came and tried to force his way through the hedge, but when the thorns pricked him, he rode away.

At last a hundred years had passed, and one day a king's son was out hunting. He stopped his horse on the top of a hill, and sat looking across the country.

"What castle is that so far away?" he asked of one of his men.

The man rubbed his eyes, then laughed. "It must be the enchanted castle you see," he said.

"What castle is that?" asked the prince.

Then the man told him the story of the beautiful princess who had been enchanted by the wicked Fairy. As the prince listened, he knew in his heart that it was he who was to waken her. He rode away from his men, and never stopped until he reached the spot where he had seen the towers of the castle. He pressed through the thick hedge, and as he went forward, the hedge burst into bloom, and the birds began to sing. He reached the door of the castle, and went in. There in the hall, he saw the watch dog, sound asleep. Down in the kitchen, the cook and the kitchen boy were sound asleep. Out in the stable, the horses were asleep. Up in the banquet hall,

the lords and the ladies, the king and the queen, and all the musicians, were asleep.

"Where can the princess be?" he wondered.

At last, he came to a door and opened it. He saw some steps which wentro und and round, and up and up. He started climbing, and never stopped until he reached the tip top. There in the little room in the highest tower in the castle he found the sleeping princess. Her long golden hair spread over her pillow, and her cheeks looked so pink and soft, and her mouth so lovely, that he could not help giving her a kiss. When his lips touched hers, she opened her eyes.

"Have you come, my prince? I've waited for you these hundred years," she said.

Then the prince gave her his hand and led her down the steps to the banquet hall. When the princess had awakened, everyone in the palace woke up too, and the musicians began to play the music which they were playing when they went to sleep, a hundred years before.

So they held a wedding feast for the prince and the princess, and they all lived happy, ever after.

CHAPTER XX

HERO STORIES

So when a good man dies,
For years beyond his ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Charles Sumner.*

The small boy's hero in real life is the fireman, the policeman, the soldier. They embody his ideals of physical strength, of courage, and of ability to do things. Then, too, they move in a world different from his own—a world of adventure. It is their daily business to do deeds boldly.

The child demands the same simplicity and strength in his heroes in literature. They must be men of deeds. Their courage and resourcefulness must never fail. Their leadership must be unquestioned—at least in the end.

By these standards, there is no more appealing hero than Robin Hood. His good fellowship, the loyalty of his trusty band, his humor, his fairness and generosity, his defiance of needless convention and unjust law, his spirit of daring, his freedom, his ability to meet defeat and still command respect, all unite to give him first place in the heart of boyhood. Even the setting in which his adventures occur increases their interest—the greenwood is forever the paradise of real boys.

Ulysses combines the characteristics which appeal to the boy's mind. If he is a less popular hero, it is because of the faulty presentation of the stories of his adventures. He is brave, he is resourceful, he never fails to meet an emergency. His activities appeal to every boyish instinct. To excel in battle, to sail the seas, to outwit the Cyclops and hurl back at him truly boyish defiance, to build a raft, to be cast on an unknown shore and win the hearts of all at court by his wisdom and his excellence in games, to return at last to his own kingdom and fight against unparalleled odds, standing triumphant in the end—these are exploits of thrilling interest.

Whether the hero is mythical, semi-mythical, or historic, his characteristics must be in essence the same. He must be master of his environment. He must win power, and use it daringly. He must be true to his fellows. He must be imbued with the spirit of service. He must be the super-man. No mollycoddle will serve for a hero.

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM

In this story the child sees the heroic endurance of another child. The simple, homely touches of the tale link it with the common experiences of all children. The pain of the cold, the loneliness of the night, have meaning to them. That the boy in the story suffered them and stayed, keeping the waters back from the sleeping city, and that he finally won recognition for his heroism, will appeal to children in a way not realized except by the adult who has been in position to observe closely the effect of the story upon the lives of little ones.

Far across the sea is a little country called Holland.

The surface of the land there is lower than the ocean, so the only way to keep the waves from coming in and flooding the land is by means of great walls, called dykes, which hold the water back. Men watch these walls constantly to see that no holes are broken through them by the beating of the waves. Even the little children are taught that they must help watch these walls, for a tiny hole can soon grow to a big one, and many lives may be lost very quickly.

In this land, and in the City of Haarlem, once lived a little boy whose name was Peter. One day Peter had been out in the country to visit his grandmother, and he did not start home until just before sunset. He ran along on top of the sea-wall—he was hurrying, for he had stayed later than usual at grandmother's house. All the men had left the fields, and he knew that he would be late to his supper.

Suddenly he heard something which made him stop still—it was the sound of water trickling. Peter scrambled down the side of the dyke and looked carefully for the hole he knew must be there. He soon found it; just a little one it was, but it was growing larger each moment. Peter looked about for something with which to stop it, but he could not find a thing. So he pushed his finger into the hole; it was just right to hold the water back. He held his finger pressed tightly in the hole, and called loudly for help. But no one came. All the men had gone to their homes for the night. "Surely some one will come soon," Peter thought, so he shouted again and again.

The sun was gone, the shadows grew darker, and the stars shone out overhead. The boy's hand grew numb and cold, and he wondered how he could stand the pain if no one came. He dared not take his finger away, for if he did, the water would rush through faster and faster, until it would be a roaring flood which would sweep over the city. He could hear the roar of the waves, and the night winds grew colder and colder.

"Mother will miss me and they will come to look for me soon," Peter thought.

But when her little boy did not come his mother said: "I suppose Peter has decided to stay with Grandmother for the night," so they had supper and went to bed. Of course Grandmother thought Peter was safe at home, as he had left in time to be there before the night fell.

When no one came, Peter moaned with pain, and felt very lonely out there in the night, but he never thought of taking his finger from the hole and letting the water come through. "I'll stand it some way," he thought. So he stayed there all through the night keeping the water back.

Early the next morning a man passed along the dyke on his way to work. He heard a queer moaning sound, and looking over the edge of the dyke saw Peter clinging to the side of the great wall, with his finger still in the hole. He climbed quickly over to him and lifted the boy in his arms, crying for help. Other men passing ran with their shovels and the hole was soon mended.

They carried Peter home to his mother, and told all the people in the city how the brave boy had saved their

lives that night. People in Holland still love to tell the story of his bravery, and they still call him "The Little Hero of Haarlem."

JOAN OF ARC

"A girl cannot be a knight!" is inevitably the scornful comment of some boy in the group which has been listening to stories of knighthood, and boy and girl alike have responded to the thrill of bravery and chivalry. The best answer always is the telling of the story of Joan, the brave maid who saved her country and her king. For the same purpose a group of stories of heroic women might be developed. The children are not yet in the stage of development to appreciate the daily heroism of the life of service which most women give to their loved ones, therefore such tales should be given for a basis of wholesome equality, pictured in the terms which satisfy their ideal.

Long years ago, in the land of France, there lived a little maid whose name was Joan. She was a strong, healthy child, and she loved to run, climb and play just as the other children did; but she also loved to slip away alone and sit thinking about strange and wonderful things. Now and then she would steal away to a beautiful church near her home and sit for hours looking at the pictures on the windows. Sometimes as she sat there in the soft light it seemed as if the pictured angels spoke to her; or at times as she walked underneath the trees she loved, it seemed to her that these angels came and walked with her. They whispered to her to be good, and to grow strong, for there was much work she must do for the world.

When Joan was still a child there was great sadness in

her home because the English king and his soldiers were overrunning the country, and the Dauphin Charles, the rightful King of France, was neither crowned nor allowed to rule his own people. He was weak, and afraid to try to drive the strangers from his land. Joan heard her father and the country people talk of this; she saw their fear and poverty, and she longed to be able to help them.

So day by day she thought of nothing else. She dreamed of armies made up of men who loved their country, and who were not afraid. She knew that the hearts of her countrymen were brave, but they lacked a leader. Some one must go to the uncrowned king and waken the courage in his heart.

One day when she had been thinking of these things, it suddenly seemed to Joan that a brilliant light was shining through the trees. Her eyes were dazzled at first, but as she gazed it seemed that one of the most beautiful of the angels stood before her. "Joan," he said, "it is you who must help the king!"

The vision faded and Joan was left stirred and wondering.

In the days that followed, this vision came again and again: it was always the angel and the two saints pictured in her little church who came her. Perhaps she really saw them, perhaps the whisperings came only from her own brave heart; but, at any rate, for three whole years she kept hearing that message: "Joan, it is you who must help the king and set your country free."

At last the English came to Joan's own village and burned the church she loved. She determined that she

would not wait longer. She went to her father and to her uncle and told them of her visions and of the voices which had told her to go to the king. At first they thought she was mad, and said she should not go; but at last the governor of her province said: "Let her go, it can do no harm," and he sent her away with an escort of soldiers, and a letter to the Dauphin Charles.

The news spread through France. People talked of nothing else. Some believed that Joan was really sent to set the king upon his throne and free her country, some mocked and laughed, some said wicked, cruel things. But Joan heeded nothing but her voices and the dreams of freeing her land, and at last she overcame all difficulties and stood before the uncrowned king. Her brave words and her faith in him stirred Charles and made him ashamed of his weakness and cowardice. He gave her the uniform of a soldier, placed a great sword in her hand, and pledged himself and his small band of soldiers to follow her.

When news of this spread through the land, all brave men who truly loved their country gathered about Joan and she soon rode at the head of a brilliant army. She feared nothing, stopped at nothing, and when the men saw the courage and endurance of this young girl they would have felt ashamed to falter or turn back.

Town after town fell before them, and at last they reached Orleans. At sight of its walls, the soldiers sent up shouts of joy. Nothing could stop them now. Joan had said she would lead them here, and she had said, too, that they would capture the city and that Charles

should be crowned at Rheims. They believed that her voices had told her truly, and that God was leading them, through this young girl.

Joan called to her men to follow her, and she dashed forward, leading the fight. They all fought like heroes, but none was braver than Joan. They crossed the bridges and scaled the walls of the city. It was a terrible battle, and Joan was wounded, but she would not leave the front of her soldiers, or even stop for her wound to be dressed. So long as the men could see her banner at the front nothing could make them turn back. At last Orleans was taken and Joan rode beside the king, bearing her conquering banner, to Rheims. And there in the cathedral Charles was crowned King of France.

New courage had come to the French people, and they vowed never to stop until all France was their own again. All this had come about because one little country maid was not afraid, and dared to follow her visions and believe in her power to help her people and her king.

THE YOUNG KNIGHT GALAHAD

(*Adapted from Malory's "Morte D'Arthur"*)

Galahad is a romantic figure in story, of wide appeal. His picture is the best known of all the knights. The ideal portrait by E. A. Abbey is used in many schools and homes, yet the usual stories of the knight are too mystical to appeal to children. Those given herewith show a different phase of him, and one which does not fail to arouse their interest.

King Arthur and his Knights had gathered in the great hall of his castle at Camelot, and were talking over the

adventures of the day, when a door was opened and there on the threshold stood a maiden robed in white, with a girdle of red about her waist. The knights paused in their stories and waited for her to speak.

"Which is Sir Lancelot of the Lake?" she asked.

"I am he," said Sir Lancelot, the brave and courteous, as he rose and bowed to the maiden. "How could I serve you?" he asked.

"Follow me," she answered.

"Whither and wherefore?"

"That you shall know later," the maid replied.

Wondering much, but ever willing to serve, Sir Lancelot followed her out of the great hall.

There in the courtyard stood two horses. They mounted and rode away, over hill and dale, across open country and through the great forest. By and by, just as the sun was setting, they passed out of the forest, and there before them stretched a beautiful valley. Orchards were blossoming, wheat stood bending in the wind, and away in the distance the sheep were grazing in the fields. Down in the valley stood a white house with a green roof.

" 'Tis there we are going," said the maiden.

At length they dismounted and passed within. To his surprise, Sir Lancelot saw two other knights, Sir Bors and Sir Lionel, waiting within.

"Why are you here?" asked Sir Lancelot.

"We know not. A maiden robed in white and wearing a red girdle about her waist led us hither," the knights replied.

While they stood apart talking together a door opened,

and there entered twelve gentle black-robed nuns, and with them a youth of eighteen. He was dressed in white, and as the knights looked at his straight, strong body, and his face so pure, so young, so beautiful, they felt glad at heart just at the sight of him.

"Who is this youth?" asked Lancelot.

"Sir Knight," the Abbess answered, "he is none other than your own son, Galahad. For many years we have nourished him here. We have taught him of your brave deeds, your kindliness, and your courtesy. Now he desires to be made a knight by you."

"That will I gladly do," said Lancelot, who was overjoyed to find he had a son so noble and so fair. Then he and Galahad talked long together.

When the morning came, Galahad knelt before Sir Lancelot, who with his own sword touched the lad's shoulder, saying: "Rise, Sir Galahad, ride forth to do whatever brave and noble deeds your hands shall find to do."

Then Sir Lionel, Sir Bors and Sir Lancelot rode back to Camelot. But the young knight, Galahad, did not ride with them, for he knew that the time had not yet come for him to go to the castle of the King.

A few days passed, and again at evening the knights were gathered in the great hall at Camelot. Again the door opened, and there entered an old man, leading by the hand a young knight clad all in red. He had no sword or shield, and there was an empty scabbard hanging by his side.

"Hail, O King!" cried the old man. "Here is a fair young knight who would be of your company!"

"He is right welcome," said King Arthur.

Then the old man pointed to the great covered seat next to the King. "There shall he sit!" he said.

Then all the knights started up in fright, for that was called "The Seat Perilous," and no one had ever dared to sit in it.

But the King took the young Knight's hand, and led him to the seat:

"Are you afraid?" said Arthur.

"Of what should I be afraid?" answered the young knight; and smiling, he took the seat. All the folds which enwrapped it fell away, and there, graven on the back they read: "Sir Galahad."

At this the knights sent up a shout which shook the hall, for they knew that this young knight was to do the greatest deeds of them all, because his courage was great and his heart was pure.

Just then the water carriers came hurrying into the hall.

"Come quickly to the river," they said. "A most strange thing has happened. By the river is lying a great block of polished marble, and deep into the middle of it is driven a wonderful sword. The hilt is set with jewels rich and rare."

"Come," said the King.

So they all arose and went down to the river. There, just as it had been said, lay the great cube of marble, with the sword driven into the middle of it. The knights drew near and read: "*Never shall man take me hence, but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight of all the world.*"

"You, Sir Lancelot, are my greatest knight. All know you so; draw you the sword," said the King.

"Nay," said Sir Lancelot, "there are many worthier than I. Let us others try."

The knights came round, and many of them attempted to draw the sword, but it remained as firmly fixed as ever.

Then said the King to Galahad: "Do you try, Sir Knight. You have no sword as yet, I see."

So Sir Galahad stepped forward, and taking the sword by its jeweled hilt drew it easily from the stone and set it in the scabbard which hung from his side.

Sir Lancelot's heart was thrilled with pride and joy in his son.

In the days that followed, Sir Galahad proved himself a knight indeed, in every way, and was honored by all in Arthur's court. But the young knight had as yet no shield. He had been told that far away in the heart of the forest there was an abbey in which was kept a snow-white shield with a cross of red in its center. This shield would be given only to the knight who had proven himself able to draw the jeweled sword from the block of red marble. So Sir Galahad knew that this shield was his own, and he rode away from Camelot to find and claim it.

After four days of wandering through the forest, he came at evening to the abbey. There, after some adventure, the shield was proven his; and fully armed he rode away to seek the work which was waiting for a true knight to do.

THE RESCUE OF SIR MELYAS

Sir Galahad's first battle had been won, and he was resting for a brief time to gain strength, and to learn what was next to be done, when a young man approached him. He was brave and fair, and Galahad's heart called him friend. His name was Melyas, and he was the son of the King of Denmark.

"Since you are born of Kings and of Queens, and since your heart knows not fear, you shall be made a knight," said Galahad. "See that you prove yourself pure, true, and good as a knight should be."

Sir Melyas' heart grew proud within him, that Sir Galahad, the worthiest of all, had called him friend and made him knight. They rode together for a week, but found no adventure.

At last one morning they came to a sign by the road which said: "Ride this way, ye Knights, and ye shall be sorely tested. If ye think ye are strong, ride forward!"

"Let me go alone," said Sir Melyas, thinking to win greater honor if he met the unknown danger without the help of Galahad.

"As you please," said Galahad gently. "It were better that ye rode not that way, but each must choose for himself."

But Sir Melyas heeded not, and rode forth through the forest.

At last he came to a beautiful meadow, on the edge of which stood an enchanting bower. Sir Melyas entered. Rich carpets covered the earth. Soft resting places stood

about, and tempting food was spread. There, too, he saw a crown of gold. It was more rare than any his eyes had beheld. He felt no hunger, nor did he tarry within the bower. It was the crown alone he longed for, and stooping he took it up and rode away with it.

Soon two armed men rode upon him.

"Set down that crown, young Knight, or it will be worse for you," they cried.

Sir Melyas drew his sword and rode at them, but they bore down upon him from both sides. Their blows fell so quick and hard that his shield was soon pierced and he was thrown to the ground. The crown was snatched from his hands, and he lay at their mercy, calling loudly for help.

By good fortune, Sir Galahad was near, and hearing the cries he rode quickly to give aid.

The two men rushed upon him, but their spears slipped from Sir Galahad's shield, and he struck such lusty blows that they soon turned in terror and fled through the forest. He pursued them for a little, then turned back to where Sir Melyas lay, groaning from his wounds.

Sir Galahad lifted him gently and, placing him upon his horse, walked beside him through the wood. His strong right arm held Melyas, so that he might not fall.

They journeyed thus to the hut of a good man who dwelt in the forest. Sir Galahad bore Sir Melyas within, and laid him upon the bed. He dressed his wounds and for three days and nights he tended him with all care.

"You are as kind as you are brave," said Sir Melyas. "How can I thank you, for you have saved my life?"

"When you are strong again, Melyas, ride forth to serve the King, and not yourself. 'Tis thus I would be thanked," said Sir Galahad.

And Sir Melyas said: "I promise."

"Your wounds are well-nigh healed," said Sir Galahad. "Tomorrow I must ride forth to find others who have need of me."

"As soon as I may ride I shall seek you," said Sir Melyas.

So the Knight Galahad mounted his horse and rode out of the forest and across the hills, searching for whatever work there was among men which only a true knight might do.

THE CASTLE OF THE MAIDENS

It was early morning when Sir Galahad rode out from the forest. He drew up his horse and sat looking down into the valley where a little village nestled. The sun was on his face and touched his bright hair, for his helmet was thrown back. His white shield gleamed until rays of light seemed to be falling from it as well as from the sun.

He lifted his eyes from the village and gazed at the castle on the crest of the hill. Its tall red roof shone like blood against the sky. Deep ditches circled the castle, and a beautiful river ran past it. The draw-bridges were up, the great gates tightly closed.

"No knights of the King live there, I know; what castle is it that is built so strong?" Galahad wondered to himself.

Just then he heard a step near, and turning he saw an old, old man, looking up at him with wonder in his eyes.

"What castle is yon?" asked Sir Galahad.

"Fair sir, it is a wicked, a terrible place. It is called 'The Castle of the Maidens,'" and the old man's weak voice quavered and broke.

"Tell me more of this," said Sir Galahad sternly. "Are there no knights in this fair land left to destroy a place so wicked?"

"Alas! you see how strong it is. None dare go near it. Seven terrible men have slain the Lord of the castle, and have filled with fear all knights for miles around. They have captured seven of the fairest maids in all of the country hereabouts and have locked them in the castle. They are shamefully and cruelly used, for seven long years now." A trembling sigh shook the old man as he made an end of speaking.

Sir Galahad silently tightened the trappings on his horse, then lifted his helmet and fastened it firmly in place. He touched his long spear, and his great sword which hung by his side, then he set his snow-white shield before him, and made ready to ride forward.

"What will you do, Sir Knight? Oh, turn again!" the old man pleaded. "You are brave, I know, but you are one, whilst they are seven."

"You know well I shall not turn again," said Sir Galahad; and with a word to his trusty horse he galloped toward the castle.

Pausing in front of it he lifted to his lips an ivory horn, set round with gold, and blew forth a blast which

could be heard for two miles round. The people below hurried out from their homes, and looked up in wonder at the brave young knight in gleaming white.

Within the castle there was a stir. The seven robbers looked out from the windows.

"What is this?" they said, and arming themselves rode out from the castle.

"On guard, Sir Knight!" they shouted, "we assure you naught but death!" Then they flung down the draw-bridge and clattered forth, the seven together.

They rode at Sir Galahad, and clashed their spears against his shield. The spears broke in their hands, but not one pierced the great white shield.

Now Sir Galahad rushed upon them. With his long spear he flung the leader from his horse with such force that he could not rise again. Two he hurled into the river below; two fled across the fields; two others attempted to withdraw into the castle, but Galahad drew forth his sword and rained mighty blows upon them. He followed them within the gates and drove them out on the other side of the castle.

Then an old man knelt before Sir Galahad in the great hall and said: "Sir, here are the keys of this castle."

Sir Galahad opened every door that was closed. Those who had been kept prisoners through the seven long years crowded about him, kissing even his feet in gratitude. The people from the village and the whole country round thronged through the gates to give him thanks. The fair maidens were now free to return to their own homes, and fear of the robbers was no more in the hearts of the people.

Seeing that his work was done, Sir Galahad bade them farewell, and rode forth again, for there were yet many things left to be done by the knight whose heart was pure, and who knew not fear.

Throughout the years, since that time, the tales of Sir Galahad have been told, but there is none greater than this one of the Castle of the Maidens.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

Long ago, when the knights lived in the land, there was one knight whose name was Sir George. He was not only braver than all the rest, but he was so noble, kind and good that the people came to call him Saint George.

No robbers ever dared to trouble the people who lived near his castle, and all the wild animals were killed or driven away, so the little children could play even in the woods without being afraid.

One day St. George rode throughout the country. Everywhere he saw the men busy at their work in the fields, the women singing at work in their homes, and the little children shouting at their play.

"These people are all safe and happy; they need me no more," said St. George.

"But somewhere perhaps there is trouble and fear. There may be some place where little children cannot play in safety, some woman may have been carried away from her home—perhaps there are even dragons left to be slain. Tomorrow I shall ride away and never stop until I find work which only a knight can do."

Early the next morning St. George put on his helmet and all his shining armor, and fastened his sword at his side. Then he mounted his great white horse and rode out from his castle gate. Down the steep, rough road he went, sitting straight and tall, and looking brave and strong as a knight should look.

On through the little village at the foot of the hill and out across the country he rode. Everywhere he saw rich fields filled with waving grain, everywhere there was peace and plenty.

He rode on and on until at last he came into a part of the country he had never seen before. He noticed that there were no men working in the fields. The houses which he passed stood silent and empty. The grass along the roadside was scorched as if a fire had passed over it. A field of wheat was all trampled and burned.

St. George drew up his horse, and looked carefully about him. Everywhere there was silence and desolation. "What can be the dreadful thing which has driven all the people from their homes? I must find out, and give them help if I can," he said.

But there was no one to ask, so St. George rode forward until at last far in the distance he saw the walls of a city. "Here surely I shall find some one who can tell me the cause of all this," he said, so he rode more swiftly toward the city.

Just then the great gate opened and St. George saw crowds of people standing inside the wall. Some of them were weeping, all of them seemed afraid. As St. George watched, he saw a beautiful maiden dressed in white,

with a girdle of scarlet about her waist, pass through the gate alone. The gate clanged shut and the maiden walked along the road, weeping bitterly. She did not see St. George, who was riding quickly towards her.

"Maiden, why do you weep?" he asked as he reached her side.

She looked up at St. George sitting there on his horse, so straight and tall and beautiful. "Oh, Sir Knight!" she cried, "ride quickly from this place. You know not the danger you are in!"

"Danger!" said St. George; "do you think a knight would flee from danger? Besides, you, a fair weak girl are here alone. Think you a knight would leave you or any woman so? Tell me your trouble that I may help you."

"No! No!" she cried, "hasten away. You would only lose your life. There is a terrible dragon near. He may come at any moment. One breath would destroy you if he found you here. Go! Go quickly!"

"Tell me more of this," said St. George sternly. "Why are you here alone to meet this dragon? Are there no *men* left in yon city?"

"Oh," said the maiden, "my father, the King, is old and feeble. He has only me to help him take care of his people. This terrible dragon has driven them from their homes, carried away their cattle, and ruined their crops. They have all come within the walls of the city for safety. For weeks now the dragon has come to the very gates of the city. We have been forced to give him two sheep each day for his breakfast.

"Yesterday there were no sheep left to give, so he said that unless a young maiden were given him today he would break down the walls and destroy the city. The people cried to my father to save them, but he could do nothing. I am going to give myself to the dragon. Perhaps if he has me, the Princess, he may spare our people."

"Lead the way, brave Princess. Show me where this monster may be found."

When the Princess saw St. George's flashing eyes and great, strong arm as he drew forth his sword, she felt afraid no more. Turning, she led the way to a shining pool.

"There's where he stays," she whispered. "See, the water moves. He is waking."

St. George saw the head of the dragon lifted from the pool. Fold on fold he rose from the water. When he saw St. George he gave a roar of rage and plunged toward him. The smoke and flames flew from his nostrils, and he opened his great jaws as if to swallow both the knight and his horse.

St. George shouted and, waving his sword above his head, rode at the dragon. Quick and hard came the blows from St. George's sword. It was a terrible battle.

At last the dragon was wounded. He roared with pain and plunged at St. George, opening his great mouth close to the brave Knight's head.

St. George looked carefully, then struck with all his strength straight down through the dragon's throat, and he fell at the horse's feet—dead.

Then St. George shouted for joy at his victory. He

called to the Princess. She came and stood beside him.

"Give me the girdle from about your waist, O Princess," said St. George.

The Princess gave him her girdle and St. George bound it around the dragon's neck, and they pulled the dragon after them by that little silken ribbon back to the city so that all of the people could see that the dragon could never harm them again.

When they saw St. George bringing the Princess back in safety and knew that the dragon was slain, they threw open the gates of the city and sent up great shouts of joy.

The King heard them and came out from his palace to see why the people were shouting.

When he saw his daughter safe he was the happiest of them all.

"O brave Knight," he said, "I am old and weak. Stay here and help me guard my people from harm."

"I'll stay as long as ever you have need of me," St. George answered.

So he lived in the palace and helped the old King take care of his people, and when the old King died, St. George was made King in his stead. The people felt happy and safe so long as they had such a brave and good man for their King.

ST. GEORGE AND THE GIANT

One day St. George called six of the youngest knights about him.

"Come," he said, "let us go together and seek some knightly adventure in the great world. There is much

yet to be done which only brave knights can do. But this time we will not ride forth in shining armor and with waving banners. We will go as lowly men, that we may know the people better."

The young knights eagerly agreed. They dressed themselves in coarse, dark clothes, took stout wooden staves in their hands, and set off on foot.

They walked many miles. At last, footsore and weary, they came to an open gate. Here they turned in, hoping to find rest and food. They passed through beautiful gardens up to the door of a wonderful palace. It was built of blue marble and great pillars supported its roof. The door of the palace stood wide open, and within the hall stood an old man. His white hair fell about his shoulders; his eyes were sad, though kind.

"Welcome, strangers," he said.

"There is always food ready for weary travelers and a place to rest for as many as care to come."

"We thank you, good Sir," said St. George. "We have traveled far and are weary indeed, but we have no money with which to pay you."

"It matters not. It is not for money that our door is open day and night. All are welcome here," said the old man.

He led the knights into a lofty dining hall and seated them around a great table, where the best of food was set before them.

When they had eaten they were taken into a sleeping chamber where soft beds had been made ready, and as they lay resting, sweet music lulled them to sleep.

The next morning when breakfast was done, the old man took the knights through his gardens and showed them his rare flowers.

"Will you not rest with me yet another day?" he urged. "My house is empty, save for guests whom it is my delight to entertain."

The old man's voice was so sad that St. George said: "Tell us, kind Sir, why are you thus alone? Have you no children to make glad your heart?"

At these words, tears flowed from the old man's eyes. His voice grew husky and broken as he said: "You shall hear my story.

"I once had seven beautiful sons. We lived together in a palace far finer than this one. In front of the palace there played a magic fountain whose water could change whatever it touched into silver and gold.

"One day a great giant came and drove me from the palace; my sons he shut within a dungeon; the rich fountain and the palace he took for his own. Since that time I have lived here alone. I welcome all strangers and give them whatever comfort and joy I may. It is the only solace to my loneliness and grief."

When the old man had finished speaking, the youngest knight of all sprang to his feet. "A boon, O our leader!" he cried to St. George. "Let me go forth and find this wicked giant. I shall beat him well for the shameful thing he has done and force him to give back the old man's fountain and his sons."

"It will be no easy task, for the giant is very powerful," said the old man.

St. George smiled at the young knight's eagerness.

"Go," he said. "'Tis time you tried your strength. You have never met a giant."

St. George then turned to the old man and said: "Will you give him armor and a horse? We travel without them, as you see."

Then the old man knew that it was seven brave knights who were his guests and he hastened to do as St. George had asked. Early the next morning the young knight rode away. He was very proud and very sure that he would win the victory.

Now the giant had heard of the knights, and he feared that they might some day learn of his crime and come to punish him, so he sat before the doorway of his stolen palace, looking watchfully across the hills. From afar he saw the shining armor and nodding plumes of the young knight. Then he strode forth and came upon the young knight unawares, seized him before he struck even one blow, and threw him in the dungeon underneath the palace.

The next day another of the young knights rode out to meet the giant. He too was soon overcome and shut within the dungeon. And so it was until all six of the young knights had been conquered.

Then the giant laughed loud and long. "These knights are mere puny striplings," he boasted. "Why did I ever fear them?" So he sat chuckling to himself until finally he grew drowsy and fell to nodding with sleep in the doorway.

When the sixth young knight failed to return, St.

George said: "I myself will ride forth and seek this giant."

He dressed himself in glittering armor, swung a long, piercing lance from his saddle, and galloped across the hills. He soon came upon the giant nodding by the doorway.

"Stand up, you robber giant, and defend yourself!" St. George shouted.

The giant stumbled to his feet and his sleepy eyes were dazzled as St. George drew near. At sight of the stern face of the knight he was afraid, but he plunged forward, striking hard with his great fist.

St. George threw his shining lance and pierced the giant through. Then he sprang from his horse, tore the keys from the giant's belt, and entered the palace. He unlocked the dungeon, and the light from his armor banished the darkness as he entered. He brought the young knights forth, then searched until he found the old man's seven sons and released them also. The old man was fetched; and the castle, the magic fountain, and his sons were all restored to him.

The old man fell upon his knees and thanked St. George.

The knights went on their way, seeking other adventures, and the old man and his seven sons lived happily in their palace. The door was never closed to any stranger, and the gold and silver from the magic fountain they gave to the poor and needy throughout the land.

PART III

READING AND REFERENCE LISTS

It is of course obvious that the following groups are given as being representative, and not as in any sense complete bibliographies. The publishers' addresses are to be found at the end of this Part.

A Short Supplementary List of Stories for Very Little Folks

"The Go-To-Sleep Story," "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Vinegar Bottle," in *The Story-Teller's Book*, Alice O'Grady and Frances Throop; Rand, McNally.

"The Little Grey Pony," in *Mother Stories*, Maud Lindsay; Milton Bradley.

"Golden Hair and the Three Bears," Old tale.

"The Little Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings," in *For the Story-Teller*, Carolyn Sherwin Bailey; Milton Bradley.

"The Old Woman and the Pig," Old tale.

"The Cap That Mother Made," in *For the Story-Teller*, Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

"The Foolish Timid Rabbit," "The Turtle Who Couldn't Stop Talking," in *Jataka Tales*, Ellen Babbitt; Century.

"Tommy Tucker's Bun," in *Mother Goose Village*, MADGE A. BINGHAM; Rand, McNally.

"The Pig Brother," in *Golden Windows*, LAURA E. RICHARDS; Little, Brown.

A SHORT SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF ANIMAL STORIES

"How Brother Rabbit Fooled the Elephant and the Whale," in *How to Tell Stories to Children*, SARAH CONE BRYANT; Houghton, Mifflin.

"The Greedy Cat," "Pork and Honey," "Reynard and Chanticleer," "Slip, Root, Catch Reynard's Foot," in *Tales from the Fjeld*, GEORGE WEBBE DASENT; Putnam.

"The Bear and the Fox," in *Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales*, LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON; Scribner.

"The Lady Squirrel," to be adapted from *Adventures of Nils*, SELMA LAGERLÖF; Doubleday, Page.

"The Banyan Deer," in *Jataka Tales*, ELLEN C. BABBITT; Century.

"Raggylug," in *Wild Animals I Have Known*, ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON; Houghton, Mifflin.

"The Teal and the Overland Route," in *Lives of the Hunted*, ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON; Scribner.

"The White Seal," *Jungle Book*, RUDYARD KIPLING; Doubleday, Page.

SOME FIRST BOOKS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Randolph Caldecott Picture Books—16 parts: "Hey Diddle Diddle and Baby Bunting," "The House

that Jack Built;" etc., also bound in four volumes.

Walter Crane Picture Books: "The Baby's Opera," "The Baby's Bouquet," "The Baby's Own Æsop," and "Pan Pipes."

Beaxtrix Potter's Peter Rabbit Series, 15 vols.: "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," "The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin," etc.

Kate Greenaway Picture Books: "Under the Window," "Marigold Garden," "Pied Piper of Hamelin," "Mother Goose," etc.

(All of the foregoing are published by Warne)

"Chicken World," E. BOYD SMITH; Putnam.

"The Farm Book," E. BOYD SMITH; Houghton, Mifflin.

"Goops and How to Be Them," GELLETT BURGESS; Stokes.

"Mother Goose," Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM; Century.

"Mother Goose," Edited by EDWARD EVERETT HALE; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

"Through the Farm Gate," "The Runaway Donkey," EMILIE POULSSON; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

"Sunbonnet Babies' Book," EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER; Rand, McNally.

"The Hiawatha Primer," FLORENCE HOLBROOK; Houghton, Mifflin.

"A Child's Garden of Verses," ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON; Illustrated by Mars and Squire; Rand, McNally.

"A Child's Garden of Verses," ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON; Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith; Scribner.

"Mother Goose Village," MADGE BINGHAM; Rand, McNally.

"The Dutch Twins," LUCY FITCH PERKINS; Houghton, Mifflin.

"Book of Folk Stories," HORACE E. SCUDDER; Houghton, Mifflin.

"The Cock, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen," FELICITÉ LEFEVRE; Jacobs.

"The Story of Little Black Sambo," HELEN BANNERMAN; Stokes; also Reilly & Britton.

"Tales of Mother Goose," CHARLES PERRAULT; Translated by CHARLES WELSH; Heath.

SOME BOOKS FOR OLDER CHILDREN

(Up to approximately 14 years of age)

"The Story of Roland," JAMES BALDWIN; Scribner.

"The Crimson Sweater," "Team Mates," RALPH HENRY BARBOUR; Century.

"Juan and Juanita," F. C. BAYLER; Houghton, Mifflin.

"Barnaby Lee," "Master Skylark," JOHN BENNETT; Century.

"Master of the Strong Hearts," E. S. BROOKS; Dutton.

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"The Last of the Mohicans," JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER; Illustrated by E. BOYD SMITH; Holt.

"Robinson Crusoe," DANIEL DEFOE; Illustrated by E. BOYD SMITH; Houghton, Mifflin.

"The Boy Scout," RICHARD HARDING DAVIS; Scribner.

"Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates," MARY MAPES DODGE; Scribner.

"Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire," "Jackanapes," J. H. EWING; Macmillan.

"The Man Without a Country," EDWARD EVERETT HALE; Little, Brown.

"Boy Life on the Prairie," "The Forest Ranger," HAMLIN GARLAND; Harper.

"Nights with Uncle Remus," JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS; Houghton, Mifflin.

"Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," "On the Plantation," JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS; Appleton.

"The Blue Bird for Children," GEORGETTE LEBLANC; Silver, Burdett.

"The Thrall of Leif the Lucky," "The Ward of King Canute," O. A. LILJENCRANTZ; McClurg.

"The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," SELMA LAGERLÖF; Doubleday, Page.

"The Princess and Curdie," "The Princess and the Goblins," "At the Back of the North Wind," GEORGE MACDONALD; Lippincott.

"Two Little Confederates," "Among the Camps," "Tommy Trot's Visit to Santa Claus," THOMAS NELSON PAGE; Scribner.

"Dutch Twins," L. F. PERKINS; Houghton, Mifflin.

"The Story of King Arthur and His Knights," "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," HOWARD PYLE; Scribner.

"Men of Iron," HOWARD PYLE; Harper.

"Jack Ballister's Fortunes," HOWARD PYLE; Century.

"Stories of Persian Heroes," WILMET BUXTON; Crowell.

"Ivanhoe," "Rob Roy," SIR WALTER SCOTT; Houghton, Mifflin; and others.

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"Just So Stories," RUDYARD KIPLING; Doubleday, Page.

"The Jungle Book" (2 vols.), RUDYARD KIPLING; Century.

"Biography of a Grizzly," "Silver Fox," ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON; Century.

"Lives of the Hunted," "Wild Animals I Have Known," ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON; Scribner.

"The Magic Forest," STEWART EDWARD WHITE; Grosset & Dunlap.

"Wilderness Babies," JULIA A. SCHWARTZ; Little, Brown.

"Bob, Son of Battle," ALFRED OLIVANT; Burt.

"Red Fox," "Watchers of the Trail," CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS; Page.

"Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers," JOHN BURROUGHS; Houghton, Mifflin.

SOME SOURCE-BOOKS FOR THE STORY TELLER

"Fairy Tales of All Nations," Edited by LOGAN MARSHALL; Winston.

"Home Fairy Tales," JEAN MACÉ; Harper.

"The Japanese Fairy Book," OZAKI; Dutton.

"The Story-Teller's Book," ALICE O'GRADY and FRANCES THROOP; Rand, McNally.

"Fairy Tales from Many Lands," "When the Wind Blows," Re-told by KATHARINE PYLE; Dutton.

"Moral Training," "Golden Ladder," "Golden Word," "Golden Deed," etc., SNEATH and HODGES; Macmillan.

"Fairy Tales," "The Happy Prince," "The House of Pomegranates," OSCAR WILDE; Putnam.

"The Outlook Fairy Book," Edited by LAURA WINNINGTON; Macmillan.

"Celtic Wonder Tales," Re-told by ELLA YOUNG; Mannsel and Co., Dublin, Ireland.

"Old Indian Legends," ZITKALA-ŠA; Ginn.

"Favorite Fairy Tales—Childhood Choice of Representative Men and Women," Harper.

The Story-Teller (periodical), Published by the Story-Tellers Co., 80 Fifth Ave., New York.

"The Fairy Ring," "Tales of Laughter," KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH; Doubleday, Page.

"The Indian Story Book," RICHARD WILSON; Macmillan.

"Zuñi Folk Tales," F. H. CUSHING; Putnam.

"Old Deccan Days," MARY FRERE; John Murray, London.

"Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales," Translated by IGNATZ KUNOS; Crowell.

"Chinese Fairy Tales," A. M. FIELDE; Putnam.

"Good Stories for Great Holidays," FRANCIS JENKINS OLCOTT; Houghton, Mifflin.

"Wonder Stories from Herodotus," Edited by N. B. D'ALMEIDA; Harper.

"Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists," M. E. NOBLE and K. COOMARASWANAY; Holt.

"Roumanian Fairy Tales," J. M. PERCIVAL; Holt.

"Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men;" Various publishers.

"Tales of the Heroic Ages" (2 vols.), Z. A. RAGOZIN; Putnam.

"Myths and Legends of Flowers, Trees, Fruits and Plants," C. M. SKINNER; Lippincott.

"The Welsh Fairy Book," W. J. THOMAS; Stokes.

"Slav Fairy Tales," A. E. B. CHODZKO; Translated by E. J. HARDING; Burt.

"Jataka Tales," E. C. BABBITT; Century.

"Legends of the Iroquois," W. W. CANFIELD; Wessels.

"The Golden Spears," EDMUND LEAMY; Fitzgerald.

"The Golden Windows," LAURA E. RICHARDS; Little Brown.

"A Child's Book of Warriors," WILLIAM CANTON; Dutton.

"Fairy Tales from Hans Christian Andersen," Translated by MRS. EDGAR V. LUCAS; Dutton; also Doubleday, Page.

"Fairy Tales from the Far North," P. C. ASBJORNSEN; Burt.

"Popular Tales from the Norse," "Tales from the Fjeld," "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," GEORGE WEBBE DASENT; Putnam.

"Children's Book of Christmas Stories," Edited by ASA DEN DICKINSON; Doubleday, Page.

"Sons o' Cormac, ALDIS DUNBAR;" Longmans, Green.

"Grimm's Fairy Tales," Translated by MRS. EDGAR V. LUCAS; Lippincott.

"The Book of the Epic," H. A. GUERBER; Lippincott.

"Stories of Famous Operas," "Stories of Wagner Operas," H. A. GUERBER; Dodd, Mead.

"In Storyland," ELIZABETH HARRISON; Central Publishing Co.

"Cossack Fairy Tales," "Russian Fairy Tales," R. N. BAIN; Burt.

"English Fairy Tales," "More English Fairy Tales," "Celtic Fairy Tales," "More Celtic Fairy Tales," "Europa's Fairy Tales," JOSEPH JACOBS; Putnam.

"The Big Book of Fairy Tales," WALTER JERROLD; Caldwell.

"The Red Romance Book," "The Animal Story Book," "The Blue Fairy Book," "The Green Fairy Book," "The Brown Fairy Book," "The Violet Fairy Book," "The Yellow Fairy Book," "The Crimson Fairy Book," "The Olive Fairy Book," "The Lilac Fairy Book," ANDREW LANG; Longmans, Green.

"Christ Legends," SELMA LAGERLÖF; Holt.

"Mother Stories," "More Mother Stories," MAUD LINDSAY; Milton Bradley.

"Every Child Should Know" Series, Edited by HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE; Doubleday, Page.

"After School Club Library" (12 vols.), Edited by HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE; After School Club, Philadelphia.

"Stories Children Need," CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY; Milton Bradley.

"For the Children's Hour," CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY and CLARA M. LEWIS; Milton Bradley.

"Worth While Stories for Every Day," LAWTON B. EVANS; Milton Bradley.

"In the Child's World," EMILIE POULSSON; Milton Bradley.

BOOKS AND ARTICLES ON CHILDREN'S READING

"Fingerposts to Children's Reading," WALTER TAYLOR FIELD; McClurg.

"The Children's Reading," FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT; Houghton, Mifflin.

"Fairy Tales in the School Room," CATHERINE A. DODD; *Living Age*, 235:369–375.

"Telling Stories for Children," THERESA HITCHLER; *Public Libraries*, 12: 89–91.

"On the Selection of Books for Children," SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG; *Outlook*, 105: 803–806.

"What Do Children Read?" MONTROSE MOSES; *Good Housekeeping*, 58: 63–67.

"The Muses in the Public School," MARY E. BURT; *Atlantic Monthly*, 67: 531.

"Books and a Boy," KATHERINE REIGHARD; *Outlook*, 65: 178–180.

"Good Books to Give Children," ELIZABETH R. SCOVIL; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 17: 32.

"Children and Poetry," ANNIE W. MCCULLOUGH; *Outlook*, 58: 227–228.

"Children's Literature: the Mother's Point of View," HELEN B. LINCOLN; *Outlook*, 58: 1075.

"Bibliography of Children's Readings," Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York.

"Books and Articles on Children's Reading," MARGARET WIDDEMER; *Bulletin of Bibliography*, July, October, 1911; January, April, 1912.

"Graded List of Stories for Reading Aloud," E. HASSLER; Public Library Commission, Indiana.

The public libraries of our larger American cities very generally publish lists of books and stories for children, usually carefully classified. These reading lists may be had for a few cents each and the titles of the pamphlets will be furnished on application to the librarian if return postage is enclosed with the request. For example, the Carnegie Library, of Pittsburgh, Pa., issues for five cents "A List of Good Stories to Tell to Children Under Twelve Years of Age;" the Boston Public Library will send for five cents a "Finding List of Fairy Tales and Folk Stories," which lists about one hundred books; the Brooklyn, N. Y., Public Library publishes a pamphlet on "Books that Girls Like;" and the Y. M. C. A. Press, New York, are the publishers of "Selected Books for Boys," by C. B. Kern (15 cents). The Connecticut State Board of Education, the Capitol, Hartford, issues free a bibliography of book lists of the sorts just referred to.

BOOKS ON STORY-TELLING METHODS

"Some Great Stories and How to Tell Them," RICHARD T. WYCHE; Newson.

"How to Tell Stories to Children," SARA CONE BRYANT; Houghton, Mifflin.

"Stories to Tell to Children," SARA CONE BRYANT; Houghton, Mifflin.

"For the Story-Teller," CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY; Milton Bradley.

"The Story-Teller's Art," CHARITY DYE; Ginn.

"Telling Bible Stories," LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON; Scribner.

"Story-Telling—What to Tell and How to Tell It," EDNA LYMAN; McClurg.

"Story-Telling in School and Home," E. N. and C. E. PARTRIDGE; Sturgis & Walton.

"Stories and Story-Telling in Moral and Religious Instruction," EDWARD PORTER ST. JOHN; Pilgrim Press.

"Stories and Story-Telling," ANGELA M. KEYES; Appleton.

"The Art of the Story-Teller," MARIE L. SHEDLOCK; Appleton.

"The Art of Story-Telling," JULIA DARROW COWLES; McClurg.

"Manual of Stories," WM. BYRON FORBUSH; Jacobs.

"The Art of Story-Writing," J. BERG ESENWEIN and MARY D. CHAMBERS; Home Correspondence School.

For books on the technique of the short-story, and of the literary forms, see the list which faces the title page of this volume.

BOOKS ON LITERARY STUDY AND ITS VALUE

"The Appreciation of Literature," GEORGE E. WOODBERRY; Baker, Taylor.

"The Torch," GEORGE E. WOODBERRY; Doubleday, Page.
"The Heart of Man," GEORGE E. WOODBERRY; Macmillan.
"What Can Literature Do for Me?" C. ALPHONSO SMITH; Doubleday, Page.
"The Aims of Literary Study," HIRAM D. CORSON; Macmillan.
"The Voice and Spiritual Education," HIRAM D. CORSON; Macmillan.
"Literature in the Elementary Schools," PORTER LANDER MACCLINTOCK; University of Chicago Press.
"Literature in the School," JOHN S. WELSH; Silver, Burdett.

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GENERAL INDEX

General topics are set in Roman or ordinary type; names of periodicals in italics; proper names, real or fictional, are in capitals; and titles of books, articles and stories are in quotation marks. Only the titles of main sections in the appendix material which makes up Part III are included in this index.

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